WEEK ENDING OCT. 19, 1929

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL *by* DOROTHY RUSSELL

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Oct. 19, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 6 No. 41

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

STOCKS, BONDS, AND REAL ESTATE

Almost anyone who has bought stocks of almost any kind since about 1925—standard stocks, that is, in corporations with backgrounds of say ten years of success—has greatly increased his holdings: doubled, trebled, or quadrupled them, or even more in some cases,

As a natural consequence investors have been hopping into the market, mostly on the bull side, since the amateur speculator does not know much about selling short and is, in general, an optimist.

In 1900 J. P. Morgan said anyone was a fool who would sell the United States short. Well, the same thing might have been said of United States Steel, which Mr. Morgan was at that time engaged in putting together.

We do not have to look very far into the future to see that there will be an almost constantly increasing use for all kinds of electric appliances. The price of stocks in the standard electric companies should continue to go up.

We can foresee not only an increasing use of automobiles, but a growing consumption of oil in ships and heating plants. So that, in the long run, the prices of well-established oil stocks must go up.

The value of coal stocks is more problematical, what with the coming in of "white coal" (water power) on the one hand and oil on the other.

Steel is being used increasingly for buildings, for automobiles, for labor-saving machinery, and even for furniture. It is hard to see how any good steel stocks can go down.

Of course we are speaking of conditions over a period of years and not a period of days, and we are speaking only of buying these stocks outright and putting them away.

The drawback to that at present is that the yield of most standard stocks is small. Some of the best pay no more than two per cent., which is a meager return indeed compared with what might reasonably have been expected not so many years ago.

But the buyer today is buying for appreciation rather than dividends, and so far he has had this appreciation.

Naturally if the market struck a snag and everyone started selling at once there would be a slump—perhaps a mild panic.

Another class of securities has not been given so much attention of late—bonds.

The yield of these is better than that of common stocks, but of course they offer little chance of perceptible appreciation. Municipal or state bonds have been favored by many investors because they involve no income tax, but the newer government issues are not wholly tax exempt.

There remains real estate.

Obviously, if you could own the real estate on which you live you would always have a good tenant who would not fail to pay his rent. That is one advantage those who live in the smaller communities have over those who must inhabit crowded metropolitan apartments on land so valuable that the average individual cannot think of owning it.

In the smaller cities and towns real estate is the ideal investment to make. In the long run American real estate must appreciate more surely than the stocks of any corporation.

There is only the same amount of real estate in this country now as there was seventy-five years ago. But the number of people on it, which was 23,000,000 in 1850, is now 120,000,000.

Also, a large part of this land has been thrown out of private possession by the great increase in the number of golf courses near the cities, the general widening of roads, and the various national, state, and local parks. The amount of land which can be obtained in the United States for private property is therefore decreasing while the population is increasing.

The result must be that land suitable for residence purposes, particularly near cities, is bound to go up in value.

If you have the money to invest in real estate and so invest it, you can hardly lose, but you may have to wait a long time to realize on your investment.

If you buy stocks you may realize immediately, and the recent history of the market shows that the chances are in your favor. But with stocks there is always the possibility of loss.

And there you are.

Well bought American real estate cannot go down for a long pull. If you live on it as well you'll be a good landlord and have a good tenant.

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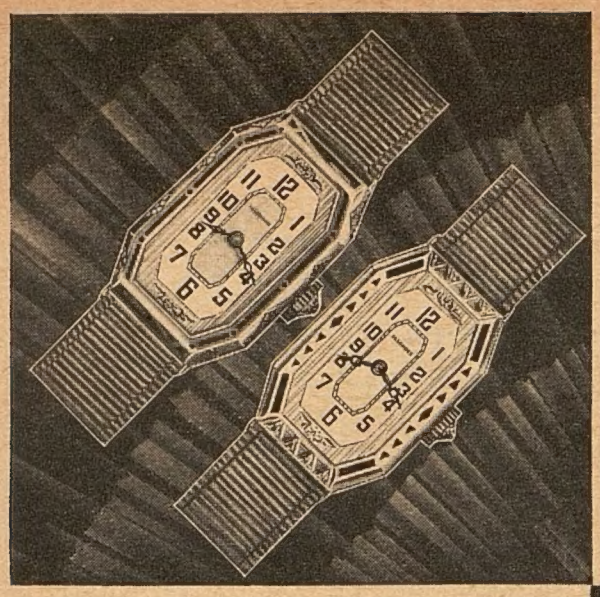


MODERN STYLE ILLINOIS ACCURACY

Above, reading down

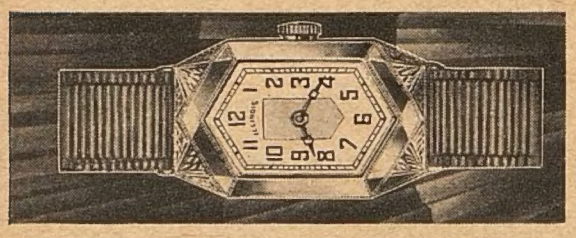
The Mary Todd, 17 jewels, 18k solid gold, inlaid enamel $75

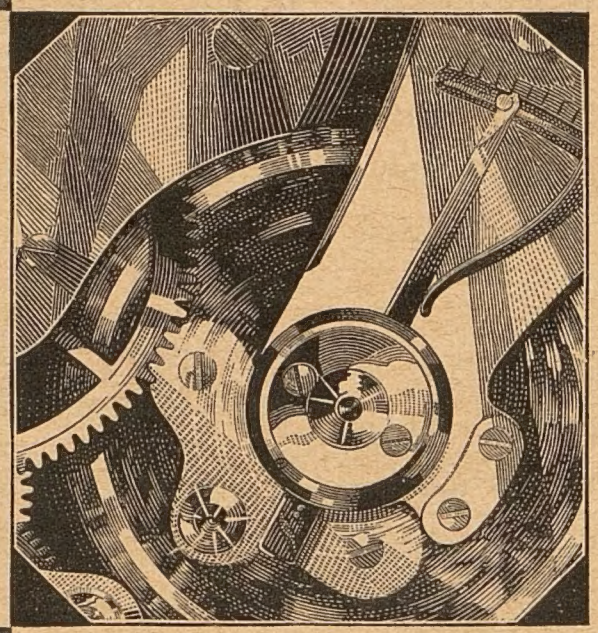
The Coronado, 17 jewels, 14k solid gold, inlaid enamel $65

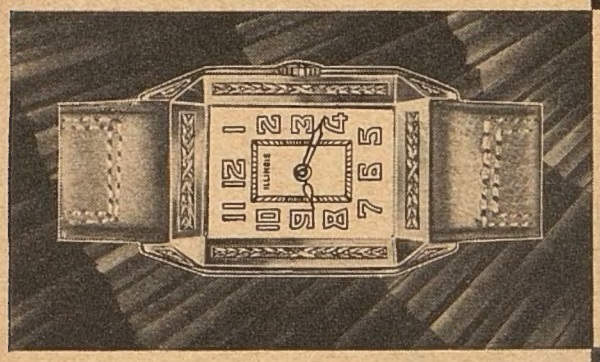
Below, reading down

The Daytona, 17 jewels, 14k solid gold..... $65

The Tuxedo, 17 jewels, 14k solid gold..... $75







The Beauty of Truth lies in the golden perfection of Illinois workmanship.

Below, reading down

The Redonda, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, inlaid enamel..... $55

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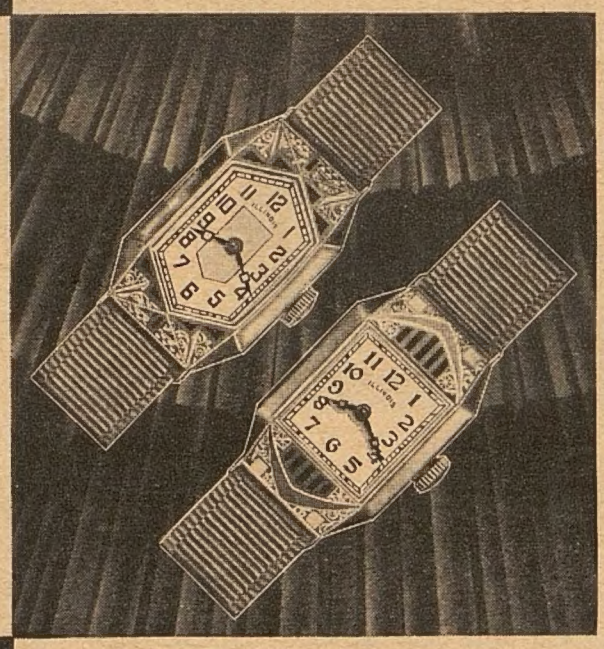
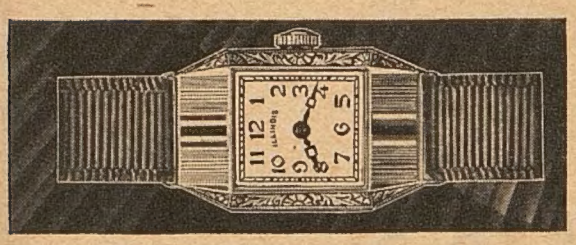
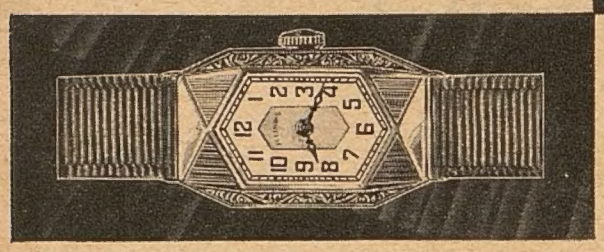
The Miami, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, inlaid enamel..... $55

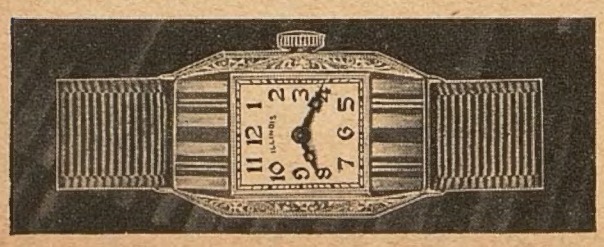
The Long Beach, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled..... $50

The Edgewater, 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled..... $50









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The

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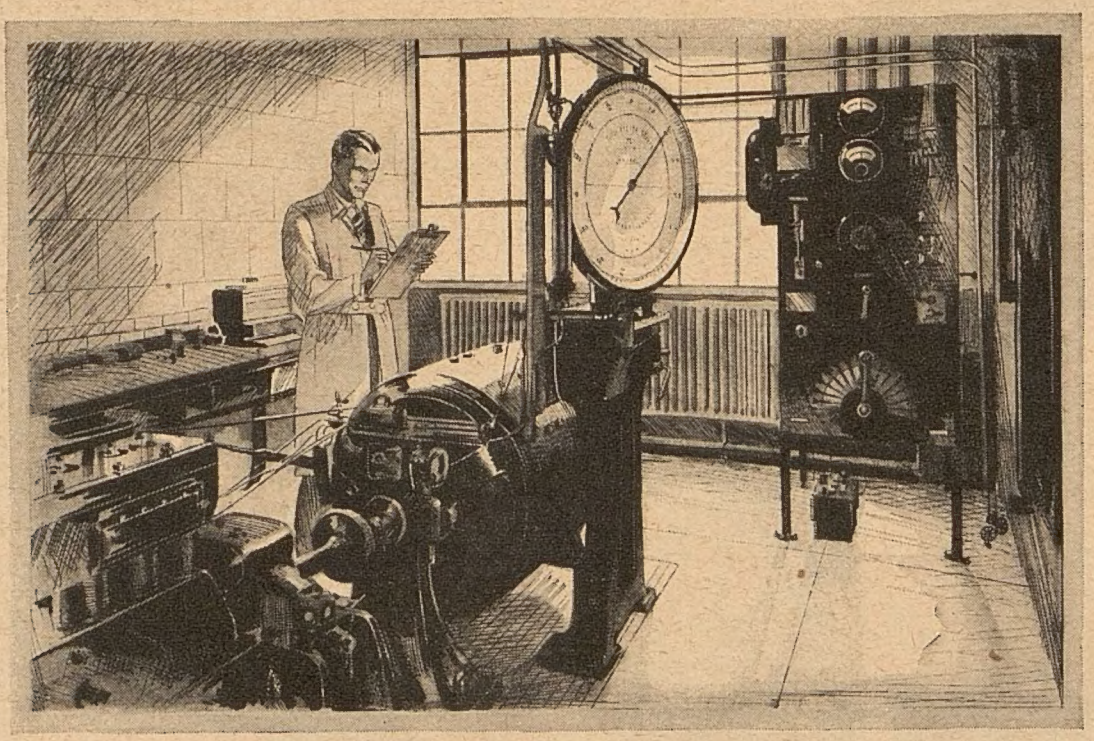
In fact, their very affiliation with Chrysler Motors helps to intensify all those qualities that make them so distinctive.



Running a dynamometer test on an engine destined for a Chrysler-built car. Every engine, regardless of the price of the automobile in which it is to be installed, goes through this trial.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CHRYSLER "77" CHRYSLER "70" CHRYSLER "66"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR DODGE BROTHERS SIX DE SOTO SIX PLYMOUTH

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All branches on the same tree;
all growing out of the Chrysler root principle
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BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

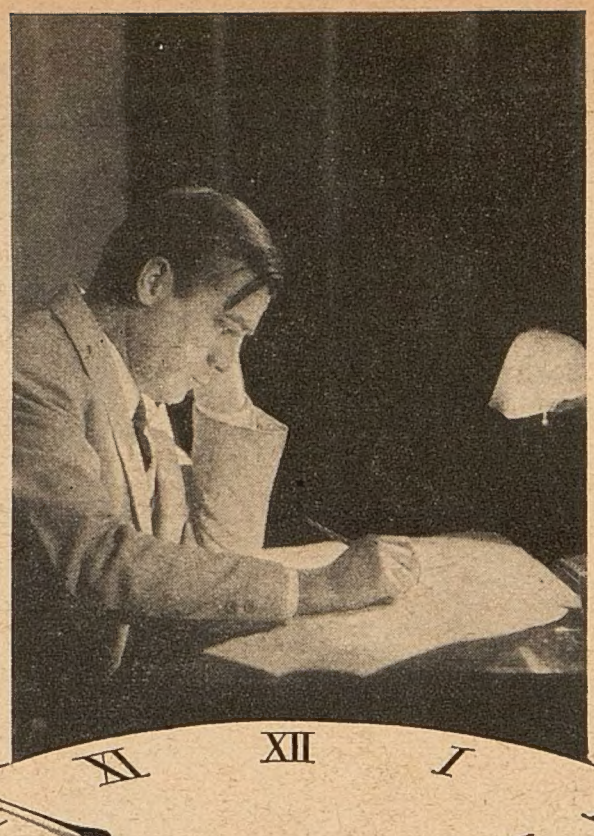
History

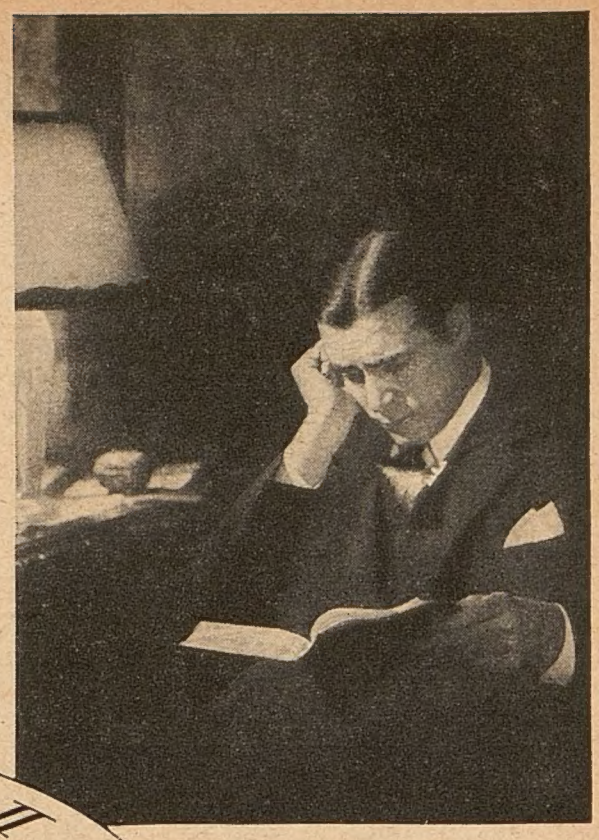
IS REPEATING ITSELF

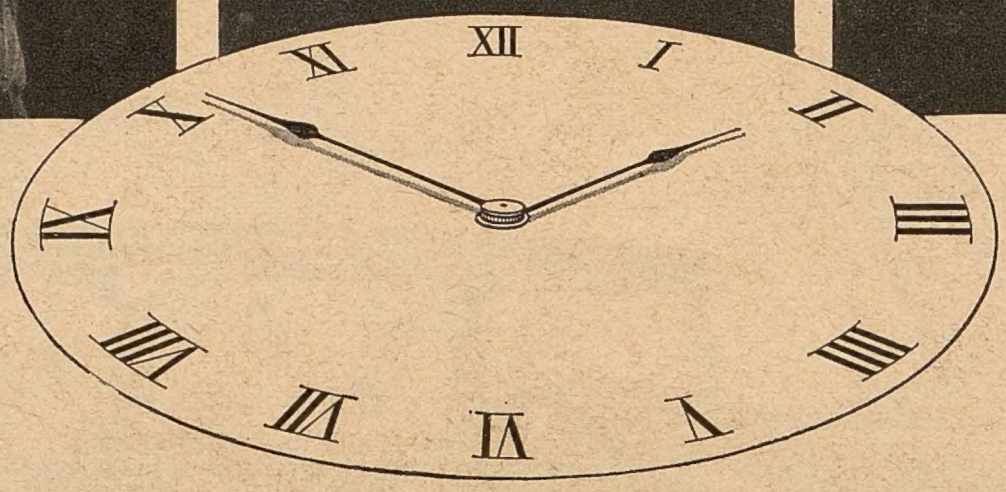
What thousands of Dodge cars have been doing year after year for the past fifteen years, the new Dodge Six is doing even more impressively today in keeping faith with the public. Dodge engineers designed this car for a new degree of dependability—a *modern* dependability geared to *modern* motoring needs. Today, with hosts of new Dodge Sixes showing thousands of miles on their speedometers, these cars are earning an even higher owner-enthusiasm and winning even finer and deeper loyalty, than their able predecessors.

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT







Rob yourself of sleep . . .

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A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

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Brown Bros. photo

Lillian Russell and her daughter Dorothy as they looked in 1889.

My Mother, Lillian Russell

An Intimate Portrait

By

DOROTHY RUSSELL

who has been her mother's daughter, following in her famous parent's footsteps in the theater, and having the same zest for life. She first appeared with Sam Bernard in The Girl from Kay's; she was the ingenue of Piff, Paff, Pouf. Illness and accident pursued her and tested her unfailing courage. She came out of a hospital to teach French to our soldiers and with her mother was active in war work.

PART ONE—NELLIE LEONARD

MANY persons have tried at various times to assure me they knew my mother was English. As a matter of fact she came of pre-Colonial stock. Her ancestors came to America on the Mayflower.

Perhaps the legend of her being English arose when Tony Pastor billed her as "The English Ballad Singer." She had never seen England at that time. She had barely become acquainted with New York.

My mother was born in the hotel on the main street of Clinton, Iowa, on the morning of December 4, 1861. It was a Sunday. Her mother, Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, had gone to church that morning with her husband. She had climbed the steps to the choir and had sung.

Perhaps there had been some argument between Cynthia and Charles about the advisability of Cynthia's going to church. I can't say. It was probably a cold morning—it gets extremely cold in Iowa early in December. It may have been snowing, and perhaps there was a bitter wind. But nothing could keep Grandma from church on a Sunday morning. Not even childbirth.

The child was born in the night. Lillian Russell's first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL]
Continued from page nine

song was a wail. The baby was the fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Leonard. She was named Helen, but she was called Nellie or Nell. The happy father was at that time owner and editor of the Clinton Herald, but shortly afterwards he disposed of the paper—at the urgent request of Grandma. And the family went back to the South Side of Chicago.

The Leonards were considered a rather conventional family, though Grandma did express a strong belief in woman suffrage, and Grandpa accepted Ingersoll the agnostic and published all his works when nobody else would even consider doing so.

And Nell was considered rather tomboyish. She had tendencies toward climbing trees. She liked to run away and be gone for hours—nobody knew where. Sometimes she'd come back without her shoes or stockings—having given them to some needier child. They sent her to the Sacred Heart Convent in Taylor Square, in hopes that the nuns might tame her.

When she was ten years old little Nell was given the leading part in her school play. After her début the Mother Superior made the first dramatic criticism of the many that Nellie was to read.

"Nellie has real talent, Mrs. Leonard," she said to Grandma, "but she will require careful watching."

Four years later Nellie Leonard made her début as a concert singer. She was attending the Park Institute, a finishing school on the West Side, and it was a pupils' concert at Kimball Hall that gave her the opportunity to sing. She sang Sullivan's Let Me Dream Again, and Hast Thou E'er Seen the Land, from Mignon. Perhaps the success she attained on that occasion prompted my grandmother eventually to move to New York.

Grandpa wanted a home in the country. Grandma didn't.

"Cynthia," he said one night at dinner, "I have a surprise for you. I've bought a house in the country. It's being repainted and will be all ready for us in two weeks. It will be lovely for you and the girls, and—"

Grandpa was a fine editor and an able publisher and all that, but remember, Grandma believed in woman suffrage.

"Oh! You're moving to the country in two weeks?" she said. "Isn't that splendid! The crickets will sing to you at night. The cows will moo. The crows will caw. But won't you be lonely there?"

"Lonely?"

"Lonely. I have a surprise for you, too. I am going to New York with the girls."

II

THE house was ready in two weeks, but Grandpa didn't move into it. Neither did he go to New York. He was then a partner in the publishing firm of Knight, Leonard & Co., and couldn't leave Chicago permanently. He went to live in the Auditorium Hotel and journeyed to New York once a month to see his family. What became of the house in the country I don't know.

Grandma went to New York with four of her girls. The other one, Kate, was married and living in Chicago with her husband.

Grandpa carried on his business until he died—but he was seldom absent from one of his daughter's opening nights, whether they occurred in New York or elsewhere.

Grandma became active as one of the pioneers in woman suffrage with such noteworthy leaders as Susan B. Anthony and Belva Lockwood. Within three years after she left Chicago she ran for mayor of New York on the Equal Franchise ticket. And she received a total of eighty-four votes!

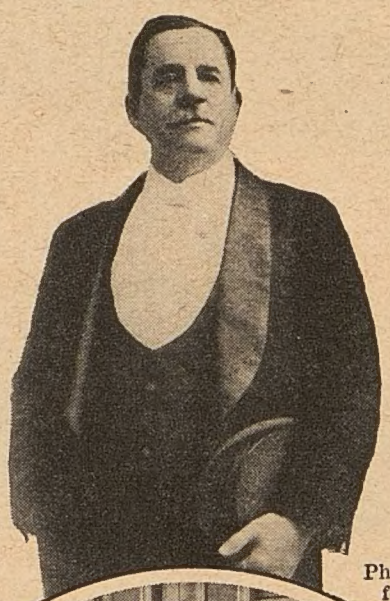

Photo by Sarony, from Brown Bros.

Brown Bros. photo

Tony Pastor's theater on Broadway in 1880; and above, Pastor himself.

Grandma and the girls, after a week in one of the smart New York hotels—smart in the New York of the '70s—found a house in Ninth Street. And almost immediately my mother began taking singing lessons. Her teacher was Professor Leopold Damrosch, the father of Walter Damrosch.

It wasn't long until she began to sigh for a career on the stage. A friend of the family, Mrs. William Sinn, wife of Colonel Sinn, who managed the Park Theater in Brooklyn, suggested she enter the chorus of Pinafore.

"There's nothing like the chorus to make you familiar with the essentials of the stage," she said. So presently mother was in the chorus of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta and assuring herself she ought to be one of the principals. It piqued her somewhat to learn that the stage manager did not recognize talent when he saw it.

She stayed in the chorus until Pinafore closed its run at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, and was glad to resume her studies. She determined to return to the stage some day, but never again as a chorus girl. She was going to be a star. You know how it is in stories. The little country girl comes to New York, afire with ambition. She starves. She fights. She will not give up. She conquers. It wasn't that way at all with Mother.

MRS. ROSE, who lived in the Ninth Street house, came to mother's room one day.

"Nellie," she said, "I have a friend in my apartment and I've been telling him how wonderfully you sing. Come with me, won't you, and prove I'm not a fibber?"

Of course Mother went and sang for the man. He was a soldierly-looking Italian, dapper and serious. When she had finished her last song he asked:

"How would you like to sing for me—in my theater?"

"In your theater?"

"But yes. It is on Fourteenth Street. I am Tony Pastor. Sing for me every night. I will pay you fifty dollars a week."

Mother pretended to be absolutely calm.

"All right," she said. But she suddenly thought: "Suppose I am not so good as I think! Suppose I turn out to be a failure!"

That, of course, made her think of her mother. She couldn't bear to have her mother know. Suppose Grandma were to go to the theater and see her daughter stricken with stage fright—or worse!

"On second thought," she said, "I'm afraid I must decline. I don't think my mother will let me."

Pastor laughed and whispered:

"She needn't know anything about it. My theater isn't far from here. You can tell mama you are going for a walk. You walk to the theater. You walk out on the stage, sing your songs, and then walk home. And you can even change your name."

Nellie Leonard went walking the next day. She strolled leisurely out of her mother's house—leisurely until she turned the corner. Then she almost ran to the office of the great showman.

With Mr. Pastor was Harry Sanderson, house manager of the theater. They had drawn up a list of names, and they offered Mother her choice. One name caught her eye.

"See how that name stands out above all the other names on the list!" she cried. "Lillian Russell!"

"Five l's," said Pastor. "Lillian Russell. Euphonious and conspicuous."

"It certainly would attract attention on a billboard," said Mother, already seeing stardom and fame.

Lillian Russell! How she must have cherished the secret of that name as she walked home to her mother's house! How her eyes must have sparkled when Grandma

called her Nellie and she remembered she was Nellie no longer!

Not so many years ago, when everyone was more or less interested in numerology, Mother met a woman who had studied the fad in Egypt. She believed Mother had been christened Lillian.

"You should never have been called Lillian!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't your mother call you Helen? That is the most suitable name for you. It matches your beauty and your temperament."

Few people ever called Mother Lillian. Members of her profession usually addressed her as "Queen." Even now when members of the Lambs Club talk of her, they call her "Queen." It was and is a term of affection and esteem. Blanche Bates, however, always called her "Ladye."

III

MY mother's people on her father's side came from England; her mother's folks came from Holland. My great-grandmother was a descendant of John Holland, the last of the Mayflower passengers to be buried in Plymouth. Her father, Daniel Hicks, was interpreter and lawyer for Red Jacket, the last of the Seneca chiefs

But nevertheless Mother was billed as "The English Ballad Singer." English performers were popular in New York at that time. Or should I put it, "even then"? It didn't hurt anybody's chance of success to have the audience think they came from the English concert halls.

She was eighteen. She walked out on the stage with her golden hair in a braid, tied at the back with a huge blue bow, and made "an overnight success."

It was an era when "variety"—vaudeville—was considered a bit too unrefined for women to attend. But at Tony Pastor's every act was scrupulously clean, and no great artist ever hesitated to appear there. On the bills with the new "English Ballad Singer" were some of the best loved theatrical figures of that and later generations: Emily Yeamans, May and Flo Irwin, Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson, William Scanlan, Peter Dailey, Evans and Hoey, Dan Colyer, Dan Daly, the French Twins, George S. Knight, Maggie Kline, and many others.

One night at dinner, toward the end of Lillian Russell's first week in Pastor's theater, a reporter on the New York Times, who lived in the Ninth Street house, turned to Grandma and said:

Photo from Harold Seton

Lillian Russell in the chorus of Pinafore in 1881.

Miss Russell at eighteen. The pearl brooch and earrings she wears were her first purchase of jewelry.

"Mrs. Leonard, there is a girl at Pastor's who has created a sensation. The papers are full of her. She's a beautiful young thing—and what a voice! And here's the funny thing: she looks enough like your daughter Nellie to be her sister. Wouldn't you like to go with me tomorrow night? You really should. We'll make a party—take the whole family. Shall we?"

I don't know how Mother felt; but I do know that Grandma expressed some doubts. She wanted to know if Pastor's was respectable; being assured that it was, she decided to go. So did her daughters, Nellie reluctantly.

But Nellie was in no mood to see Lillian Russell the next night. Nellie had a severe headache. She was sorry she couldn't go—or so she said—but she wouldn't hear of her mother and sisters staying at home. As soon as they had left Mother really developed a headache.

But when she stepped before the footlights it was gone, and with it all fear. She sang her songs to an intimate audience, smiling at the party led by the newspaper man. After the applause had subsided, she saw her mother rise from her seat, and heard her proclaim to the listeners, "That's my Nell!"

There were tears of joy in the old lady's eyes, my aunts tell me. She was not hurt that her youngest daughter had kept a secret from her—not now that she had found out what the secret was. If she had felt otherwise—if she had forbidden her girl to continue with her career—who would remember the name Lillian Russell today?

But her consent seemed to water that name and make it bloom. It began to appear on the billboards all over New York. It began to appear more frequently in the newspapers, and Mother knew what to do about that. With all her artistic talent she was one of the greatest business women in the profession.

She may have been only eighteen, but her first move was to ask—nay, to demand—a higher salary. And she got it.

"My wardrobe must be replenished every week," she told Mr. Pastor. "I can't sing in the same clothes all the time."

Every time she wanted a raise she received it—twenty-five dollars each time, a scale unheard of then for so young a star.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL
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What did she do with the money? She was rather frugal. She knew—the calculating mind of her!—that tne more she saved the better she would please her mother and the easier she would make it to continue her career.

Some things, of course, she couldn't resist buying. There was a pair of pearl-studded earrings, with a crescent-shaped brooch to match, that she gazed at wistfully for days and days. They cost only fifty dollars and she bought them. She was so pleased with them that she hastened to Falk's studio and had her picture taken.

She soon had lots of other jewels. But she didn't buy them.

When she began playing the rôle of D'Jemma in The Snake Charmer at the Bijou Opera House in New York, an unknown admirer sent her flowers once or twice a week.

They were always delivered in small square hampers and left in her dressing room, and there was always a package secreted in the flowers, tightly sealed and addressed to D'Jemma.

The first of these mysterious gift boxes contained a ruby-and-diamond bracelet. The second, received a few days later, held a pair of square ruby earrings.

Mme. Dolaro, who played the boy's part in the show, noticed Mother opening this second package, and asked to examine the jewels.

"They are real!" she said. "Real pigeon-blood rubies! Who on earth sent them to you?"

"I haven't the least idea," Mother answered.

Mme. Dolaro narrowed her eyes and walked away.

The third package, opened with all the excitement you can imagine, disclosed a square ruby ring.

Every few days—a pair of diamond earrings, a bracelet, a brooch, a pearl-and-diamond chain.

A messenger boy would leave them in Mother's dressing room, and vanish. He never required a receipt. He never knew, or never would tell, who sent him.

Mother tipped the stage doorman to say nothing about these flowers and jewels, and she never talked to the others in the cast about them. She was expecting something to happen. Somebody, she knew, would come and claim the jewels, prove they had been stolen by some lovesick thief. If not that, then some rich fat man would come to her some day and ask for his reward.

IT was some time before she told her mother about the jewels. And it was only with much difficulty she convinced Grandma she knew no more about the sender than Grandma did.

Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, the mother of Lillian Russell, was a pioneer suffragist.

When Christmas arrived a large box was sent—not to the theater this time but to the house. My mother and her sisters opened it.

It contained two sealskin coats, one Mother's size, the other larger, meant for Grandma. The card read "For D'Jemma and her mother."

On New Year's Day there was a great box of flowers, and down near their stems a small package that looked like a medicine bottle carefully wrapped.

It was a little bundle of $100 bills. There were ten bills, clean and new.

Near the end of the season, in the spring, another large sum of money arrived, buried in a box of roses. Mother questioned the postman, but he could tell her nothing.

All during the first three years of her career these presents continued to come, with never any clue to the sender.

Mother used to dream of this mysterious man. Sometimes he was a fairy prince, sometimes an ogre handing her trays of jewels and grinning at her.

She tore open any letter that came to her. She read it quickly. It was never from the man of the flowers and rubies and diamonds and pearls. There never was even a note to explain.

But one day Mother met the man.

In one of the very old private houses of New York, she and some other performers gave a benefit, and luncheon was served in the large tea room by the society women who were benefited.

Aunt Louisa Eldridge—as she was known to everybody—wrapped herself in the flag and sang The Star-Spangled Banner. When that was over she took Mother into the tea room.

"Let's go in and look them over," she said.

AFTER the performers had finished their tea, one of the men present asked Mother if she wouldn't like to see the paintings on the floor above. Mother was most anxious to see them, for this house was celebrated for its Old Masters.

They left the others, and Mother listened as he talked of the pictures. When he was helping her into her carriage he said:

"Miss Russell, you have a keen appreciation of the beautiful. Would you allow me to show you the beauties of the Metropolitan Museum some day?"

"Why, yes, I would. But I have been talking to you for an hour, and I don't know your name,"

The man—Mother said he was the type of man she would associate only with a library; he was serious, pale, and of mournful expression—the man smiled sadly and said he was only John Duncan. They made an appointment for Friday afternoon, as there was no matinée that day.

After they had walked through the galleries they sat down in a corner to rest. They talked of the theater. The man was much interested in Mother's career. She was warm, and removed her gloves. He saw the ruby ring she was wearing, and took her hand in his, the better to examine the stone. He gazed at it for a few seconds, and, without looking up, said:

"I sent you that ring."

Mother was terribly frightened. She shivered. She couldn't speak. She sat and looked at him, through him, seeing all the things he had given her as though they had been heaped up on a table before her.

As she recovered herself she noticed that his face was ghastly, and it occurred to her for the first time that he was dressed entirely in black.

"But why?" she managed to say. "Why have you done all this?"

He answered her softly, quickly, his words running into each other.

"I saw you, admired you—oh, so much! You are beautiful, promising, talented. I sent you all the things I knew a young girl would long for so you never would be tempted to go wrong for them. It is nothing. And my name isn't Duncan."

Mother stared at him. He let go her hand, got up, took her hand again and said:

"You must be getting home to your dinner."

They went out and he put her in a hansom cab, gave the driver her address, and thanked her for the most satisfactory afternoon of his life.

Again Mother said, "But why? Why?"

"Because you have fulfilled all that I expected of you," he said, and bowed and bade her good-by.

And, extraordinary as it may seem, my mother never discovered that man's identity or saw him again.

She was still dazed after hours of thinking of him, of the greatness of his unselfishness, the nobility of his ideals.

She couldn't tell the story to Grandma until two days later.

"That is the only selfless man you probably will ever know," my grandmother said. "Take his words to your heart, and never forget them."

IV

A FEW weeks after Mother was introduced to her first New York audience, Tony Pastor inaugurated something new in his theater: operettas.

He took up about an hour of the regular vaudeville program with these miniature operas, which consisted of the principal songs and the important scenes from the current great operas, the various variety "acts" playing the rôles.

When he put on a condensed version of Olivette, which was playing at Daly's Theater, he gave Lillian Russell her first speaking part.

So great was her success that Pastor gave her the rôle of Mabel in his burlesque performance of The Pirates of Penzance.

In the cast with her were May and Flo Irwin, Jacques Kruger, and John Morris. Mr. Arthur Sullivan had come to New York to see the show produced at the Fifth Avenue Theater, and he took the opportunity to see Mr. Pastor's burlesque version of it.

After the curtain fell he offered Mother an engagement.

"I'd like to have you finish out the season in the Fifth Avenue Theater, Miss Russell," he said, "and then go on tour with the company."

Mother would have loved to do as he wished, but she had a year's contract with Mr. Pastor.

She was given her first road engagement the next spring. It was a trip to the Pacific Coast under the management of Frank Sanger, playing Fun in a Photograph Gallery and Babes in the Woods.

After this she signed a contract with John A. McCaul to play in The Snake Charmer, and when that was finished she played the Princess in Olivette.

Her first work for Gilbert and Sullivan was in Patience and The Sorcerer.

She had become quite a famous person by the time she was married. She fell in love with Harry Braham, musical conductor for the productions in which she was singing, but the marriage ended tragically before many years had passed.

It ended, really, when the baby died.

The child, a boy of six months, was teething. Mother had gone to rehearsal and Grandma was caring for him. She had given him some medicine prescribed by the doctor, and had left the room for a moment.

Shortly after she left Mr. Braham entered. The baby was crying.

Mr. Braham didn't know that

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The perennially beautiful Lillian Russell as she looked in 1913.

[MY MOTHER, LILLIAN RUSSELL
Continued from page thirteen]

Grandma had just given him medicine, so he administered a second dose.

The child fell forward, almost into the fireplace, and died.

A little while later my mother returned.

I don't know exactly what occurred. Mother never liked to speak of it. But I can understand how she must have suffered. Of course she couldn't blame her husband for the death of her child—and yet she never could feel the same toward him again.

She instituted divorce proceedings and was granted a decree. That fall she sailed for England—to work and forget.

While Mother was appearing in The Sorcerer she met Edward Solomon, composer of the delightful ballad The Silver Line, which was interpolated in the opera and which Mother sang.

Mr. Solomon was the first one to visit her when she was convalescing after a long siege of typhoid fever. He would sit at the piano in the Leonard home and play for her.

He had a peculiar gift for expressing anything in melody—the serious, the romantic, even the ludicrous. Someone in the room would be talking or laughing, and he would quickly imitate their idiosyncrasies on the piano keys. He could even imitate their footsteps.

Mother liked Mr. Solomon, and began to love him as she began to recover her health.

My grandmother was horrified and didn't care who knew it. She voiced her objections whenever possible. She was quite rude to Teddy Solomon at times, and very unkind.

I don't believe it was strange, therefore, that as soon as Mother was able to return to the stage she accepted an engagement abroad—one that would keep her near Teddy Solomon.

She went to London and played in Virginia, an opera by Solomon and Stephens. It was her first appearance on the stage abroad.

And as soon as she received news that her decree of divorce had been granted—which was a few weeks after her arrival in England—she became the wife of the composer.

Mr. Solomon's father was an extraordinary person. In his youth he had been music master to the court of Napoleon III, teaching piano and violin. There he had met a Mlle. Becque, who was a sort of female majordomo. She was a favorite in the entourage of the empress and had a good deal to say about the management of the household affairs in the palace.

Mlle. Becque had an exquisite voice and often sang for the empress and her friends, each time being accompanied by the little music master.

THE two young people found out, without much delay, that they weren't at all happy unless they were together. And in the court there was so little opportunity for them to be together that they quite despaired of happiness. So they eloped to England and were married.

The music master played at a few recitals in London, but there was little or no money in that, and now that he had a wife to care for he wanted money. The business instinct born in all the sons of Israel fought for dominance with the love for music—and won.

Before many months had passed the young French Jew who had seldom been seen without his Stradivarius—a gift from the emperor—was walking daily to and from Covent Garden. Not the opera house. The market. He became a fruit merchant.

The grandfather of the present Prince of Wales had a lot to do with the ex-music master's success as a merchant. The prince, later Edward VII, on one of his tours around the world, became acquainted with pineapples. And it was love at first bite.

When he returned to London he sent word to Solomon to get him pineapples at any cost. Solomon got them—and years afterward, when Edward VII had ascended the throne, the little fiddler became "sole purveyor of fruits to Their Majesties the King and Queen of England."

Long before that time came, he owned his own shop, and bought as much more Covent Garden market property as he could. And he turned against music. Three of his four sons, including Teddy, my father, adopted musical careers. Their father didn't like that, as he made plain in his will. As I understand it, he made provision that his estate should be tied up for twenty-one years after his death, so that the money might "skip a generation."

If that is the case a great fortune should be coming to the various heirs—but there are a lot of them.

The surviving Solomons, of whom I hear occasionally, are said to be millionaires anyway.

One of the Solomon girls recently married into the peerage, and I have several cousins in Canada who are baronets.

Photo by Sarony, from Brown Bros.
Lillian Russell's second husband, Edward Solomon.

IF Grandmother Leonard felt terribly upset over her daughter's marriage to Teddy Solomon, the bridegroom's family weren't exactly enraptured over his marriage to Lillian Russell.

However, the two were quite happy, so happy that troubles came thick and fast.

During her engagement in Virginia, Mother signed a contract with Gilbert and D'Oyley Carte for the production of Princess Ida, which Gilbert and Sullivan were completing for a run at the Savoy Theater.

Mother had rehearsed day and night for six weeks with the principals and the ensemble when Mr. Gilbert suggested she rehearse with him privately in his office. Perhaps he had no ulterior motive, but Mother didn't care for the idea.

When he insisted, she rebelled. Mr. Gilbert demanded to know her reasons. She said:

"If you hadn't believed me capable of playing my rôle without private rehearsals with you, you never would have engaged me—or thought me worth the money you have contracted to pay me."

Mr. Gilbert lost his temper.

"You dare say this to me?" he cried. "Send your solicitor to me at once. I shall get someone else to play the part."

Mother instituted suit for £5,000—but what was she to do pending settlement of the suit?

Her contract was canceled. Her husband was thrown out of work at the same time.

There was no engagement in sight. There was little money on hand. And I was about to make my début in the world.

My mother knew then her first hour of despair. She began to weep—and caught sight of her face in the mirror. That prompted her to cry out:

"Nellie! What has become of your sense of humor?"

How funny she looked with her drooping mouth and her red eyes!

How silly she was—giving way to self-pity when she had troubles enough without it!

"What am I crying for?" she asked herself. "I'm young. I'm good-looking. I'm in excellent health. I'm going to have a baby."

She smiled and laughed and put on a pretty dress and went looking for work.

Within a few days she and my father had found an engagement that took them to Holland and Belgium, and allowed them to visit Paris.

They were young and in love with each other, and they had work. So they were happy.

In next week's installment Dorothy Russell will tell of her own appearance upon the scene, and of the earlier years of her mother's international fame.

I used to see her on the porch, reading, with a handkerchief tied around her head.

A Matter of Courage

The Love Story of a Coward

By

AUSTIN PARKER

JOAN MALCOLM always seemed much more of a youngster than she really was. I suppose that was because she was little and because she had a gay, impudent smile. It was difficult to believe that those amber eyes had studied into the dark reaches of organic chemistry, but the astonishing truth of it was that Joan had a burning ambition to get back to Columbia and finish the research work that was to bring her a master's degree. One night at the club dance in Puerto Durango she stopped flirting long enough to explain to me just what line of research it was that she wanted to follow. It had something to do with colloids, if that means anything to you. It didn't to me, but Joan was enthusiastic upon the subject.

Joan and I had landed in Central America at about the same time. She had come down to take care of her father, who was the engineer in charge of all the electrical development of the country. And I was there to replace the pilot who had been flying the route of Balopa Peninsula. All of the young, unattached men of the American colony—most of them engineers working on the job of pushing a railroad through the jungle to San Fernando—promptly fell in love with her. I'll even include myself—for one dizzy week. Joan had a nice painless way of nursing the lovelorn back to health again. After you recovered you had no recollection of the pangs. You discovered that you could still take nourishment with the bunch at the club bar, and that Joan was the same agreeable, amusing person to chin with at the dances.

My house—a two-room cottage on stilts—was right near Joan's, and so we saw a good deal of one another. I didn't go in for housekeeping, because I was jumping in and out of Puerto Durango all the time. A big, slab-footed Jamaican Negress, whose name was Venus, came in every day to clean the place, and I took my meals at the club. Breakfast and luncheon were usually eaten in a hurry, and dinner wasn't so bad that you couldn't get around it after you'd had a few cocktails. But my innards always rejoiced when Joan waved from her porch and called out an invitation to eat with them. It happened so

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[A MATTER OF COURAGE
Continued from page fifteen]

often that I sometimes used to pretend that I had an engagement, because I didn't like to make a boarding house of their place.

When the wet season starts down here it gets wet all the way through, and most of the women and children go north, leaving the men to sweat over their engineering jobs. I've read somewhere that thirty thousand cubic miles of rain water falls on the earth each year, and I'm ready to swear that at least two-thirds of it falls on this country alone. More than one white man has gone crazy trying to wipe himself dry after taking a bath here in the rainy season. It can't be done. There's too much moisture in the air. Just step out of your bath, shake yourself like a dog, and climb into your clothes. Save the bath towels for the dry season.

Joan's father wanted her to go north, but she refused. He hadn't been well since his wife's death, and she wanted to be with him until his job was completed to make sure that he was well fed and comfortable.

All the gayety in Puerto Durango stopped when the rain started. No more club dances, no more bullfights, no more gala concerts of the *presidente's* band. It took enough effort to pump a sufficient supply of air through that stewpan atmosphere into your lungs. Joan got an extra short haircut, so that her reddish-brown hair was in tight little ringlets about her head, and settled down to make the best of it. I used to see her on the porch, reading, with a handkerchief tied around her head, like a tennis player, to keep the perspiration from running into her eyes.

One night after we'd been playing bridge, Joan said: "I hear that the new British consul is an earl. It seems to me like a funny place for an earl to be."

"It seems to me like a funny place for anyone to be," I answered. "Who says he's an earl?"

I had just come in from a flight and so I was two days behind on the gossip.

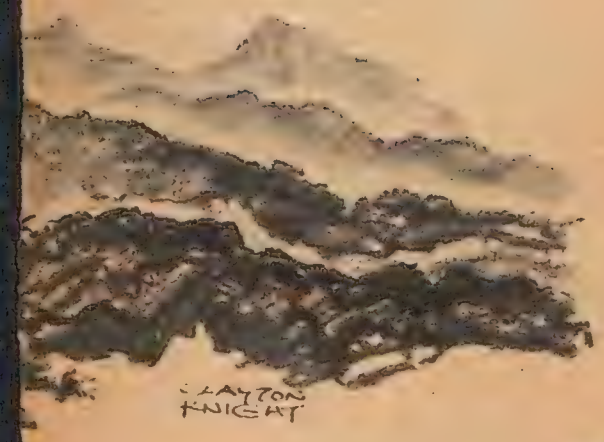
"Somebody said that somebody told him that somebody else heard the Jeremys say he was," replied Joan. "That's as straight as most of the gossip we get down here. I hope he's entertaining, anyhow."

"He's probably a stuffy old codger who'll spend most of his time talking about home and cursing the weather," I said encouragingly. "Let's prepare for the worst."

The new consul's name was Emery Trainor. All the hoses of heaven were open wide when he came off the ship on the lighter. Several of his staff met him and took him off to his house, which was a big, sprawling, one-story affair, and the rest of us gathered at the club for an informal reception in the barroom. Of course there were official high jinks planned, dinners and that sort of stuff, but the real reception into the colony was at the club where all hands gathered every day.

HE was introduced as plain "mister." The word went around that he really was the Earl of Wanless, but that he didn't use his title. He explained to me much later that a title bumps the price of everything and makes ladies palpitate too freely. Trainor was a slim, oldish young man with blue eyes and a quick, friendly smile. He couldn't stay long at the club, but he had the odd drink and said that it was jolly—or, perhaps, ripping—to be in Puerto Durango.

I went to the Malcolms' for dinner that night and I could report that he seemed to be a good scout. It gave us all a sharp pain when some new man breezed in and began to kick. We divided newcomers into two classes before they'd been in Puerto Durango five minutes: good scouts and bellyachers. Of course, lots of the good scouts washed out before long, because they were too jovial, back-slapping, and familiar, or because the heat got on their nerves. After a man's been here for a year you begin to know what he's made of. There's a science to living in a country like this, and some men never seem to catch on to it. Trainor established himself with a first-chop Chinese cook and made himself as comfortable as possible. He was a sociable, chatty fellow, which surprised me. I don't know why it should have surprised me, except that I hadn't met many Englishmen and I thought their conversation was limited to a couple of



rung out over the edge of the n and signaled Trainor to heave out both packages.

grunts and a "By Jove!"

But, despite all his easy amiability, he couldn't be tricked into talking about himself. To hear him discuss the war you would have thought that he had a deep feeling that England had blundered frightfully in letting him get near the front. He had simply been in the way of a bunch of chaps who really knew what they were doing, chaps who had to carry him on their backs most of the time. He'd made a confounded nuisance of himself apparently.

From Mrs. Jeremy—Jeremy was an English planter who lived near Puerto Durango, and his wife was all of a twitter because we had a nobleman in our midst—we learned that Trainor had been one of the few men to win the Victoria Cross during the first year of the war. He was a corporal at the time in the P. B. I.—the Poor Bloody Infantry. He was wounded four times, taken prisoner, and escaped, transferred to aviation and injured in a bad crack-up just before the Armistice. By that time he was a major and he had about every medal that was issued. At the beginning of the show there had been five persons between himself and the earldom: four had been killed in battle and the "old boy" died in bed.

Joan. *Trainor.* *The pilot.*

Picture by Clayton Knight

Joan flirted with him, of course. When I say that Joan flirted, I mean simply that Joan couldn't be interested in a man, gracious to him, without appearing to flirt. A girl with Joan's eyes and Joan's smile can't help seeming flirtatious when she tells the Chinese boy what to cook for dinner The rest of us were used to her, but poor Trainor was flustered until she got him laughing.

"Jolly sort of child, that Miss Malcolm," he remarked to me at the club the day after he'd first met her.

"Joan's a dear!" I said. "But she isn't so much of a child as you might think She is nearly twenty-two."

"By Jove! I thought she was a mere infant!"

I suggested that he get her talking about organic chemistry and try a bout with the colloids.

"Come over to my dugout and chow with me," he said.

The evening deluge was on. We climbed into a hack—top up and the storm sheet pulled so high that we could just look over it—and sloshed off to his place, with the horse's hoofs going *splock-splock-splock* in the thin soupy mud. Everything was veiled by the downpour and the steam which rose from the buildings.

It was a pucka dinner, served beautifully. Trainor knew how to do well by himself. We went into his living room and made ourselves comfortable with long cold drinks under a battery of fans.

"Take a couple of days off whenever you can," I suggested, "and fly around the peninsula with me. You'll learn a good deal about the country. I'll get permission to do it on a slow schedule so that we can stop off whenever we please."

"Thanks, old boy," he said. He seemed a trifle embarrassed and he scowled into his glass. "I'd rather not. I know it will sound ridiculous to you, but the blank, sorry truth of it is that I'm afraid. I'm not exactly what you'd call a courageous man. By the bye, would you like to see how I've arranged my books?"

HE took me into the dry room, a big closet where electric lights burned day and night to drive out moisture, and we puttered about the shelves. He had at least two thousand volumes.

"A bookshop Johnny sends them out to me each month," he explained. "Reading is the thing I enjoy most." He laughed and added: "After all, that is a safe pastime."

The scornful stress he put on the word "safe" linked his remark to our former conversation, and I began to realize vaguely that in some way he was a distressed, almost unhappy man, a defeated person, frustrated.

"You must help yourself to any of my books," he said. "I'll tell Tim Sing that he's to give you the run of the place if I'm not at home. And perhaps Miss Malcolm might like to have some of them. Will you tell her? Or, better yet, I'll have them for dinner."

That was the beginning of what we called "The Puerto Durango Poker, Bridge, and Self-Improvement Society." Joan and her father, Trainor and I used to get together at least twice a week.

Those sessions went a long way toward making life bearable. We arranged elaborate dinners, played cards, and talked books. Anything to keep our minds off the cursed weather.

One day Mr. Malcolm drew me to one side at the club.

"I wish you'd talk with Joan," he said, "and see if you can't persuade her to go north for a while. She isn't looking at all well, but she's stubborn about staying here with me. Perhaps if you'd agree to come over and live in my house she wouldn't feel that I'm all alone."

It was the truth that Joan hadn't been looking well. She was pale and listless, and you felt that her gayety cost an effort. I promised to do the best I could. That night we were having dinner with Trainor and I drove home with Joan and her father.

"Won't you come in for a little while before you go to bed?" she asked. It looked like a good opportunity, so we went up to their porch. Mr. Malcolm said that he was going to turn in.

The suggestion that she go up north for a few months went flat. She didn't even bother to put up an argument.

"I think," she said after a long pause, "that if I had it to do all over again I'd spend less time studying chemistry and more time studying human beings."

"What's behind that remark?" I asked.

"Emery Trainor," she replied, misery in her voice.

I let an "Oh!" out of me. This had been going on right under my nose and I hadn't been aware of it. I hadn't thought for an instant that she cared a bit more

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[A MATTER OF COURAGE
Continued from page seventeen]

for Trainor than for me; or that she cared even as much, for I was almost one of the family.

"How does he feel about it?" I asked.

She gave a little laugh that didn't have any humor in it and said: "He doesn't! That's the trouble, silly. So far as Emery goes I might just as well be a man."

"I don't think that Emery's greatly interested in acquiring a wife—an earl-ess. What do you call the other half of an earl?"

"I'm hanged if I know," replied Joan. "Being the wife of an earl doesn't mean anything more in my life than being an earl means in his. Have you ever had the feeling that there's something wrong, something all mixed up, in Emery's life? I can't describe it any more clearly than that. I wanted to ask you if you'd ever felt the same thing."

"In a way, yes," I replied. "But I can't come any closer to it than you can."

She was silent for quite a long time and then she exclaimed: "It's the very devil to feel as I do about someone and not get even a flicker in response. I wonder if any of the men who thought they liked me ever felt this way."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," I said, remembering a few days in my own life when I thought I might just as well end it all.

"Well, they got over it," she said savagely. "But I'm getting worse! And you can tell dad—if he asked you to talk with me about going north—that I'm staying right here!" She rose and said good night; went into the house.

II

A THING that has a bearing on the story happened just at the tag end of the rainy season, when I was let down on the other side of the peninsula with a broken gas feed. It was arranged that if I didn't show up almost on schedule time two government launches, one from San Fernando and one from Puerto Durango, were to go down the coast looking for me. The San Fernando launch found me the next day fighting my plane off the rocks. Mosquitoes had been chewing me all night. That is, they'd been chewing all of me that was out of the water. The result was a roaring good case of jungle fever, which had a habit of coming back every few weeks and knocking me flat for four or five days. The medico was giving me a pretty stiff treatment, quinine and arsenic, and I was getting rid of it slowly.

The wet season finally wore itself out, simply because there was no more rain left in the sky to be dumped on us. The mud dried and became a pale yellow dust that floated like a haze in the sunlight, and each arrival of a ship from the north brought back women and young people. Life became gay once again: a pick-up jazz band, composed of clerks in the railway construction corps, played the latest tunes every Saturday night at the club dances; the *presidente's* band gave concerts on the plaza, while local swains and heavily chaperoned girls marched slowly around, Spanish fashion, flirting; and there were bullfights every Sunday, to the shrill horror of the Women's Social Club, which passed a resolution that something must be done about it.

The big event of the season was the new swimming pool that the company built. It was there that I committed the heroic feat of rescuing a youngster from drowning in about four feet of water.

Trainor and I had strolled out to the pool one day after luncheon and we were loitering on the edge talking with some other people when a youngster—Chris Bingham's boy—took a belly-flopper and found himself over his head. I wasn't watching at the moment, but I turned around when I heard Trainor utter a little cry of horror. He was pale, yellowish, standing there with his arms half-raised and his face twisted. I saw the boy struggling, so I took a jump for him, landed in water that came about to my armpits, and dragged him out. I've heard of rescues that required more daring.

Trainor was so agitated that he could scarcely speak. The kid had shipped a little water, but not so much that he couldn't cough it up between fits of bawling. In the excitement Trainor disappeared.

He didn't show up at the club that evening. There was quite a bit of ugly talk in the bar about him. The story had gone the rounds and, of course, it had been exaggerated to the point where I was the living symbol of all that was noble, while Trainor was a craven beast who would push children overboard.

"Now, how the hell," I asked, "could I have pulled the kid out of an almost bottomless swimming pool when Trainor refused to rescue him in water that was only knee-deep? Don't be a pack of asses! Neither one of us was watching him, both of us were surprised; and I was the first to jump. The water was all of four feet deep. The idea of Trainor being scared is the most ridiculous, cock-simple bunch of twaddle I've ever heard, and all of you make me sick!"

I PUT a stop to that line of talk; but, all the same, I knew that Trainor had been scared stiff, and to save my life I couldn't explain it. He knew how deep that water was just as well as I did.

On the way home I dropped in at the Malcolms', because I wanted to see Joan before any of the old hens got to her with the story. We laughed about it and Joan drew a picture of the medal I was to receive. The medal was to be about as big as a pie plate and to be hung on garter elastic. Then I went over to my house and turned in.

It was midnight when somebody banged on my screen door and called my name. It was Emery Trainor. He said he wanted to talk with me, so I piled out of bed and lit the lights. He was excited and nervous.

"I have an explanation to make to you about this afternoon," he began. "I apologize for letting you do a thing which I should have done myself."

"Oh, rot!" I answered.

"No, it's not rot!" he insisted. "When I've explained, you'll see that it isn't. I'll tell you the whole blank story of it and let you judge for yourself. This afternoon, standing on the edge of that pool, I was paralyzed by fright. I think that if I'd forced myself into that water I would have fluked off with heart failure."

"But it wasn't up to your neck," I said.

"It might have been one hundred feet deep, for all that matters," he replied.

I laughed and said: "You're crazy."

He stopped moving about the room and stared at me.

"Sometimes I'm afraid that I am," he said very slowly. I realized that I was just about to hear the answer to everything that had puzzled me about him.

"Of course, all of us were frightened in the war," he continued.

"Certainly anyone who had any sense was," I agreed.

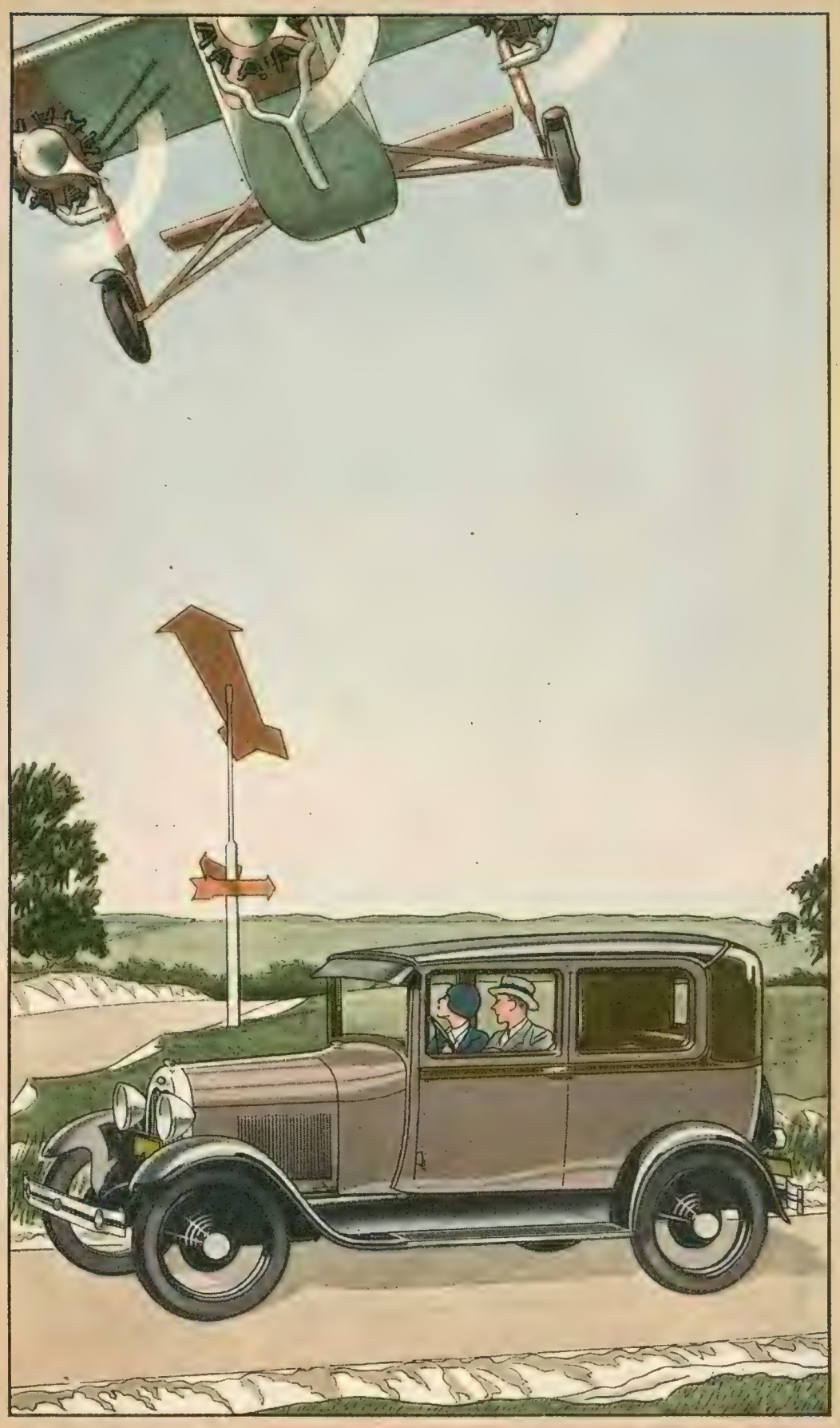
"I had a fearful struggle with myself to keep from turning tail and running," he said.

"And who didn't?" I asked. "But from the number of medals I hear you have I'd say that you stuck it out with the best of them."

He looked embarrassed. "Medals don't mean much," he replied very earnestly. "It's what a man has inside of him that counts, you know. And you saw what I have inside of me this afternoon. Ever since the last of the bally show I've been that way. Toward the end of it I had an idea that I wanted to go in for flying. They sent me to a school and I did fairly well. Nothing remarkable, but as well as the average. Then, on my last flight with an instructor—decent chap he was, too—I lost my nerve and froze on the controls. We had a most devilish wreck. Quite all over the place. And he, poor fellow, was killed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

VALUE *far above the* PRICE



THE FORD TUDOR SEDAN

IN REVIEWING the many advantages of the Ford, it is particularly interesting to note the relation between value and price.

The low first cost of the Ford is a point to keep in mind at all times because it means a considerable saving to you in the purchase of the car.

Equally important, however, is the reason for this low price and the manner in which it has been achieved without sacrifice of quality or performance. On the basis of actual, comparative worth, the Ford represents a value far above the price you pay.

This is made possible only through manufacturing methods and production economies that are as unusual as the car itself.

Every purchaser shares the benefits of the Ford policy of owning the source of most raw materials—of making many thousands of cars a day—and of selling at a small margin of profit.

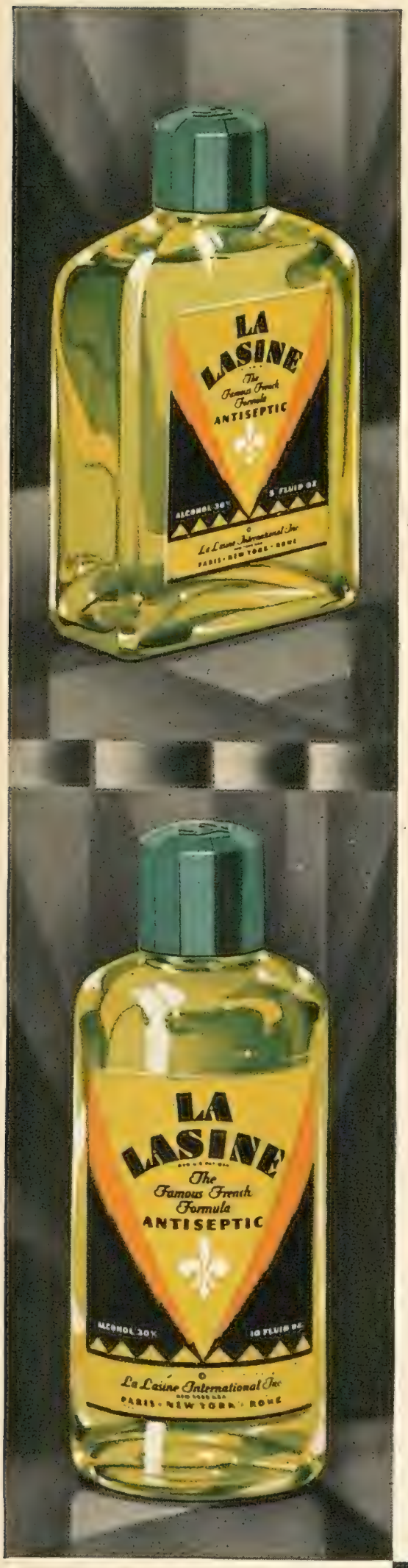
Were the Ford made in any other way, under any other policy, it would unquestionably cost you much more than its present price.

The use of the Triplex shatterproof glass for the windshield is a definite indication of this quality. So are the four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. The silent, fully enclosed six-brake system. The aluminum pistons. The chrome silicon alloy valves. The simplicity of the lubrication, cooling, ignition and fuel systems. The large number of ball and roller bearings. The extensive use of fine steel forgings instead of castings or stampings. The many other mechanical features that count so much in reliability, economy and long life.

All of these are important considerations to every man or woman who is contemplating the purchase of a motor car. All are important reasons why the Ford delivers a value far above the price.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



In every ...at mouth

Chosen... by Europe — Requested in America

In even the remote towns of France so sought out now by smart Americans, you will hear of LA LASINE—the antiseptic choice of practically all Europeans, the formula of the noted scientist, Henri Laval.

LA LASINE is new, yet distinguished by its services in Military and Red Cross Hospitals during the war. It comes to America as a result of the demand of those Americans—who, while sojourning abroad—came to know its reassuring qualities. Scientifically created as an infection preventative, LA LASINE can be used full strength. It kills all dangerous germs in the mouth almost instantly. Now you can get LA LASINE in attractive and convenient flasks and bottles at all better drug and department stores in your town.

These Flasks and Bottles for Distinction

Purse or Vest Pocket flask (1½ oz.) **10c**	Travel Flask (5oz.) - - - **35c**
Home Size, round bottle (10 oz.) **65c**	Hospital and Family Size (20 oz.) **$1.00**

Each flask and bottle has a large Bakelite screw-cap top.

A Bit of France for your Bathroom Shelf

COUPON

La Lasine International, Inc.
56 West 45th St., New York
(D-10-19-29)

Messieurs: Please send me generous sized introductory flask of La Lasine. I enclose 10c.

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PRONOUNCED LA LASEEN

LA

The ONE sure method to

part of this area *temperature* 98.6° FOOD DECAYS

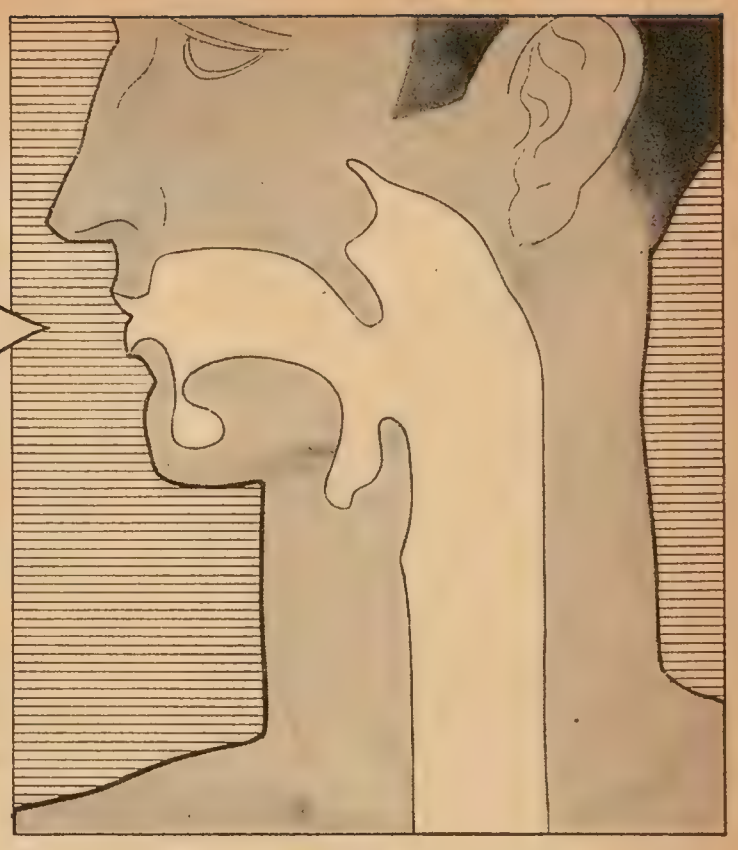
(*Reading time: 2 minutes—which gives you Hours of Security.*)

After every drink of milk, every bite of food, a thin bacteria laden food film, remains clinging to the eighty square inches of membrane inside your mouth—the vital health area in which thirty diseases start. Immediately the process of decay sets in. The mouth, dark, moist, and hot—98.6°—gives dangerous seclusion to decay bacteria which your toothbrush never reaches, never cleans. Decay of food film quickly produces an unhygienic condition imperiling your health. Quickly evaporating antiseptics such as we have heretofore had in America merely temporarily cover up food film odor, and allow the hidden decay process to continue, the odor to recur a moment after.

A Mouth Rinse with La Lasine Gives Hours of Security

LA LASINE acts in a new and thoroughly fundamental way. This pleasant tasting, secret, European formula, instantly destroys all decay and food bacteria at their source, and forms a lastingly effective deposit over all the membrane inside your mouth. No longer need you risk odor and resulting unhappiness. Or fear diseases—remember—the majority of them start in the mouth. A rinse with LA LASINE gives you hours of security.

HOURS OF SECURITY



80 square inches inside your mouth where decay bacteria thrive

30 diseases start here

Research at the Academy of Medicine reveals the fact that there are fifty common diseases. Of these thirty find their origin in the respiratory system. They are:

Aortic	Influenza	Scarlet Fever
Arthritis	Laryngitis	Sinusitis
Asthma	Leprosy	Small Pox
Bronchitis	Measles	Sore Throat
Catarrh	Parotitis	Tonsilitis
Chicken Pox	Pleurisy	Tuberculosis
Common Colds	Pleuro-Pneumonia	Typhoid
Croup	Phthisis	Typhoid-Pneumonia
Diphtheria	Pneumonia	Whooping Cough
Erysipelas	Rhinitis	
Grippe		

Rest your Mouth with a Daily Rinse of LA LASINE

U. S. Government bacteriologists warn against food decay which starts at a single degree above 50°. Your mouth temperature—98.6°—cannot be reduced. Therefore eliminate all chance of food decay in your mouth with a daily rinse with LA LASINE. Your mouth gets an immediate rest and instantly you will have a delightfully new and fresh feeling. Hold the rinse of LA LASINE but a moment—it spreads instantly attacking the most remote bacteria. For hours after, you will notice the *clean* feeling that indicates a mouth free of food film. Rest your mouth from the activity of food decay, the offensive process which always prevents a feeling of complete cleanliness. Begin the habit of a rinse with LA LASINE.

LASINE

prevent FOOD DECAY in the mouth

[A MATTER OF COURAGE
Continued from page eighteen]

Broke his neck. And I lived through it. I would! I was bashed up. Didn't know where I was or who I was for nearly a week. Now you'll understand why I won't go up for a flight with you."

He was shifting uneasily about the room, throwing little, chopped-up sentences at me.

"Since then life's been appalling, old boy! Appalling! Afraid of everything. Tram cars, motors, horses, trains. Just funk. Went to see a psychologist Johnny in Vienna. Couldn't do a thing for me. I can't live at home. One can't say to one's friends, 'Sorry that I'm obliged to refuse your invitation to do this or that, but I daren't leave the house.' That's why I'm here. I wanted a post where I'd be quite away from things. I thought perhaps it might be good for me to be in a position where I shouldn't have to face things—motors, traffic, horses. And now you see what's happened! Just because my silly nerves failed me! What a wretched, miserable, useless existence!"

He insisted that he was a disgrace to his family, his friends, and his country. In fact he got it pretty well out of his system by 3 o'clock in the morning. It was just a plain case of shell shock, aggravated by pride. I've known quite a few men whose nerves have burned out like an electric fuse, but none who hid it so well as Emery Trainor. I suppose that if it hadn't been for that ridiculous rescue in the pool we would never have known how much he was suffering secretly.

"Why don't you start off gradually," I suggested, "and build your nerve up again? If you didn't use an arm for years you couldn't expect to have any strength in it. Let's go for a little hop over the harbor tomorrow—just off the water. We'll do it very gently."

"If there were a war on," he interrupted, "I could walk into machine-gun fire just as easily. More easily, perhaps. A bullet might be a good cure for what's wrong with me."

"Don't talk that way!" I said.

"But do you realize," he demanded, "have you the faintest idea what it means to be cut off from life this way? Do you think I could ask any girl to marry me—a crock?"

I said, thinking of Joan, naturally: "I didn't know you wanted to get married."

Trainor didn't answer. He sat there twining and untwining his slim fingers, and I finally asked him if he'd be willing to take up flying again. I promised him that we'd do it gradually and do our best to beat down that bugaboo of fear that was torturing him. Except for the rather important fact that he was a full-grown man, gracious, reasonable, full of good sense, he was like a child afraid of the dark.

"I'll try it," he gasped. "But don't be surprised if I funk it horribly."

That wasn't quite the right way to go about the job, but I didn't argue with him. The most important thing was to get him started and give him confidence.

III

IT is no joke to have a man freeze on the controls. The malady, if you want to call it that, is a strange one: a complete paralysis of fear in which a person gets a strangle hold on the controls and won't let go. Generally a student pilot who has been afflicted that way hasn't the least recollection of what he has done—if he is lucky enough to come out of it alive. I've never had it happen with any of my students and I didn't intend to begin with Trainor. The only known remedy is a rap on the head to wake them up or rock them off to sleep. So I rigged up a nine-inch section of broomstick, wrapped with cord and tape, and carried it in the pocket of my flying coat.

Trainor's nerves were as tight as piano strings when he came to the hangars, but from his manner no one could have guessed what he felt. I told him in advance exactly what I was going to do, because I didn't want to make a move that might surprise him.

We taxied across the harbor with the ship riding on the step; then I let him put his hands on the dual control and we taxied back again. It takes a good heave and a grunt to get one of these big boats up on her step, so the next time across I let him try it three or four times. Then I let him have the controls all to himself, except that I held the throttles. Then we flew across, just a couple of feet above the water, and landed without making a turn. He tried that a couple of times. I had only my left hand on the controls—and my right hand was on my billy.

When we got out at the hangars I said: "That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"I don't know," he replied. He seemed to want to get away, so I took him to my house and threw a drink into him.

The next day we tried some turns, just easy turns. It was quite evident that he had had some training in the air, because he caught on so quickly and never showed a tendency to overcontrol. Another thing that helped him was that he had been a good horseman before the fear bug bit him. A horseman is almost always good flying material because he has gentle hands.

I HAD to make my regular two-day swing around Balopa Peninsula with mail and a couple of government passengers for San Fernando, so I induced Trainor to come with me. The first part of the trip is a nasty jump, because it is over one hundred miles of jungle and mountains—not exactly the place to get let down in a flying boat. The only thing to do in case of a forced landing is to kiss the ship good-by and take to parachutes, which would be a pretty strong dose for a man who was undergoing the cure that I was giving Trainor. But the engines stood by us and he didn't let a peep out of him, although he must have been throwing his ears out of joint listening for a change in their beat.

He had the controls half of the time all the way around the peninsula and by the time we reached home he was beginning to lose that strained, tense expression. But he was a long way from being out of the woods. Once when he was piloting I let my head nod and started to rip off a little bootleg nap. Instead of being bucked up by my confidence in him, he gave me a jab and told me to stay awake.

We didn't fly the day after we got home as there was some work to be done on the engines, and the next day I landed in bed with the fever. It's a funny thing about jungle fever: when the attack comes on, you begin to lie to yourself. The backs of your eyeballs feel as though sand was sprinkled on them and every muscle in your body is sensitive. And you say: "Hm-m! Something I ate last night didn't agree with me," or make up some other fool excuse, when you know in the back of your head, just as well as you know your own name, that those devilish little microbes have been breeding a lusty younger generation. Then the north wind whistles up your spine, you have the shakes, and you finally admit that you'd better go to bed.

Joan saw the medico drive up to the house and came over immediately. It was just one of the ordinary bouts: chills and fever, liquid quinine that tastes like raspberry and gall, arsenic, chicken broth, hot-water bags, ice bags, a confused head, and a general state of unreality. An announcement at the club that So-and-so is laid up with fever creates about as much interest as if So-and-so were dining out. Most of the engineers who were working in the bush had it regularly.

Joan and Venus made me comfortable and Joan sat on the porch reading, while I listened to the quinine birdies and let the bugs stew. Trainor came to see me, but I was too ga-ga to make sense. He went out with Joan on the porch; then, toward evening when my head was getting clearer, somebody else joined them and I wondered what all the confab was about.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful System—Free book shows how.

"IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the $25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my idea

A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making $1,000—$5,000—$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

"Made $5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Illinois. *(Former School Teacher.)* "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was $800."—J. A. Furguson, Florida. *(Former Dry Cleaner.)* "Sold over $100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, New Jersey. *(Former Grocery Clerk.)* "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the $300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Mississippi. *(Former Housekeeper.)* My first day's work in real estate netted me $435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, California. *(Former Traffic Manager.)* "Have sold one $5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, New York. *(Former housewife.)*

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

Get Free Book Now

My big, new illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of a real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. K-66, 205 East 42 Street, New York City.

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PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc.
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Mail me your free book telling how you made $100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.

Name .....
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City ..... State .....

[A MATTER OF COURAGE
Continued from page twenty-two]

Pretty soon the medico came into my room with Jose Cuervo, who was head of the government's Department of Health. At first I wondered if I'd picked up some serious disease, because Cuervo didn't interest himself in ordinary fever cases.

"You've picked out one hell of a swell time to get sick," said Cuervo. He was a Princeton man and he spoke the lingo. "Black diphtheria has broken out in the Flores district, and we've got to get some medical supplies to them—and quick! Word came through by telegraph from San Fernando an hour ago."

"Oh, good Lord!" I said. "That's a pretty mess!"

"We were going to send you up the coast to Merida and have the stuff rushed in from there."

Flores is way inland and the only approach to it is from Merida, which is on the other side of the peninsula. In other words, the medicine would have to be carried on muleback to San Fernando, then up the coast in a launch, and then on muleback again from Merida to Flores. That meant six days, at least, and probably eight: instead of a three-hour direct flight from Puerto Durango.

He looked embarrassed. "Medals don't mean much," he replied. "It's what a man has inside of him."

I ASKED the doctor if he could pull me together for six hours beginning at dawn. That's when the fever is lightest, but generally you are as weak as a sick rabbit.

He just shook his head.

"I'd smack the stuff right down in Flores," I told them. "Without breaking a bottle. We've got some baby parachutes designed for just that sort of job."

"Could Mr. Trainor fly in your place?" Cuervo asked. "I know that he's been flying with you. I saw him outside, but I didn't want to suggest it to him until I'd talked with you."

"It's Trainor or nobody," said the doctor. "I could pull you together for a couple of hours but not for six."

That made me whistle. To ask it of a poor devil who was just beginning to renew a burnt-out nervous system was a little too much. A six-hour flight in a boat over solid jungle, absolutely strange territory, with nothing but a compass and a sketchy map to guide him! He might miss Flores by one hundred miles, wash out a twenty-five-thousand-dollar ship, and kill himself in the bargain—without doing anyone any good. It didn't make sense to me. And yet there were those miserable people in Flores dying with diphtheria.

"Trainor doesn't know enough about handling a ship to do it," I said. "And is there a doctor in Flores who knows what to do with the medicine if we land it there?"

"If he isn't already dead," answered Cuervo sadly. "Three doctors have already left from San Fernando."

The door opened and Trainor came in. He was pale and his face was solemn, except for a nervous, unnatural little smile that played about his lips.

"By the bye, old boy," he said, "if the government is willing to risk a perfectly good plane in the hands of such an abominable pilot, I'd jolly well like to take a try at this."

It was the finest piece of downright courage I've ever seen. I knew that he was suffering agonies of fear—that his insides felt like cold lard.

Before the others could speak, and perhaps tell him that I had said that he wasn't equal to the job, I said: "Thanks, Emery, but I thought we might pull it together. The doctor seems to think that he can get me on my feet for a few hours in the morning. What do you say?"

"Right-o!"

"Will you go to the hangars and tell the mechanics that we'll shove off at dawn? And tell them to dig out those baby chutes."

When he had left I told Cuervo to get his stuff wrapped securely in burlap and send it to the hangars. The medico gave me some pills to take later so that I would cork off for a good night's sleep. He promised to be around the next morning to look me over before we started.

After they'd left, Joan came in. "It was plucky of Emery to offer to try it, don't you think so?" she asked.

I agreed with her. It was pluck, all right enough, whether or not it was good judgment.

"And how about you?" she asked. "Are you going to be able to make the grade?"

That was just what I was wondering, but I didn't want to say anything that would make her worry. It was going to be a sweet flight—with Trainor's fear bug biting him and all of my fever bugs gnawing away at me. Our chances of reaching Flores and dumping the stuff were excellent, but the return trip and the landing were something else again.

Trainor came back from the hangars and we went over the maps together. I laid out a bee-line course for Flores and a return course that would land us on the coast above Puerto Durango. In that way, if I went ga-ga, Trainor would know that all he had to do to find home was to hit the coast, turn to the right, and keep going. He couldn't very well miss it.

Joan went over to her house to fix me some broth. Trainor poured himself a drink and moved about the room sipping it. Suddenly he turned to me and said:

"I had to do it. Want to or not, I had to do it!"

"Why did you have to?" I asked. "You go to extremes, my friend. From a panic of fear to absolutely unreasonable bravery. Your chances of hitting Flores on the nose wouldn't be one in one hundred."

I didn't mention the fact that he would probably break his neck.

"Perhaps," he said. "But if you're not on your pins tomorrow, I'll take that one in one hundred chance, and thank my stars for it."

I was too flabby to discuss the matter, so I rolled over and snoozed until Joan came with my broth. They sat with me while I drank it, fed me my quinine and pills, and then tucked me in for the night. I rolled over in a dead sleep.

IV

TRAINOR, Cuervo, the doctor, and Joan came to wake me the next morning, and I put on a show of feeling sprightly. My legs were wabbly and my head felt as if it were full of broken glass.

Joan brought some hot coffee with her. I sipped it and let the three men do most of the work of getting me dressed.

Dawn was just leaking over the horizon when we went out to the carriage, with Trainor and Cuervo each holding one of my arms. I didn't make any bones about saving my strength because I knew I'd need it.

As I pressed over in the carriage I felt something hard in the pocket of my flying suit. It was that billy I'd made to rap Trainor over the head if he froze to the controls.

The bus was ready for us and the motors started turning over just as soon as the carriage stopped. I climbed in without wasting any time, saw that the packages—

two of them, attached to the baby chutes—were properly stowed; then Trainor got in and we went overboard. It was darkish, and the plane was stone-heavy with its load of gas, so I made the take-off. Just as soon as we had a little altitude I turned the controls over to Trainor and sat with a pocket lamp directed upon the compass, signaling him when he got off course. He was sheering off course most of the time, and he'd get his compass oscillating so badly in his efforts to correct that I'd have to take the controls for a minute to settle us.

There was a mountain about fifty miles ahead upon which I could check if we ambled too far away. I wanted to let him fight it out so that he would get the hang of it.

The sun came up and the black jungle beneath us started steaming. Sometimes it looked as if we were flying over clouds. I checked our course as best I could and decided that we were head-on for Flores.

And there she was, after two hours and forty-five minutes in the air! A straggling little town in the middle of a large expanse of open jungle. The plaza in the center was deserted, and I decided to plant the packages there, but people began to stream out just as we approached.

The trouble with these chutes in a case of that kind is that a lead weight drops first, and I didn't want to bash anybody's skull in. The chute itself, to which the package is attached, falls without opening until the weight touches the ground on the end of its fifty-foot cord. The instant the chute is relieved of the drag of the weight, a trigger is released, the chute snaps open, and the package wafts gently to earth.

It was perfected for the purpose of supplying African troops in isolated positions with water and medicine, but the troops were instructed to stand from under.

Everyone in Flores who wasn't sick ran for the plaza to see the free show. We circled around a couple of times, cursing them. I was getting groggier by the minute. I could feel cold things jumping up and down my spine. We didn't have any time to waste, so I swung out over the edge of the town and signaled Trainor to heave out both packages. We looked down, saw the chutes open and people running toward them, then we cleared out.

I gave Trainor the course and he held to it like an old hand. After I'd taken a big swig from my bottle of liquid quinine I curled up in my seat and tried to make myself comfortable, but that section of broomstick, wrapped with cord and tape, was in my way. I pulled it out and handed it to Trainor.

"I used to carry that to soak you over the head if you froze on the controls," I yelled in his ear. "You can have it now. It's your diploma."

HE stared at it; then he laughed and put it under his seat. I told him that I was going to try to get some rest, so that I'd be in shape to bring the ship down at Puerto Durango. Trainor had made a few landings, but always with me ready to correct him.

I've never been so cold in my life. My legs and arms were jerking from the chills and my chest felt as though it were being pressed between two cakes of ice. My belt was the only thing that kept me from sliding off my seat. The earth and the sky were all messed up, and I didn't know whether I was in an airplane or a glass-bottom boat.

Then sleep, sweet sleep, kissed me on the head. As a matter of fact, the thing that kissed me on the head was the billy that I had presented to Trainor.

I had started to wallop around in a delirium, trying to unfasten my belt and take a nice long walk through the daisy fields. Trainor couldn't very well run the plane and be nursemaid for me, too. There was just one thing to do and he did it admirably. He reached for the billy that had been made for his own head and knocked me into a flat spin.

I don't remember anything else until I was awakened by the engines being throttled down. The lack of noise brought me to my senses. I could see Puerto Durango in a blur. For a moment or two my mind was quite clear: I realized that his gliding angle was all right and that we were heading into the harbor. Then I corked off again and the next thing I knew I was being pulled out of the cockpit at the hangars. We'd landed a mile away, but we'd landed without straining a wire!

It was early evening before I came out of the fog enough to realize that I had a bump on my head the size of half a walnut. My tongue tasted like a hunk of old sole leather. I was thirsty and I didn't care who knew it, so I let out the best roar I could and Trainor answered, "Right-o" from the porch.

"Hello, son," I said. "Well, we did it! You did it, anyhow. And how did I get this welt on my head? We didn't crack up landing, did we?"

"Old chap," said Trainor, "I'm fearfully sorry! Fearfully! But I had to hit you with my diploma." Then he told me, apologizing all over the place, what had happened.

JOAN had left a vacuum bottle of hot broth for me. I asked where she was.

"Home, having dinner," said Trainor. "She'll be along presently. Ah, by the bye . . . perhaps I'll have a drink. Jolly good work you did in getting us to Flores! I realized before we were half there what a perfect ass I would have made of myself trying to find it alone."

"And jolly good work you did in getting us home!" I said.

He sipped at his highball and I sipped at my broth.

"Do you remember," he asked presently, "that I said last night that I simply had to go through with this thing, one way or another? I couldn't explain then, but . . . ah . . ."

"Out with it!" I said.

"Well, you see, it's like this, old chap," he replied, making a desperate effort. "Oh, dash it all! You see, for a long time I've wanted to ask Joan to marry me, and how in God's name could I? One must be a trifle sure of one's self before one can ask a girl like Joan to marry. Joan isn't the sort of girl for a man who's afraid of his own shadow."

"Well?" I demanded.

"And the most extr'ordinary thing is that she's accepted me!"

He fairly roared it in his elation.

Joan's feet pattered on the steps, and she called from the porch: "I could hear you clear out in the street."

"I don't care if the whole dashed world hears me!" replied Trainor.

Then he did the most surprising thing that I've ever seen Emery Trainor do: he kissed her as she came through the door!

Actually kissed her while another person was looking.

Fancy that!

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

The Return of the Pilot

A glamorous tale of adventure on Thursday Island

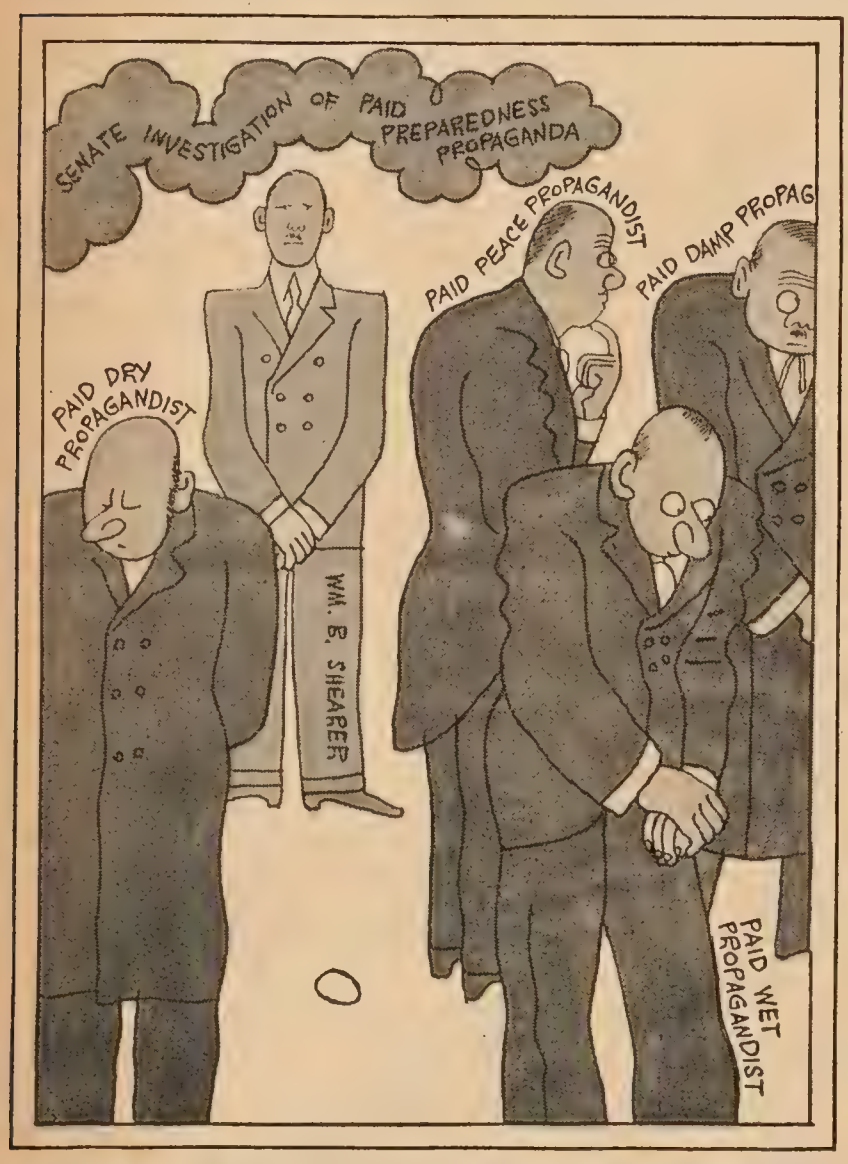
By

Beatrice Grimshaw

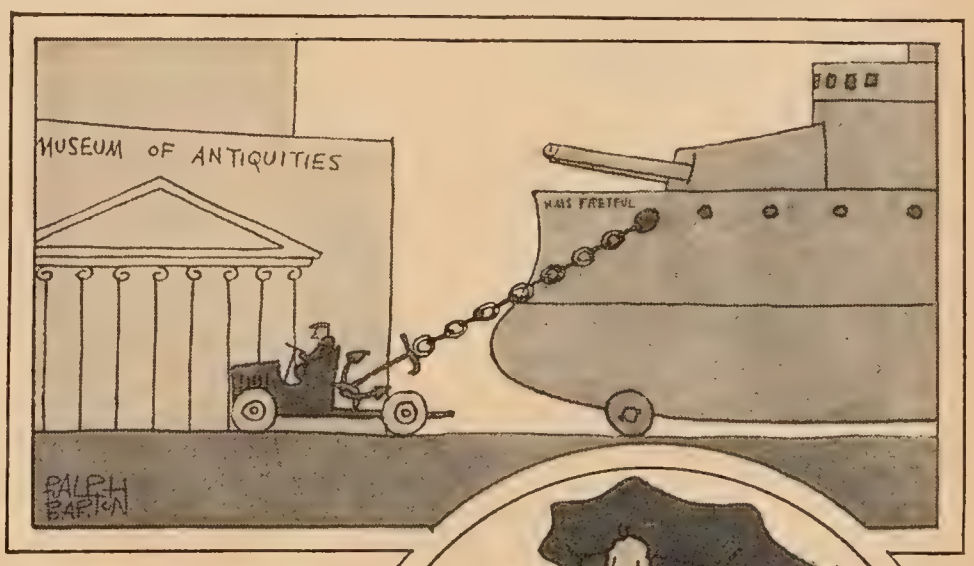
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of

THE GREAT SCHISM IN THE RANKS OF THE KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF THE RIGHT. Mrs. Elvira Cootson Plunk in a fiery speech induces a large faction to secede from the mother organization and form a new order to be called the Anti-Mint League. "Under the old system," said Mrs. Plunk, "we dealt with evils singly and as soon as one evil was suppressed another sprang up to take its place. Let us strike, once for all, at the root of *all* evil—MONEY. Close the Mints, stop the manufacture, exchange, and transportation of Money, and live in Righteousness!"



CASTING THE FIRST STONE IN WASHINGTON.



IF ENGLAND is serious about scrapping her battleships, the least America can do is to promise never to use bows and arrows again in our army.

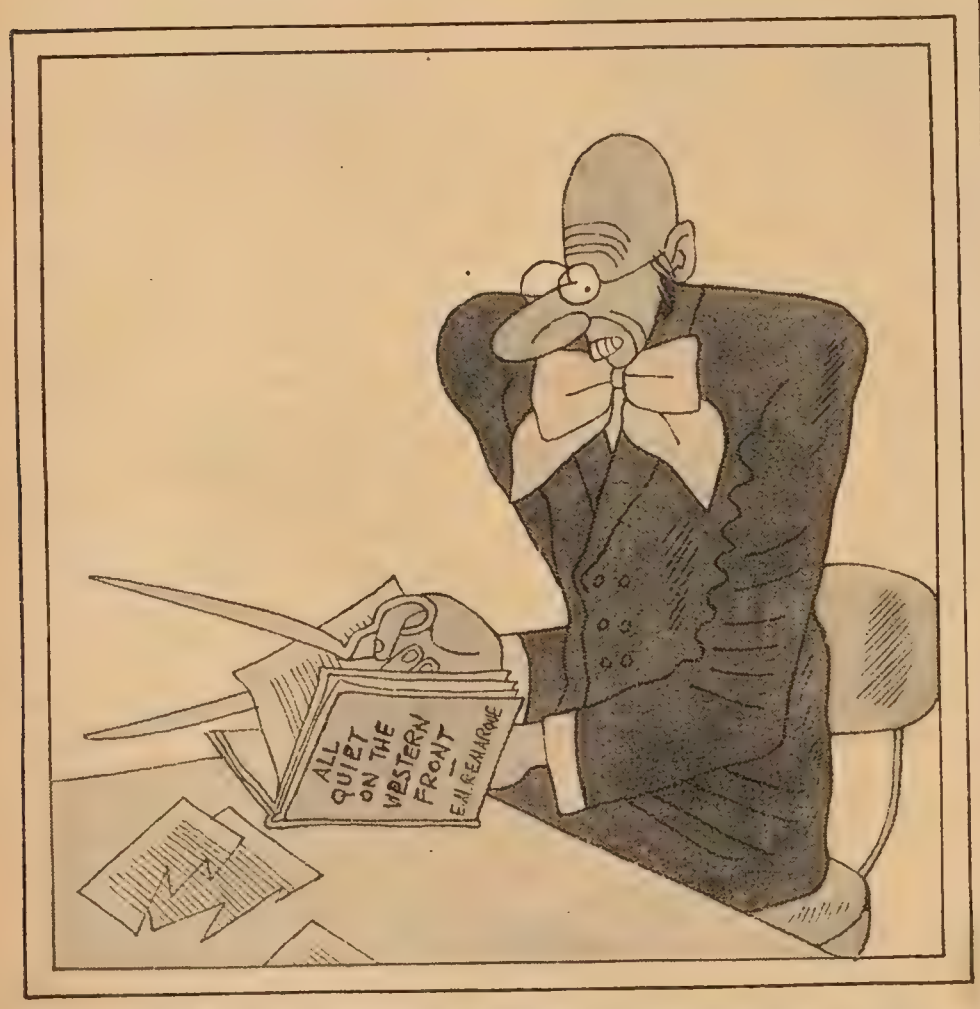
SUGGESTED COLLAR AND TIE to go with the new caps affected by the New York police force.

the World

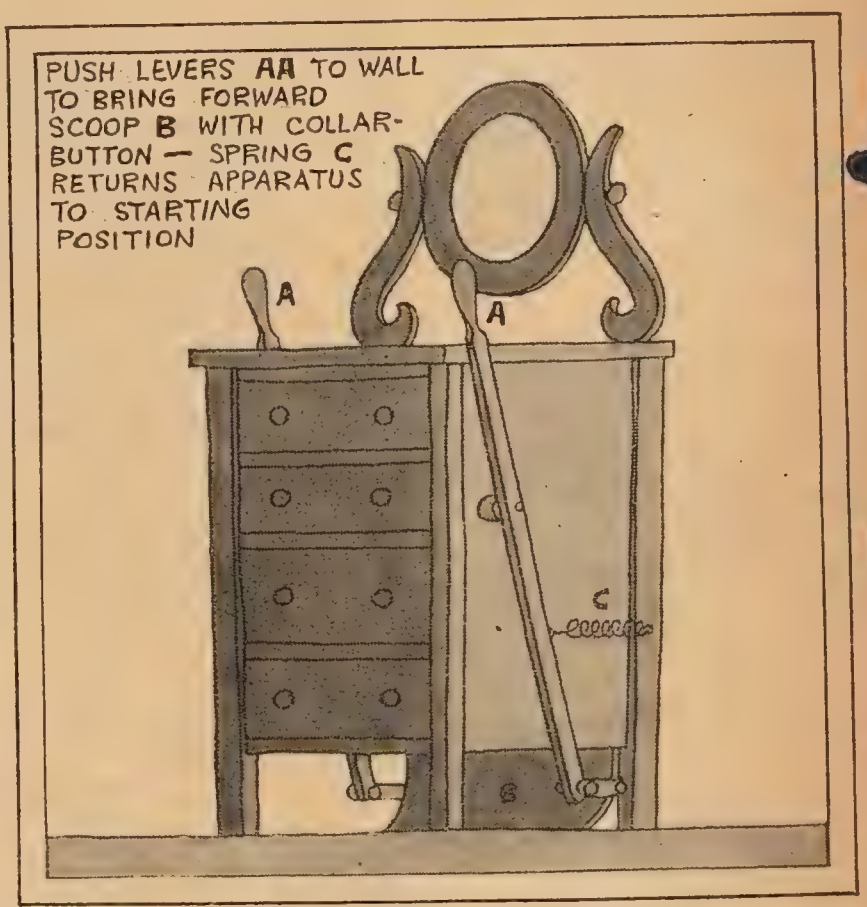
By RALPH BARTON

SINCE THE TALKIES are apparently unable to imitate the human voice, the human voice might, by constitutional amendment, be forced to imitate the talkies.

IN VIEW OF THE NUMBER OF ARRESTS made for major crimes, it can only be supposed that prison overcrowding is due to stowaways.



WON'T IT BE NICE when we Americans grow up and will be permitted to read the great books of our century without having them cut down to fit our mental age?



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

COLLAR-BUTTON RECOVERER, designed to thwart the Imp of the Perverse which causes collar buttons invariably to roll under the bureau. *(Idea by R. S. Dill, Washington, D. C.)*

What Is Beauty

First of a Series of Answers to the Question: What Is Beauty?

By

David Wark Griffith

Russell Ball photo

The author, David Wark Griffith, the motion-picture director and producer.

Tranquil scenic beauty in Isn't Life Wonderful?—made by Mr. Griffith.

THIS is the first time I ever felt sure of getting anything out of Beauty. The editor has promised to pay me. I have stood toe-to-toe and eye-to-eye fighting Beauty for twenty years, and I can say regretfully this is the first time I have ever had the upper hand.

It seems to me I have spent around $20,000,000 trying to find out what Beauty is. The most definite answer I was ever able to obtain summed up to this: it was something I hadn't captured. If you think Beauty is something for little children to admire and for grown-ups to dally with in their dreams, then I suggest you try the experiment of putting her to work for you once. And put your money in the experiment.

Most of us grow up thinking Beauty is something as simple as a sauce for a pudding, but I have always found it the most deceitful, the most evasive, the most treacherous, and the most contradictory element there is in life.

I realize now how Mark Twain must have felt. Someone came to him raving about the famous line by the poet Keats: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The ironical Mark snorted, blew a cloud of pipe smoke, and said it was a silly line, something that sounded pretty and meant nothing, and at best was less than applesauce. If he had made the comment in this day, I would suspect that Mark Twain had been trying to put Beauty into a motion picture. My opinion on Beauty ought to be valuable; but it isn't. It is like the Englishman who spent his life and his fortune learning how to eat and drink, only to finish up with the gout. The more I have learned about Beauty, the more pain it has given me.

One thing I have heard much about is a beautiful woman. Nearly every writer seems to know all about her. And wherever one goes, someone is always talking about this admirable person. Obviously there must be these beautiful women, and obviously also there must be something wrong with my life. I have been up and down and around this earth with a pair of eyes set in pursuit of this very object, and never have I seen a beautiful woman.

Such fortunate women must have plenty of activity at home, for they never get as far as the motion-picture studios.

You may feel this writer has more merit as a cynic than as an author. But let me try to convert you just a little.

Make this problem of finding a really beautiful woman one that may affect your own fortunes. Let us say there is a man in a city one thousand miles from you who will give you $20,000 if you will send for the money a woman he considers really beautiful. You don't know this man, and have no information about his age, tastes, experience, or preference among women.

Now, who among the women you think are beautiful would you risk making a messenger for this little fortune? He may dislike blondes, he may think only plump girls are attractive, and he may loathe small noses. But you can get $20,000 if he considers your messenger as being beautiful. Who would it be?

It is a crazy gamble, isn't it? Yet every motion-picture producer bets many times that sum that he can present the woman this unknown person will think beautiful.

Perhaps it is this rolling the dice with Beauty for such large sums that induces me to vent this unkind opinion: I consider Beauty the most perfect lie ever invented by man, the very crown jewel of lies.

Ask five of your friends their judgment on something you think is beautiful. Won't some of them invariably tell you how false is this thing you know as Beauty? And if you insist, won't they pity you? But it is not

in Motion Pictures?

LIBERTY has asked the same question of a group of representative people, inviting each to answer it from his or her particular point of view. The replies which will follow Mr. Griffith's include:

Beauty in Words
By Kathleen Norris

in Rhythm
By Vachel Lindsay

in Architecture
By Raymond M. Hood

in Sculpture
By Gutzon Borglum

in Art
By Joseph Breck

in News
By Edward Doherty

in Clothes
By Herman Patrick Tappé

An achievement of beauty with Lillian Gish in Orphans of the Storm, a famous picture directed in 1922 by Mr. Griffith.

important, for it is only Beauty playing tricks with you and with me.

Our editor will not be satisfied unless we talk about Beauty in motion pictures. If I get this money I will string it around my neck, and when anyone asks me about Beauty, I will say: Yes, I know much about Beauty, I have made this thing pay me gold.

It is an old feud, this with Beauty, for anyone who has been around the studios long. For no motion picture is a success unless there is beauty in it. And this beauty must be in a form that appeals to millions. The refinements must not be considered.

Take up a critique on art and you will read of the superb beauty dwelling in the Corinthian columns. Shall this go in the picture; shall we have several sets with columns reproduced exactly in their Athenian perfection? And wouldn't the audience say: "Lousy picture; Griffith's gone cuckoo over a lot of pillars"? And what would the bankers say, having their money involved? These gentlemen have great power of speech, I assure you.

As workmen who have to go ahead with our jobs, it is necessary to have some definition of beauty as concerned in this business of making movies. This is one that seems to serve about as well as any of the definitions do:

In motion pictures, Beauty is the pleasing presentation of the thing for which people are yearning.

One thing for which most people yearn seems to be personal beauty. There are stored within us, I know not why, memories of personal beauty which are never to be matched by persons upon this earth. Always we are somewhat disappointed in even the most beautiful men and women.

Mary Pickford, whose points as a beauty Mr. Griffith owns he once undervalued.

THIS is what the motion-picture producer must try to approach: those memories of beauty we all have deep within us. That is the beauty for which we yearn. It would be absurd to risk the face that has imperfections, but every face does have them. So we must erase these imperfections, and it was in striving to do this that I first devised the hazy photography which is now so generally used. The camera can be a great beauty doctor.

When I said I had never seen a really beautiful woman, please remember I did not say I had never seen a really beautiful woman's face upon the screen. For there on that screen have been some faces of such beauty that they can challenge all other art forms. And often I wonder why intelligent people should belittle the admiration of movie stars by the audiences. These people are only paying their tribute to beauty, and doing it with sincerity and tenderness.

We would all like to believe we are beautiful, and those who love us can see in us an unbelievable beauty. So there must be in those faces on the screen some semblance of that beauty which the lovers see in the faces of their adored ones.

Shall we catch Beauty in a lovely lie? The older ones will understand better. We know the beauty of our mothers is no myth. These dear and beautiful women may be bent and gray and wrinkled as a rind, but we see a living actual beauty in them. Now how many of your younger friends can sincerely admit beholding this beauty in your mother? It is a beauty that pleases our yearning.

Young girls usually have many points of beauty, and the American girls are given praise by critics for their unusual attractiveness. However, to the Oriental mind, which admires the voluptuous in feminine form, our

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I use lipstick only once a day!"

"My *dear*, I've discovered the most *amazing* new *Kissproof* Lipstick! I put it on once in the morning and *know* my lips will look their *loveliest* all day long, no matter *what* I do! You don't *believe* it? Here, *try* Kissproof, my dear—you won't need lipstick again *today!*"

Kissproof, the modern *waterproof* lipstick, is changing the cosmetic habits of women everywhere. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigarettes.

Kissproof is such full *natural* color that just a *touch* on the lips rubbed in with the finger tips is needed. And you have the peace of mind of *knowing* that your rich, red youthful coloring is as *natural* as if it were your very own—and as *permanent* as the day is long!

We urge you to find out for yourself how Kissproof *stays on*—what healthy coloring it gives.

*Send for Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

Containing everything needed:

1. Kissproof lipstick (Brass Case)
2. Kissproof compact Rouge (with mirror and puff)
3. Kissproof facepowder (large box)
4. Kissproof cream Rouge
5. Delica-Brow lash dressing (with camel's hair brush)
6. 16-page Make-Up booklet ("Clever Make-Up Nine-tenths of Beauty")

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover cost and postage). Not stingy samples—enough powder for six weeks—the full size packages would cost over $3.00. All in artistic case—ideal for your dressing table.

Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit per person.

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For 30 cents enclosed (stamps, coins or money order) send me Kissproof Make-Up Kit, described above. I use Flesh ☐ Brunette ☐ White ☐ Ivory ☐ Facepowder.

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Kissproof

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

slender graceful girls are unsightly and ridiculous. Do we know Beauty better than the Orientals?

Certainly to one or the other Beauty is a lie.

One night I was very hungry, and a friend invited me to an Italian dinner which he recommended with words of too great promise, I thought.

The spaghetti was served by the young man who cooked it as a favor to us, because he was an artist in achieving this dish and he enjoyed his art.

Whether it was because I was hungry and wished to see beauty in this volunteer chef who could cook so well, I know not; but I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen.

I thought others might think so, and I invited him to work in a picture which I was producing. My judgment was fortunate, for you came to know the young man, Rudolph Valentino.

Men who claim knowledge in such affairs have told me that waitresses are more quickly married than girls in other vocations, and they ascribe it to the explanation that hungry men see beauty quickly in these desirable creatures who bring them food.

Certainly nothing irritates us more quickly than to be told we are not attractive. There was one girl whom I always thought very beautiful on the screen, and I still am one of her greatest admirers.

We had been struggling along on a picture until all were weary and hot and nervous. Had things been normal, I would have seen the points of beauty in her face, for I knew they were there, but in this condition I could not see them at all. I fear I told this splendid girl so with more emphasis even than I felt. Her temper gave her a glorious face.

AT that time I recall I was paying her twenty-five dollars a week, but she threw up her chin and her eyes blazed with courage and confidence as she said: "You may not think so, Mr. Griffith, but some day I will be earning one hundred dollars a week!"

She was less than right. In a very few years she was earning ten thousand a week. Did I mention her name? It was Mary Pickford. And she has given much beauty to pictures.

However, personal beauty is not enough for a picture. It must also have scenic beauty. We could show some symmetrical curve of a mountain height which brings ecstasy to the eye of an artist. But what yearning would it satisfy in the millions who must see our pictures if we are to have our daily bread? Usually the audiences come somewhat wearily to the movie theater. They have worked hard, worried much; they yearn to be rested, and in landscapes which are soothing and restful and refreshing they find great pleasure.

This is the beauty which pictures can bring so well to the world: the roll of the ocean wave toward the shore; the valley blessed with a brook and bowered with trees; the great expanses which seem free from the worries of this world. That is the beauty for which the audiences yearn and which they appreciate in motion pictures.

P. & A. photos

Which has greater beauty? To American eyes, "Miss Chicago," at the left—but Oriental taste would prefer the more buxom "Miss Italia."

YET we can find how quickly this beauty too will lie. The city visitor hears from the rustic dweller surrounded by beauty that there is no beauty in the vistas. And the city dweller feels very superior. But the city person yearns for the soft colors, the sound of waters, and the song of birds. It is beauty for which he yearns. The permanent dweller in the country yearns for another beauty which also satisfies him: the beauty of people rushing along the crowded thoroughfares of cities, speeding motors, throngs in colorful dress crowding to the theater, gay crowds laughing and dancing in cafés. And isn't the beauty that enchants the dreams of the person in the country just as real as the beauty in his creek bottom and his wood lots and his pasture land?

Beauty, they say, lies in the eye of the beholder. Deeper than that I think it lies, down deep within us where we hold from the world our most precious yearnings. And perhaps that is why Beauty can lie to us so easily, for our yearnings are always changing.

And to prove how marvelous a lie is Beauty, you see I still believe in it as one of the greatest truths; and I always shall, I hope; and gladly would I spend more millions seeking Beauty, and honor myself in doing it.

This I feel is about all the editor will pay for; and do you know, I believe I am going to find beauty in this money coming to me. Certainly I am if there is any truth in what I have said about yearning.

In an early issue, Kathleen Norris will give her answer to the question, What Is Beauty in Words?

TONE QUALITY NOW TESTED

by America's foremost Musical Artists

An important new contribution to radio by Powel Crosley, Jr.

FOR many years, engineers have measured the tone-fidelity of radio sets by charts and curves in the laboratory.

Now Powel Crosley, Jr. has carried his search for finer tone quality a step beyond the laboratory—a step further than radio has ever gone before!

Crosley Radio is now regularly subjected to the expert tone scrutiny of America's foremost musical artists. . . . Efrem Zimbalist, Edith Mason, Alma Gluck, José Mojica, George Gershwin and others.

For this purpose, Crosley receiving sets are placed in the homes of these artists in all parts of the country.

Programs are broadcast. The Crosley radio sets receive them. The artists "listen in." They comment, advise, give Crosley engineers the invaluable benefit of their opinion. . . .

Under their guidance, improvements are constantly being made in Crosley sets.

Thus the tone quality of Crosley Radio is developed to win the approval of the most discriminating ears—to please *you* as no other radio has ever done. Thus is achieved a marvelous richness, fullness and naturalness of tone that mechanical tests alone could never attain.

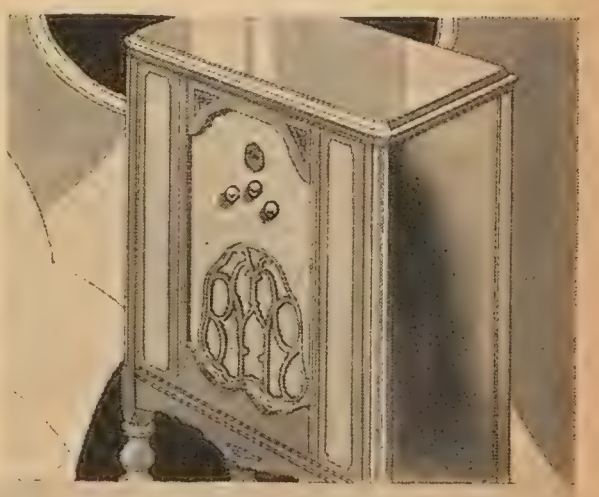
This beautiful tone, developed to the highest technical degree in the laboratory, then "ear tested" by America's foremost artists, is *exclusive* with Crosley. It will amaze and delight you when you hear it—so utterly different from anything radio has ever before achieved.

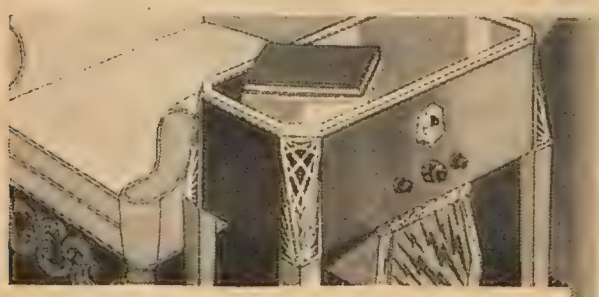
Hear it yourself, at any Crosley dealer's—and be convinced. A wide variety of Crosley models are on display. They embody every modern feature—Screen Grid, Neutrodyne circuits, Triple Range Control, Power detection, humless operation, etc.—*at the lowest prices in radio history.* Ask for a free trial in your home.

Efrem Zimbalist (center), world famous Russian violinist, aids in developing the marvelous new tone beauty of Crosley Radio in New York. Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, receives the artist's comments, suggestions and advice. Mr. Henry P. Joslyn, the young composer (right), listens with keen interest to the comments of Mr. Zimbalist

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO
HOME OF WLW

Crosley 33-S, $115. Other beautiful Crosley cabinet models, $99.50 and up. Crosley builds the following battery sets for places where alternating current is not available: Crosley 21 at $49 (without accessories); Crosley 22 at $88.50 (without accessories). Western prices slightly higher





Crosley 31-S. A smart end-table model containing the new Crosley Monotrad, $67 without tubes, legs or speaker. Other A. C. Screen Grid tube sets from $65 to $160. Western prices slightly higher

You're there with a

CROSLEY

Walter Huston, in The Lady Lies, portrays a sinning dad. Claudette Colbert is his sin.

SHOCKERS

Perturbing Mystery in One, in Others a Matter of Morals

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE UNHOLY NIGHT

ONE by one, under cover of London fogs, the officers of the Twenty-fifth Fusiliers, veterans of the Gallipoli campaign, are being picked off by a mysterious strangler. Finally Scotland Yard takes a hand, gathers the surviving ten officers, and awaits developments. That's the neat start of Metro-Goldwyn's new talkie, The Unholy Night.

The developments come fast enough, and it is not until the Yard resorts to a good swanky Oriental séance that the real murderer stands revealed. The Fusiliers sing bravely between murders and harmonize cheerfully when they are not suspecting one another. Suspicion is batted back and forth so expertly that I defy you to guess the guilty one.

There is a faint wholesale regimental murder suggestion of Dr. Fu Manchu, but really The Unholy Night, based upon an original yarn by Ben Hecht, stands upon its own feet. It is a gorgeous welter of blood and it has a superb cast. You will find a lot of Hollywood notables in the comparatively minor rôles of the doomed Fusiliers, but the acting honors go to Dorothy Sebastian.

Lionel Barrymore deserves a lot of credit for The Unholy Night. His direction splendidly sustains the suspense. In fact, The Unholy Night has a shade—a dozen of them, in fact—on any mystery shocker of the last six months.

★ ★ ★ THE LADY LIES

Paramount announces The Lady Lies as a story of pent-up penthouse love. You have been seeing a lot of the troubles of the younger generation. This one pictures the older generation's indiscretions.

Big Time presents Lee Tracy, nimble-footed star of the stage Broadway, and Mae Clarke.

Jeanne Eagels and Fredric March, the artist she loves, in Jealousy.

A wealthy but lonely widower is not only the daddy of two half-grown children away at school but of a lovely brunette. When the widower's New England relatives thrust themselves into the situation the two kids start out in headlong fashion to set things right. To them the mistress can only be a designing Jezebel.

Herein The Lady Lies is different. Its thesis is that life cannot be settled dogmatically. The widower has been happy in his illicit relationship. The intrusion of the children turns the little paradise upside down—and tragedy is just outside the gilded penthouse.

The Lady Lies comes under the head of sophisticated fare. Hobart Henley (who is one of our best directors) has handled this thrust at Puritanism with a shrewd touch and the persuasive acting of Claudette Colbert, as the loving mistress, is something to remember.

Walter Huston, the cowboy bad man of The Virginian, is excellent as the father, and Charles Ruggles runs away with a hit as another bibulous good fellow.

★ ★ JEALOUSY

If The Lady Lies is mature drama, what of Jealousy, Jeanne Eagels' newest starring vehicle for Paramount? I imagine the old-time screen reformers can hardly believe their ears these days.

Yvonne, for instance, is a highly prosperous young Parisienne who has been maintained, lavishly and in more or less perfect taste, by the elderly Rigaud. When Yvonne falls in love with a penniless artist, Rigaud does not protest. He gives her a dressmaking establishment, an expensive wedding—and awaits developments.

Yvonne soon has her business on the verge of bankruptcy. She turns back to Rigaud for aid. What will jealousy do to the artist-husband, still unsuccessful?

The ending of Jealousy is unsatisfactory, I regret to report, and, despite good work by Miss Eagels, by Fredric March as the artist, and particularly by Halliwell Hobbes as the craftily benevolent patron, it sizzles but never explodes. Indeed, Jealousy is an emotional dud.

One of the chief reasons why The Unholy Night is good: Dorothy Sebastian. Boris Karloff stands in the background. This talkie gets away with many murders.

★ ★ BIG TIME

Maybe you will like William Fox's Big Time. It is one more story of a vaudeville hoofer with a breaking heart.

Lee Tracy, who originated the dancer in the stage Broadway and should have played it in the films, is the nit-wit hoofer, and a newcomer from the varieties, Mae Clarke, is his loving partner.

How much you will like this picture depends upon how much the tragedies of a vaudevillian can still interest you.

Ten Years Ago This Week

David Wark Griffith selected Mamaroneck, New York, as the site of his future screen-producing activities and arranged to bring his company from Hollywood.

Sessue Hayakawa was at his height as a screen star and owned an elaborate Hollywood show place.

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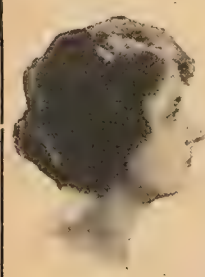
Marcella Keeps a Date

The Story of a Laggard in Love

Marcella proceeded to tell him about Mark and his speed boat. John Rowan's eyes darkened and his jaw tightened.

By

SHIRLEY SEIFERT



who came to authorship unexpectedly because she didn't like school teaching and had both time and a typewriter. She was born near and lives in St. Louis where, she says, she divides her time between her profession and being the eldest daughter of "a large and progressive family."

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

MARCELLA had never liked Johnnie Rowan. Her earliest and strongest impression of him was a feeling against a stocky, rude boy in corduroys with a shock of black hair and insolent dark eyes; a boy who seemed burly and roughish at the age of twelve; a boy who even smelled of his queer male pursuits—dogs, mud puddles, tar barrels, frog ponds, snakes maybe—he would hunt snakes! But the worst thing about him, Marcella remembered, was that, when little girls switched their petticoats around him, as little girls will do about boys, he would grunt at them in scorn and go off and leave them. He had no use for little girls, even when they pretended to be interested in rabbit hutches and toy sailboats. One time his mother had given a party especially for him and he was all dressed up and supposed to be polite, and he'd gone off and hidden in a tree with a book the blessed afternoon and torn his best pants. He'd got a good whipping for it later, but nothing changed him. A perfectly horrid boy, Marcella remembered. It was astonishing how distinctly she remembered, being now nineteen and full of other experiences.

Marcella, on the occasion of being forced to meet Johnnie Rowan again, was furious without the satisfaction of being able to blame him. Marcella was furious at her family. It was a stuffy family in its sense of the correct and virtuous. At home in the winters, Marcella, nineteen, still went to Sunday school every Sabbath day, if you can imagine it. Not that she disliked Sunday school or even church. Stripped of surface sophistications and stylisms, Marcella might have exposed a sneaking pleasure in losing herself in moods of stained glass, and she liked hymns and Bible stories. This is mentioned just to show what kind of people the Bennetts were. And they said Marcella must stay at home this day and be nice to Johnnie Rowan.

It was a Sunday at the Bennett summer home on the Island. Sundays on the Island Mr. Bennett read a morning service from the Bible and hymns were sung about the old square piano; and the rest of the day was given over to quiet reading or walks or the entertaining of visitors. And, if there were no visitors, or if the visitors were of one's own choosing, this was pleasant. Sundays gave a space in which a person could lie back and slowly drink in the clear blue of the northern sky, the sharp shadows of pines, the glint of waters, and be thrilled by a blue heron flying low across an inlet, or dig up an old copy of Deerslayer. It was Deerslayer that Johnnie Rowan had read the afternoon of his regrettable party.

Because the Island was that kind of summer resort—a rocky, pine-grown bit of land way north in Lake Michigan, with Indian trails and burial grounds and cliffs from which whole tribes had jumped, preferring drowning to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARCELLA KEEPS A DATE
Continued from page 35]

capture and torture. Its sparse native population was Scandinavian. When the Bennetts had bought their twenty acres and built their cottage, the summer population had consisted of a dozen congenial families from Chicago and St. Louis, who gloried in isolation. The Chicago steamers made the one deep harbor once a week if weather permitted. The only other communication with the mainland was via an erratic mail boat.

Now the older resorters were viewing with alarm and their children were viewing with rapture the establishment of a gay summer colony made possible by speed boats and automobile ferries.

AND Marcella was the belle of this colony. She could outdance, outflirt, outswim, and outcharm any woman of any age within a range of a hundred miles—this Marcella who still went to Sunday school, whom her mother had taught to cook and sew and keep house. Marcella at nineteen was devastatingly pretty—and she had everything.

Mark turned brutal and laughed. And the other people laughed.

Marcella, when her family, as she felt, forcibly injected John Rowan into her drama, was about to assert her own personality by becoming engaged to a young bachelor millionaire who loved her, who owned the fastest motor boats on the lake, and whom Marcella was going to marry in order to see something of the world!

As might be expected, her family opposed the match. They got the young man confused with his boats and said he was fast and would ruin her life.

On this Sunday, which Marcella was asked to sacrifice to the Rowans, her suitor, Mark Trent, had intended to come over from his home on the mainland to take her and a party back with him to christen his latest and fastest launch. It was to be called the Marcella D. It was a secret between Marcella and Mark that the D stood for Darling.

So Marcella's family said that was too bad, because this was to be the Rowans' first Sunday on the Island in ten years and they'd been invited to have dinner and spend the afternoon with the Bennetts. The Rowans owned twenty acres west of the Bennett holdings and had been charter members of the original summer colony. For the past ten years, however, Mr. Rowan, Senior, had used his business power in foreign service to his country and the place had been rented. This year there had been much correspondence between Marcella's mother and Mrs. Rowan, and for a week Mrs. Bennett and Marcella's two married sisters had been running over to the cottage daily to see about curtains, bedding, and provisions. Marcella personally hadn't been interested.

MARCELLA'S family asked if the christening of the boat was important. Must it be on that day—Sunday?

"Well, it's waiting to be launched," said Marcella. "Mark would like the use of it soon. And you don't use a boat until after it's christened, I hope."

Marcella spoke wearily but politely. One of the meanest traits of her family was that if in an argument you lost your temper and became heated you were made to feel so young and immature! Mrs. Bennett was being awfully polite about the motor-boat party in spite of her feeling about Sundays. She'd never said anything really against Mark Trent. Marcella simply knew in a way of her own how her family felt. Her sisters were present at this discussion, but they kept perfectly quiet, too. One of them was down on the porch floor playing Russian bank with her eight-year-old daughter; the other was

Marcella spent a terrible evening being outwardly calm.

sewing lace on some delicious new lingerie for Marcella. One simply felt a pressure. That was all.

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Bennett, "of Johnnie. After ten years he will find himself a stranger, and, no matter how estimable or serious-minded he is, he must like young company. Let's see, he's twenty—is it two or three?"

"Is he estimable and serious-minded?" asked Marcella drearily.

"My child!" The sister on the floor looked up. "He took a fellowship in science!"

Marcella groaned.

"Now, Marcella," said Mrs. Bennett, "you do just as you want about Sunday. In this mood you wouldn't add much to our hospitality. I was hoping that you might want to make this day pleasant for John, but I can explain you away. It is also possible," she added thoughtfully, "that John himself may have something he would rather do on that day."

"It's not only possible," said Marcella, "it's highly probable. He—"

The sister with the lingerie glanced up with a smile so knowing that it made Marcella furious. She caught her lower lip with her teeth.

"Oh, well," she said presently, "after all, it's nothing to make a great fuss about. We'd as well meet and get it over with. We never could possibly get along." She left the porch stifling a yawn.

So Marcella dished her splendid party and was on hand Sunday at noon to greet the Rowans. She was behind the curtains of her room, watching, when they arrived. The Rowans came in a car because it was one of those days when the clouds would mass suddenly into purple mist and Mads Jensen, the gardener, said, "Ve get a skvall mebbe."

Johnnie drove. The moment the car stopped he was out and opening the door for his parents. Somewhere in ten years he had acquired manners. Somewhere he had acquired—Marcella found herself standing back from the window, rigid with a sensation that was awfully like a thrill. The reaction was merely physical reflex. Marcella knew that in a second. In another second she was breathing easily and explaining the reflex with judicious appraisal of John Rowan's looks. He had a lot of looks—now. The black hair, under control, was rather handsome. He'd grown up to the size of his head. His broad shoulders, the swing of his body said that he must have been interested in something more active than science at college. His skin was as clear as Marcella's own. His eyes were wide open, frank, and awfully direct.

MARCELLA had come to expect that almost any man who came to the place would grow fidgety in two minutes if she wasn't on the scene, and would ask with wandering eyes if not with words where she was. But this young man, whom she had stayed home especially to entertain, seemed to find the family quite complete without her. He greeted the four members present with a slow, rather taking smile and words that Marcella couldn't hear, but which must have been pleasant from the general air of happy cordiality; and the party was just turning to go around to the front of the house when Mr. Rowan, Senior, saved the situation.

"Where's your youngest, Tom?" he asked in a great booming voice that could have been heard across South Harbor. "Where's the little one—Marcella?"

So Marcella, having at last been asked for, came forth. She said her How-do-you-dos prettily to the old Rowans. As she gave her hand to Johnnie, she raised her bright brown eyes with the directest challenge of which she was capable. And was instantly rueful. She looked into eyes a trace more direct than her own, high-powered eyes that didn't know the meaning of evasion. For the second time, in too rapid succession, Marcella felt that disagreeable sensation of thrill. It was this time worse than the other, really as if she had touched something to be measured only in voltage. It was sickening. She was positively dizzy as she turned away and said—she must have sounded light-headed—"Isn't it like the Bennetts to receive at the kitchen door?"

"Guarantee of good faith," boomed Mr. Rowan. "We were asked to dinner, weren't we?"

He was nice. He put his arm around Marcella as they all went around the house, and insisted on her sitting next to him at dinner. It was a long meal filled with talk of poultry, water levels, docks, and with interchange of information about old mutual friends. Several times Marcella looked across the table at Johnnie Rowan, not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARCELLA KEEPS A DATE
Continued from page thirty-seven]

to be thrilled again, but to demonstrate that she wouldn't be. And she wasn't, because the young man was never looking at her, at least not when she looked at him. He was either heartily engaged with his baked ham and scalloped potatoes or with making a conquest of the eight-year-old granddaughter, Katherine.

And then Mr. Bennett publicly rebuked Marcella for taking a second glass of gooseberry wine. So Marcella smoked two cigarettes, knowing how her father hated to see her do so, and hoping that the Rowans, collectively and individually, would be shocked. (Because almost her only pleasure in cigarettes was that sort.) And the Rowans didn't notice her at all, having been abroad, you know, and all that.

When the party inevitably scattered and left her alone with the young man, she sat, cross, with a tobacco taste in her mouth, and frowned at the calm waters of the harbor.

Something oppressive hung in the air. Finally she sprang up in a burst of impatience. "Shall we walk around a little?" she said.

"Let's!" His sigh was eloquent release of his own emotions.

"We might go down to the rocks," suggested Marcella. "The snakes are awful this summer."

"Snakes?" said he stupidly.

"Why, yes! You used to always be hunting snakes."

"Do you remember—that?"

"Gracious, yes!" Marcella shivered. "I thought you were horrid."

"Oh! Well, I don't go in for snakes much now, but if it would be a favor to you to exterminate yours—"

He was laughing at her!

"DON'T bother," said Marcella. "They're harmless pine snakes. I don't mind them—much. I was only trying to think of something that would amuse you."

Heavy silence fell again. They walked on.

"Marcella," said John, "do I still call you Marcella?"

Marcella lifted a shoulder. That queer feeling was running through her bones again!

"Of course," she said. "How silly! What else would you call me?"

For another heavy minute he didn't answer. Then:

"Marcella, listen!" And Marcella not only listened at his command. She found herself standing still, turning around!

"Marcella!" He smiled at her. He did have a nice smile. "I'm not the one who's having a stupid time today. I'm sure there was something you would much rather do than stay here and be pleasant to us."

"Why, no!" denied Marcella. "I wouldn't have thought of being anywhere else today, of doing anything else. I really looked forward—"

She was doing nicely with this bit of perjury, so nicely that she wished her mother could have heard her, when suddenly she realized that John Rowan wasn't paying attention. He was still smiling, but his eyes were far off toward the western horizon. He put up his hand and waved to someone at that distance. Marcella, turning, saw a young man down on the rocks, a light-haired young man in corduroys and a gray sweat shirt.

"Who—" she said. "Oh, it's Charley Hanson!"

"Yes," John answered absently. "We used to be buddies, you know. Charley had it all fixed up today that I was to go out in his new sailboat. He built it himself. He was quite upset when I told him this morning I couldn't go with him: and now that the weather has turned off fine—"

Nothing that John Rowan could ever think up would convince Marcella that the appearance of Charley Hanson on the shore at that moment was a coincidence.

"Oh!" She laughed with a sudden shrillness, a shocking sound in her own ears, but she couldn't stop it once it had begun. "Here you are being polite and well behaved and bored, when you might be out in Charley Hanson's greasy boat having a regular time; and here am I, giving up a date to—"

"Marcella, why can't you let me alone?"
"Let you alone?" Marcella's eyes were wide with innocence.

"YOU did have another date, then?" John Rowan's eyes were quite unsmiling and direct on her now. "I thought so."

"Oh, a perfectly gorgeous date!" And Marcella proceeded to tell him in elaborate detail about Mark Trent and his speed boat. John Rowan's eyes darkened and his jaw tightened. He had an awfully square sort of jaw.

"Could that possibly be your boy friend's boat at the pier now?" he asked when Marcella had finished her enthusiastic narrative.

To do Marcella justice, she hadn't seen the slim mahogany launch at the Bennett pier before this minute, though John Rowan said it had been tied there when they had left the veranda, making it look as if that was why Marcella had suggested a walk. She remembered now that Mark had said he wouldn't promise not to cut in on her Sunday date. He had tied up there, waiting for what he thought might be a psychological moment. Yes; she heard now a faint murmur of voices. The crowd was with him, hidden by the brow of a hill that concealed the shore end of the pier.

"And so," said John Rowan while Marcella was in the muddle of astonished protest, "suppose that we, being full-grown and knowing our own minds, cut this hypocritical nonsense and do what we want to do really. I'll take you down to join your friends."

He laid hold of Marcella's arm and there was strength behind his grasp. Not to go along, Marcella would have had to kick and scream. Her only possible comfort, and that was lean, was the tenseness of that square jaw.

Mark Trent was waiting. He sprang up the hill to meet them and held out his hand to John.

"I don't suppose you remember me," he said in his easy, sophisticated way, "but I do you. I was leaving Yale when you entered—leaving for the third and last time."

"Of course," said John, "I know you." He laughed now. "But I wouldn't expect you to remember a freshman like me." He made some explanation of his surrender of Marcella and was off. Marcella looked up to see if the day truly had turned out fine. Yes, the sky was bland and blue. Over the bright green grass leaped and ran John Rowan, rejoicing in his escape, welcomed with a hoarse shout by his buddy, Charley Hanson. It came to Marcella that he had, for the second time in his life, run off from a party in his best pants. Exquisite, new white flannels! And Charley Hanson's boat would surely be greasy!

"You know," said Mark Trent in her ear, "I didn't connect his name with anyone until I saw him. He was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

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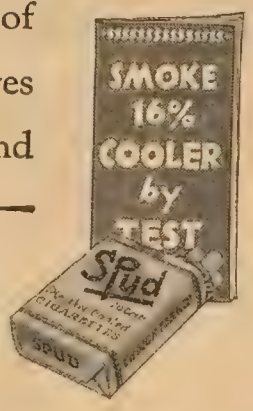

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MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

[MARCELLA KEEPS A DATE
Continued from page thirty-eight]

on the freshman crew the year of my final disgrace. Later he made Varsity. Didn't you know?"

"No," said Marcella shortly. "I heard that he got a fellowship in science."

"Oh, that!" said Mark. "Maybe so. Sorry he put off so fast today. I would have asked him to be one of our party. Come on, Marcella. You've no excuse for cutting us now."

"Come on where?" asked Marcella.

"Why, to the christening, of course. The afternoon is young."

A handful of youths and maidens started up the slope to add their clamor to Mark's plea. Marcella looked at Mark in blank astonishment.

"Why, I couldn't think of such a thing!" she said. "John had this appointment with Charley Hanson, but his parents are still at our house. His dad's a dear! I must go back. I told you I couldn't come this afternoon."

"Marcella," said Mark, "are you miffed about our coming, anyhow, or about anything else in the world?"

"No," said Marcella, though everything in her ached and heaved, "of course not. I'm quite all right—with everybody."

"Marcella!" Mark affectionately clasped her elbows. "Marcella D."

"Don't!" Marcella slid her arms out of his grasp. "Please—I mean, do go away—all of you. I must go back to the house. Now! See you tomorrow—maybe."

Walking over the grass to the veranda, she again looked at the sky to make sure that the day could really be so fair. She felt horribly depressed. Because she had been put aside by a rude boy grown to man's size, she had offended her real, best friends now; she had hurt Mark, who was a dear.

"I hate him!" Marcella meant John Rowan. "I hate him—but if he thinks he can get away with anything like that, I'll show him!"

The only thing in the world that would have matched her flashing eyes, her lips bitten red, was the set of John Rowan's jaw.

Marcella's method of "showing" was to develop that summer all her possible sweetness. A treacherous sweetness. It tricked Marcella herself into a feeling of martyred, unappreciated sainthood. In the conflict that ensued, if anybody's behavior were to be criticized it would be John Rowan's. If he didn't in the end surrender—though he hadn't a chance of reward if he did—people would always tell him what a rare girl he had missed wooing. Marcella rubbed out all sharpness from her speech to or about all people in the hope of being able to carry out the manner with John. She succeeded. Several times those horribly direct brown eyes weakened to the point of puzzled inquiry.

BUT the owner of those eyes behaved very well on his own part. He was not unresponsive. He came to call. He joined enough of the summer parties to leave his buddy Charley Hanson in disconsolate disgust much of the time. He took Marcella out in his new sailboat. But the better he behaved and the sweeter Marcella grew and the more they didn't quarrel, the higher and the stouter grew a barrier between them. Marcella herself couldn't say what made the barrier, but the strain was something awful. She had moments of regretting her policy, moments when it would have been a relief to scream out a turbulence of suppressed feelings, but she stayed with her original plan.

Meanwhile, the sweetness that brought halfway response in one quarter brought serious trouble in another. Over on the mainland a beautiful speed boat was still up on rollers awaiting a christening which was never arranged for.

"Because," said Mark Trent, when Marcella, sweetly and wistfully, asked him if he didn't want ever to use his new boat, "I have decided that I want my fiancée to christen this one. That still means you, Marcella, if you'll only say so. I want to tell the world what Marcella D means to me. Marcella, darling, let's run off tonight!"

It would have been a perfect night for some such thing. The new moon for August was just slipping past the horizon.

"Why, Mark," said Marcella, "what has come over you?"

"Nothing has come over *me*." Mark's manner was now growing roughish. "It's you. I've never seen you so lovely as you are this summer—and so unattainable. I've adored you for two years and you know it; but always before this you were a precious person that I knew I was going to take and have for my own—and suddenly I can't get at you. I catch myself doing the nuttiest things. When I'm alone I'll put out my hands and grab them full of air—and shiver with premonition. Marcella, are you in love with this lad John Rowan?"

"The idea!" said Marcella.

"But are you?"

"Not the least in the world," said Marcella.

"Well, there's *something!* You were sailing with him all day yesterday."

"All afternoon," corrected Marcella. "A storm came up, if you remember. We were all but capsized. He was entirely taken up with the boat." Marcella laughed suddenly. It was tinkling laughter, much too brittle. "At exactly the wrong moment I was sitting on exactly the wrong rope."

"Did he go for you?" asked Mark eagerly.

"No. He even apologized for tipping me off the rope. But a person doesn't love anyone who makes her feel stupid and inadequate, not when you've lived on the water fifteen summers and really know something yourself about boats."

THERE was a moment of silence while Marcella groped for her sweetness.

"Yes," sighed Mark presently. "He was always like that. Never could be bothered with girls. But do you think it's fair to keep me waiting and unhappy while you try to take a fall out of him—just for fun or whatever?"

"How perfectly absurd!" said Marcella. "Are you going to take me to the dance tonight or not? It's getting late."

"I don't believe I will!" Mark kicked a pebble moodily. "The way I feel I'd rather go out and get soused!"

"That would be manly of you," said Marcella. "Look, Mark, it is late. The moon has set. But, oh, won't it be gorgeous moonlight next week?"

On the Wednesday of the coming week Marcella would be twenty years old. She was planning a pirate party and a treasure hunt on her own lands. People were invited to come in boots with flashlights.

"If it doesn't rain," said Mark of the moon. "Will *he* be there?"

"I'll ask him tonight," said Marcella. "I meant to yesterday, but I forgot."

"You forgot, did you?" said Mark.

When he and Marcella arrived at the dance and John Rowan was still absent, Mark turned brutal and laughed. He laughed and he talked in a way that wasn't nice. And other people laughed. Marcella's friends, people she had thought were friends, made it appear that John was pointedly avoiding Marcella. It came out that Mark's comments and these other laughing, malicious remarks were the climax of talk that had been going on all summer. It would seem that everybody had been listening in on Marcella and John—their purely private clash—and speculating, even betting on the outcome. Everybody said, "Marcella Bennett has met her match!"

Marcella spent a terrible evening being outwardly calm and distrait and growing inwardly angrier at the world every minute, because the fact remained that John Rowan was avoiding her.

"See you tomorrow evening?" she had said to him

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

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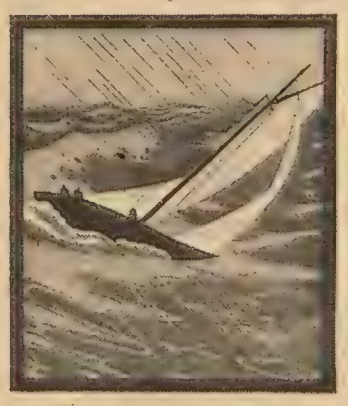
[MARCELLA KEEPS A DATE]
Continued from page forty

when he'd brought her home safe the day before.

"I doubt it!" he had answered and looked so queer!

So, of course, there was only one thing to do—to prove that these people were wrong wherein they were exactly right. She couldn't be satisfied now with John's merely reproaching himself in later years because he had lost her this summer. She must capture him now—or appear to. At least, he must make up for this slight tonight by appearing at her party next Wednesday. She laid a silent bet of her own with the world that he'd be there.



At 7 the next morning Marcella was sitting on a boulder above the cove where Charley Hanson landed his boats, waiting for two young fishermen who had been out since before sunrise to bring in a boat that was already visible on the southwest horizon. She had taken a chance on some such project replacing a mere dance with John Rowan. The weather was admirable for fishing. She did, for a fact, know about the water and she knew John Rowan by now, too. She slid off the boulder as soon as the boat could be identified, into a hollow where she could not be seen until it was landed and where she must be seen right after that. A bold enterprise that reddened her cheeks, but she was desperate.

When the fishermen disembarked, Charley Hanson did what Marcella had felt he would do. He turned furiously red and bolted.

As for John, that was an uncertainty that made Marcella's heart run out of rhythm, but she managed to put a hand casually to her windroughened hair and to smile as if this meeting were the most accidental in the world.

"GOOD morning!" she said. "Did you have a good catch?"

"We were out after rock bass," John informed her. "I didn't have a strike. Charley caught three." Then you could see he had made up his mind to something. "Marcella Bennett, what are you doing here—at this time of day?"

"I came," said Marcella, "to invite you to my birthday party."

"What?"

"I meant to ask you last night at the dance, only you weren't there."

"You know why!"

"I suppose because you wanted to get up at four to go fishing."

"You don't suppose anything of the kind. Marcella, why can't you let me alone?"

"Let you alone?" Marcella's eyes were wide with offended innocence.

"Just that!" There was that stubborn squareness of his chin again! "Do you think I'm blind that I don't see how people smile when I come around you? Do you think I'm deaf that I don't hear their talk?"

Marcella rose. She needed to be as tall as possible.

"It's that Charley Hanson," she said. "He's furious because you don't spend all your time with him."

"Charley told me," admitted John. "Charley's square and a friend of mine; but the talk didn't begin with him. It began with your gang and spread, of course, after that to others. It's the talk now of the crossroads stores."

Marcella wished she had remained seated. She was beginning oddly to tremble.

"What is the talk?" she asked faintly. "What do they say?"

"You know," said John Rowan. "You must know. They say that Marcella Bennett couldn't bear for a man to stay two weeks on the Island and not fall for her. They say you held up your engagement to Mark Trent for the sport of capturing me. It seems it is a sporting proposition. It seems your friends have laid bets—"

IT seemed to Marcella that she had never before observed how beautiful, not just handsome, John Rowan was. In his old corduroys, in a gray sweat shirt, smelling a little of fish and tar, with his black hair disheveled, his face flushed, he was terribly beautiful! And he had that queer look again in his deep eyes—a stricken look. Marcella feared for a moment that she might faint with the contraction that visited her chest cavity. And she was sick herself at the thought of the maudlin attitude of her friends last evening coming to John Rowan's ears. How long had people been behaving so and she not known of it? How much of their giggling gossip was her fault?

"And you," she said in rebuke to John Rowan, "who I thought was a friend to me, you thought so little of me that you let them say those things!"

"I thought so—little?" said John Rowan slowly. "I thought so little? What are you talking about, Marcella Bennett?" The hurt look in his eyes blazed suddenly into anger. "You know better than that!"

"How should I know better?" said Marcella.

"Oh! All right. All right!" stormed this wrathful, beautiful boy.

"You win! I'll tell you. And you can make a report and that will settle it. I'm mad about you. At least, I've been mad about you—all my life!"

"Wh-what?" said Marcella weakly.

"When you were only a little girl I thought you were the cutest, prettiest thing on earth. I"—his words just sputtered—"was horribly afraid of you, I remember, because you were so little and delicate. If you scratched yourself, the blood looked so red against your white skin—and all that,

you know. And, of course, I was rough then. Still— Why, one day, when you were at our house at a party— Oh, you remember, too, do you? Well, do you know why I tore my pants in that tree? I was sliding out to the end of a branch so that I could see you better! You had on a kind of dress, all ruffles, that stood out; and you looked—like a picture out of Hans Christian Andersen!"

"Oh!" Marcella groped futilely for rocks that were way below her hand.

"Yes, sir!" snorted John Rowan. "And I never forgot you all those years we were away. Mother had letters. Occasionally there were snapshots. I stole them all and kept them. I went over to the folks' summer vacations and I saw all kinds of girls abroad. They were pretty enough, some of them, but I didn't care for them. They were too fast or too slow or something. It was just the idea of you. I was a clear fool. I kept thinking, 'I know where my girl is—back in America. She'll be the one for me!' As if our names were written in the stars or some such wild idea! So, when this summer came and the folks asked me to choose the spot for our first American vacation in years, I said, 'Let's go to the Island.' I meant you—and so we came—and then I saw you!"

The tone of this whole confession had been impassioned in the reverse rather, but the last words caught Marcella on the point of collapse and stiffened her.

"I SAW you," he said, as if the blow had been almost unbearable. "You were pretty enough! You were prettier than even I remembered you. Charley Hanson, who you think has it in for you, says, 'She sure has the looks!' But you're spoiled rotten! And you're a conscienceless flirt! You— Oh, I don't care how much you smoke and drink, though I hate both in you. It's— I tell you, I never could stand a flirty girl! I thought a Bennett could never be like that. Anybody could see, besides, that first day how bored you were at having to stick around with us; and there were your friends giggling in ambush! I'd heard about Mark Trent. I'm not going to talk about him. That's your business. I took you over and gave you to him. I didn't put up any fight, because I didn't feel any. I just wanted to be off. And after that, why didn't you leave me alone? If what people say isn't the truth, what else did you want of me?"

Marcella's face was all white. Her eyes were dark with injured wrath.

"Thank you," she said in a high, tense voice. "Thank you—for everything. Now that I know what you think of me, I can tell you what I think of you and I won't need half the time. I always have thought and I still do, that you're the rudest, dirty little boy in the world." Marcella waited, but there wasn't a flicker on the dogged face opposite her. "And the only thing I could possibly admire about

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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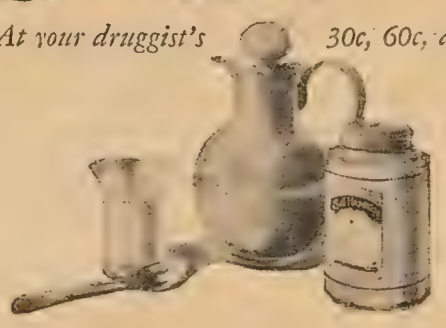

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[MARCELLA KEEPS A DATE
Continued from page forty-three]

you is your imagination. This talk you've been hearing must have fed your vanity quite as much as you think it has fed mine. But you're entirely mistaken in my motives. I had hoped to be better friends with the son of people I respect as much as I do your parents. I'm sorry I waited for you this morning. I happened to be out walking and I thought I might see you and invite you to my birthday party next Wednesday. It is to be a pirate costume party and a treasure hunt. We are meeting at eight o'clock at our gate on the Mountain Road—and I certainly hope you won't be there!"

John was white just around his lips. "I won't," he said.

"Nevertheless," said Marcella, trembling horribly now, "in case you change your mind and decide to apologize, the invitation stands. Eight o'clock—"

"I won't be there!" said John.

Marcella felt herself going!

"At the gate on the Mountain Road," she insisted—shakily.

"I won't be there!" said that unspeakable boy—once too often.

"Neither will I!" cried Marcella back at him and turned and ran, slipping over the boulders, bruising her ankles. But bodily pain was nothing.

For in the week that followed, Marcella lived through the height and depth of emotion. She began with three days of old-fashioned headache with chills; but when nobody of importance seemed to care about that, she crept forth from her seclusion. Mark Trent, of course, sent her roses.

"Take them away," said Marcella. "I can't bear sweets—even to smell."

The doctor said it must be her stomach and put her on a diet. Marcella said it didn't matter about food.

"Marcella," said her troubled mother on the day when the girl finally crept forth, "about the party. I haven't given any final orders because I didn't know whether you'd be well enough. How do you feel about it now?"

Marcella looked at her mother wanly. Had nobody heard a word of John Rowan? Could nobody guess without humiliating confession the source of her woe—the nightmarish conflict between singing triumph and bitter condemnation?

"I don't know," she replied to her mother's question. "What do you think?"

"I'd put it off, dear," said her mother. "Anyhow, it comes on a bad day. They're going to have the yacht races at Ephraim Thursday and people will be wanting to go to them!"

"I'd forgotten about the races," said Marcella. "Has anybody that we know entered?"

"JOHN is going to try his new boat, I believe," said the mother.

"John Rowan? When did he enter?"

"Day before yesterday. His mother told me. He and Charley will take the boat down Wednesday, so of course John couldn't come. Marcella, lie down. You're weak as a kitten. Your eyes fill up with tears over just nothing at all!"

"I can't help it," said Marcella, and cried and cried.

"That settles it," said Mrs. Bennett. "There'll be no party. You've had too much gayety. You're going to rest and build up the rest of this summer!"

"That settles it," echoed Marcella dismally.

On the evening when she might have had a party, Marcella said she felt like taking a walk. Yes, she was strong enough. Just a little walk. The evening was so lovely! She'd take her dog, Flop.

The two, the slight, graceful girl and the lumbering shepherd dog, set off down a moonlit path. Everything was black and gold about them. The air was warm for this far north, the breeze like caressing fingers on Marcella's forehead.

"You see, Flops," she said dreamily as the dog stopped in his rootings to snuggle against her, "I'm in love. It's a terrible experience, Flops, but maybe it's worth it—to be truly in love."

The dog went back to his nosings and snortings among the undergrowth and Marcella mused on in silence. You fought and you fought, she meditated, in a desperate effort to save yourself. Because when love did sweep over you, it annihilated you. There was no lesser word. It swept away pride and all other pet notions. You were just nothing but a desire—a desire to be desired.

She had been in love with John Rowan all along. Yes, she remembered that the first word of him that summer had stirred her. And now he had insulted her, outraged her, repudiated her; and she was so annihilated in spirit that she had bowed her head and taken everything. Here she was going down this path. Eventually it led to the Bennett gate on the Mountain Road.

AT this gate she was going to take a sort of vow that was still hazy in her head, though very clear in her heart. She would never be vain, selfish, or conscienceless again. She had written a note of final rejection to Mark Trent. From now on she was going to live up to her highest nature. She was going to prove to herself and anybody else interested that she was the girl John Rowan had loved in his dreams for ten years—

Marcella put her hand to her throat in an ecstasy of inspiration. As she did so, the dog Flop stopped in the path ahead and growled. They were almost at the gate. Beyond, in the distance, loomed a black eminence which the Islanders fondly named the Mountain. It was said that wolves lurked in its wooded fastnesses. Had Flop caught a scent? Marcella put her hand on the ridge of fur about his neck and a shadow simultaneously detached itself from a tree trunk by the gate.

Marcella didn't have time to be afraid. Almost instantly she recognized the square straight shoulders, the proud black head in silhouette against the moon. John Rowan was miles away at Ephraim; but John Rowan was—here. It was like witchcraft.

"Marcella?" he said, moving slowly toward her. There was doubt in his question. There was humility and penitence. There was a shyness, and something of wonder. "Marcella, is that you?"

"I—thought you were at Ephraim," faltered Marcella.

"I couldn't go. I had to see you. Marcella, I behaved like a rotten kid the other day. I was a dog!"

"Yes," sighed Marcella. "I think you were."

"And so I couldn't go on with anything until I apologized. Marcella, I take back everything I said."

"Everything?" asked Marcella.

"Everything. But I'm not asking you to forgive me. I don't deserve that—and you wouldn't. I didn't expect to find you here. I was just having it out with myself when you came along. I was going to come to the house tomorrow to say good-by. I'm going for good this time. And about the only thing you can do for my self-respect is to forget me. Will you try, Marcella?"

Very bravely, very manfully, he held out his hand. "Shake!" said the boy gesture, but Marcella slipped her hand into his so coaxingly that brusqueness was impossible.

"I don't believe I can do that, John," she said. She couldn't let him go. "Don't you love me the least bit any more, John?"

His hand crushed hers. It didn't hurt. That delicious tremor, which she quite understood now, came over her.

"I could eat you alive," he said.

"I'm so glad," said Marcella. "Because, you see, that's what's ailed me all summer, too. I'm terribly in love myself—with you."

It was about ten delicious moments later that an impish sparkle came through the new and gracious softness of Marcella's eyes.

"Johnnie?" She managed to look up at him without lifting her head from his shoulder.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Do you know what time it is?"

"About eight o'clock." He understood. He laughed. "And here I am," he said, "but—so are you!"

"I knew I would be," said Marcella.

THE END

"Mamma slapped me!"

ANOTHER childhood tragedy! Pilfered cookies; sharp words; then—"Mamma slapped me!"

Will parents never learn that such childish tragedies (and they're none the less real for their pettiness!) are unnecessary? "Nerves," says Mother "Oh, I get so irritated by little things!" Nerves won't excuse her. The trouble goes deeper.

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Pluto Mineral Water acts in from thirty minutes to two hours. Its action is gentle but insistent. It never gripes, cannot harm delicate tissues. It is recommended by physicians. It relieves the most stubborn cases of constipation in record time; or, used daily, keeps the system in tone, helps prevent intestinal lassitude, protects against colds and influenza.

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It may *not* save your money . . .

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FORHAN'S has always been made with the feeling that people are far more anxious to have a good dentifrice than a cheap one.

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So the question was raised, "Why not extend the benefits of this preparation to the home? How can it be made a part of the patient's daily hygiene?"

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WHEN IT RAINS
IT POURS

Underwood & Underwood photo
The Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, built by the Moslems about 700 A. D. over the Sacred Rock, claimed both by them and by the Jews as a holy place.

Sitting on the Lid In Palestine

Why the Holy Land Breeds War

By
LOTHROP STODDARD

"IF we should clear out of here, the Moslems would probably cut the Jews' throats the first week, and possibly the Christians' throats the next."

That was what a British official of the mandate government told me when I was last in Palestine. Naturally I cannot give the official's name, for he wasn't talking for publication and he's still on the job. But his words pithily describe that seething caldron of religious and racial hatreds which is apt to blow off the lid and boil over in bloodshed and riot at the slightest provocation. And the worst of the matter is that Palestine is merely part of a bigger mess. The whole Near East is today a smoldering volcano which may do almost anything at any time. Yet even in that troubled part of the world, Palestine must be adjudged a peculiarly distressful country.

Geographically speaking, Palestine is insignificant. Its area of 9,000 square miles is only that of the state of Vermont, and it is inhabited by less than 1,000,000 souls. Yet little sun-baked Palestine is the Holy Land of three great religions—Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. Palestine is the battle ground where two mighty forces, Zionism and Arabism, today clash in bitter strife. And those two forces, compounded as they both are of religious fervor and patriotic zeal, contain explosive possibilities worse than TNT or dynamite.

British bayonets may restore order, but they cannot bring lasting peace. For, as someone once wittily remarked, "You can do anything with bayonets—except sit on them!" Despite all the British Tommies who may march up to Jerusalem, hatred and rivalry will smolder deep in men's hearts, ready to burst forth on the next occasion. And, given the nature of those rivalries and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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600 ROOMS $3.00 up

HOTEL SYRACUSE
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[SITTING ON THE LID IN PALESTINE]
Continued from page forty-nine

hatreds, their explosion in Palestine will kindle fears and passions to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Here, then, is a true world problem. And it is a problem of long standing. The bloody riots between Jews and Arabs which we have just witnessed are merely the latest phase of an age-old tragedy. The stage was set when the Romans smashed the Jewish state nearly 2,000 years ago and scattered the Jews far and wide. But, though dispersed among the nations, Jewry never forgot its ancestral home or stopped dreaming of a "return to Zion." This abiding hope is vividly revealed in the ritual phrase uttered at the Passover service: "Next year in Jerusalem!"

Palestine is viewed by Arab nationalists as a seacoast province of their projected empire or confederation; by Zionist Jews as the homeland and hope of their race; and by Great Britain as a strategically important neighbor of the Suez Canal.

However, down to recent times, this longed-for return to Zion was blocked by such formidable obstacles that it remained a mere pious dream. Rome, which had broken Jewry at tremendous cost, took no chances of fresh trouble and forbade Jews to resettle in Palestine. When Rome became Christian, this political prohibition was reenforced by religious motives; because the Church would not see its holy places defiled by the presence of those it deemed its most stubborn foes.

Acme photo

An armored train recently improvised by British troops in Palestine.

SHORTLY the red tide of Islam burst from the Arabian deserts, and Palestine was not only lost to Christian rule but was settled by a population mostly Arab in blood and Mohammedan in faith. That happened thirteen centuries ago; and those old title deeds of conquest and settlement form the basis of Arab claims that Palestine is an Arab land—an indivisible part of the great Arab empire or confederation which Arab nationalists hope to forge, from Mesopotamia to North Africa.

It is, in fact, nationalism which has sharpened the old antagonism between Jew and Arab into a rivalry more bitter than ever before. Here is how it came about:

Throughout the ages Jewry believed that some day Jehovah would send a Messiah who would lead the Chosen People back to their lost homeland and establish the supremacy of Israel over all the earth. So grandiose a vision was, obviously, not a matter of practical politics. It could come to pass only through a miracle.

SUCH was Jewry's traditional attitude toward Palestine—an attitude which prevailed down to the rise of the Zionist movement a generation or so ago. Zionism is thus a very recent thing, differing radically from the old Messianic idea. Before Zionism, Jewry thought only of establishing small religious communities at Jerusalem and other holy spots in Palestine. These pious groups were made up mostly of learned old men who spent their lives in prayer and who were supported by contributions from Jews everywhere. These pious communities still exist; and their members, quaintly garbed, with long beards and a mystically aloof air, flit like strange shadows from another world amid the jostling tumult of modern Jerusalem's busy streets.

Odd though it may at first sight appear, these religious zealots are strongly opposed to Zionism. Yet their attitude is strictly logical. Relying as they do upon a miraculous Messiah who will come "in God's good time," they deem it downright impious to strive for the return to Zion by worldly means. Furthermore, rigidly Orthodox as they are, they look with dismay at the presence in the Zionist ranks of many Reformed Jews who disregard Judaism's elaborate ceremonial practices. May not such persons, despite their Zionist zeal, actually retard the Messiah's coming by causing Jehovah to avert His face from His people?

So reason the anti-Zionist zealots,

who regard Zionism as a dangerous delusion, foredoomed to failure. Sadly they long for former days, when they prayed in peace, unmolested by their Arab neighbors.

Certain it is that until Zionism arose there was no friction between Jews and Arabs in Palestine. A small community of pious souls offered no possible menace to Arabism. Such Jews could be safely tolerated or ignored. Politically, they did not count.

Even when the first Zionist colonies were planted in Palestine, a couple of generations ago, no real trouble arose. To be sure, the Arabs tended to look askance at these newcomers from the first. However, at that time, the Arabs had more serious matters to worry about. Palestine was then a province of the Ottoman empire, and Arab grievances were focused on Turkish oppression and misrule. To Arab nationalists, dreaming dreams of future greatness, the Turk was the enemy.

IT was the Great War which created the present tragic situation. When Turkey sided with Germany, the Allied powers (England, France, and the others) vowed the destruction of the Ottoman empire. That empire was a ramshackle affair, full of internal discontents which British propaganda skillfully utilized. The most likely tool was Arab nationalism. Accordingly, British agents promised the Arabs what amounted to complete independence if they would fight the Turks, and the upshot was an Arab rebellion which powerfully contributed to Turkey's ultimate defeat and the occupation of its Arab provinces—including Palestine—by British armies. At the close of the war, the Arab nationalists were wild with joy. They believed that their patriotic dreams would surely come true.

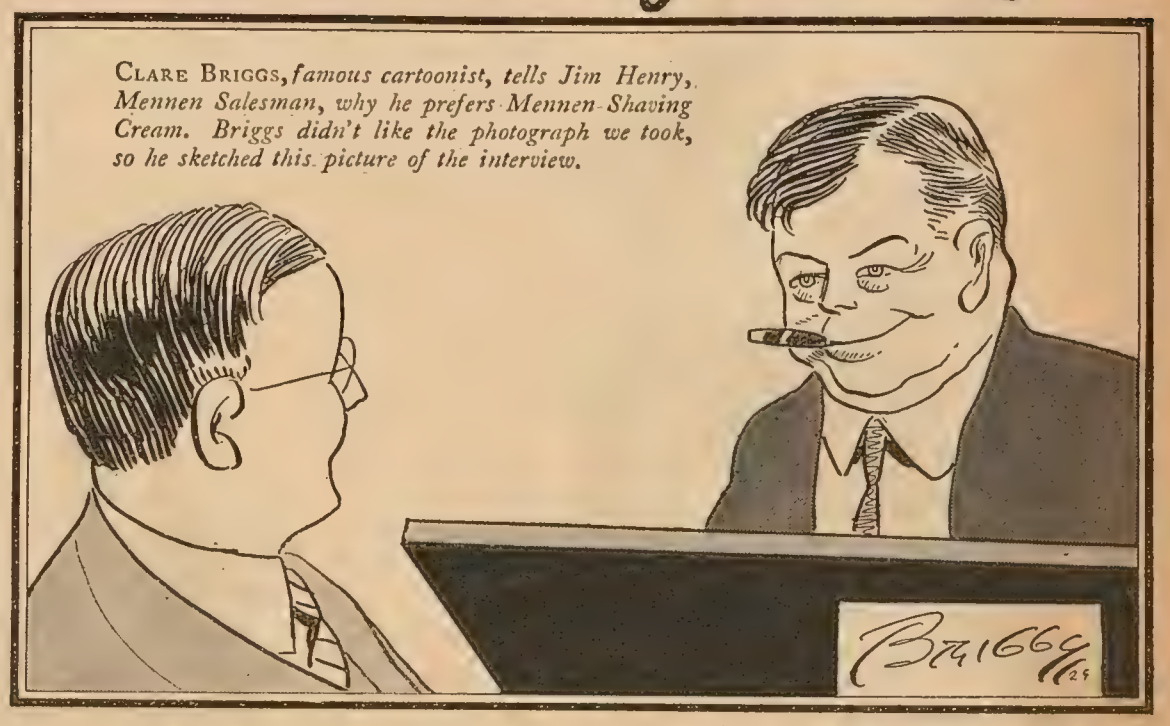
But the Arabs were in for a rude awakening. They soon found that they had been literally double-crossed —"gypped" twice over. Here is what had happened:

In the first place, at the very time when the redoubtable Colonel Lawrence and other British agents were promising the Arabs about everything in sight, the British and French governments had signed a secret treaty by which France was to get Syria while England got Palestine, Mesopotamia, and as much of the other Arab lands as she could conveniently lay hands on. That secret agreement was made in 1915.

Two years later the British government struck another bargain. The war had reached its climax. England stood literally with her back to the wall. That was the moment chosen by the heads of the Zionist movement to offer England valuable support in return for an official recognition of their aims. The deal was made, and in November, 1917, came the famous Balfour Declaration, which is rightly held to be the charter of Zionism. This momentous document reads as follows:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BRIGGS tells *Jim Henry*



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Talc talk by Jim Henry

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MEEKER-MADE *for Anita Page*
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has been suitably named
The Anita Page

Here is a little bag—a back strap bag—that is just about the neatest thing of the kind you've seen. The leather is genuine imported Steerhide, India Ooze Lined. Moderne design, hand-colored, hand-laced and with a new, convenient "Tuck-Tite" lock. Fitted with hammered gold finished inside frame, coin purse and mirror. The subtle coloring—conservative and yet rich—keeps it in harmony with any costume. "The Anita Page" is a utility handbag. It is beautiful! To say it is Meeker Made is sufficient assurance of its quality. Shown by the better dealers everywhere.

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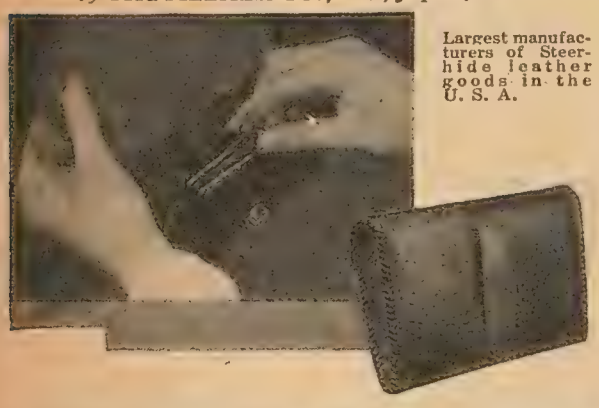
tooled, hand-colored, hand-laced, genuine Steerhide
HANDBAGS
Vanities - Billfolds - Novelties
by THE MEEKER CO., Inc., Joplin, Mo.



Largest manufacturers of Steerhide leather goods in the U. S. A.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal—also new portables—prices smashed to below half. (*Easyterms*).

SEND NO MONEY!
All late models completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. *Guaranteed* for ten years. Send no money—big *Free* catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 day free trial offe . Amazing values—send at once.

Free Trial

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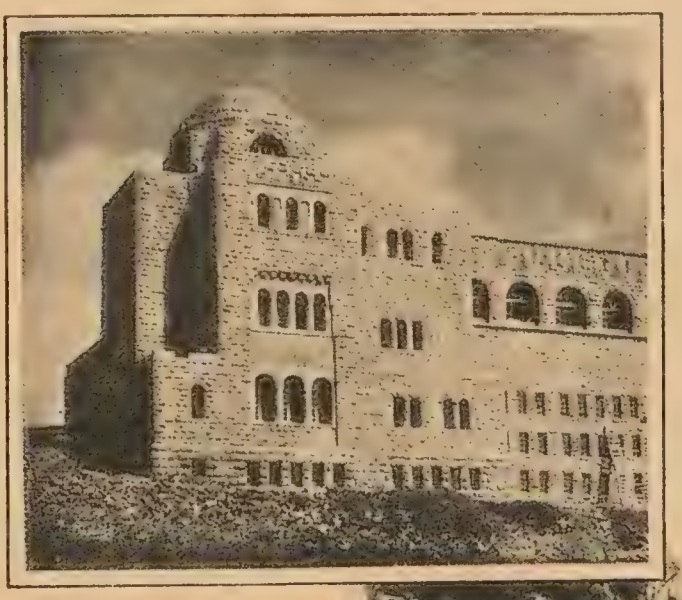
KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG
Tedious treatments unnecessary if the soap used for daily cleansing is
Resinol

SITTING ON THE LID IN PALESTINE

Continued from page fifty-one

"His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object; it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

The Balfour Declaration was duly accepted by Britain's allies, and was ratified in the Treaty of Versailles. When Britain was given a mandate from the League of Nations over Palestine, the Declaration was incorporated in the commission by which the mandatory government was bound.



The biochemical laboratory of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Jewish girls, "Pioneers," at work building roads in Palestine.

HOWEVER, there was one party which most emphatically did not ratify the Balfour Declaration. This was the Arabs. From the Versailles Conference to the present hour, the Arabs have denounced it furiously, and they have refused to cooperate with the mandate government so long as the declaration remains in effect. Time and again, Arab spokesmen have warned that there will be no real peace in Palestine until the Zionist "national home" policy is abandoned. At the height of the recent riots, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, the religious head of the Palestine Moslems and their ablest leader, stated publicly:

"This is a serious national revolution, the reverberations of which may soon be heard in every corner of Moslem Arabia. We are faced at this moment with a grave national rebellion in which we will have the sympathy and if need be the support not only of Moslem Arabs of Syria, Egypt, and North Africa, but of the whole of Arabia with its many millions of people. The whole of Arabia is aroused."

And when we recall the bloody uprisings and ceaseless unrest throughout the Arab world during the past decade, from Mesopotamia and Syria clear across North Africa to distant Morocco, we must realize that the temper of Arabism is waxing fiercer from year to year.

Yet confronting the Arab stands the Zionist Jew, legally entrenched in Palestine, thrilling with the long-repressed hopes of ages, and backed by the powerful support of Jewry throughout the world.

P. & A. photos

The Wolffsohn Memorial Library of the Hebrew University.

The Zionist faith was strikingly revealed to me in my meeting with Ittamar Ben-Avi, one of the best known Zionist leaders and himself the son of the famous Ben-Yahuda, the reviver of Hebrew as a living, spoken tongue. Fresh-complexioned, with rebellious hair which falls continually over his forehead, frank of speech and radiating enthusiasm, Ittamar Ben-Avi is an attractive personality. Born and reared in Palestine, he considers himself a type of the free, "open-air" Jew, cleansed of the stigmata of the ghetto.

"We shall succeed!" he exclaimed

confidently. "Zionism is absolutely necessary for the soul of the Jewish race, for its moral and intellectual regeneration, for the self-respect of Jews throughout the world and the awakening of the world's respect for the Jews. With all this at stake, Jews everywhere will be more and more behind Zionism. And the Jew is stubborn—he knows how to work and wait!"

That keynote was stressed in many talks I had with other Zionist leaders. Their main points were these:

The Zionist aim is the creation of a state in which Jewish ideals and the Jewish spirit will have really free scope, and where the Jewish genius can find natural and congenial play. But this can be only in the ancestral homeland, Palestine. Ever since the Roman Dispersion, the Jewish genius has been warped and perverted. The ancient Jew was mainly a herdsman, cultivator, and warrior. So long as the Jew remained in Palestine, the type was kept thus, not only because of his surroundings, but because the money-loving elements migrated to other lands.

NOW (say the leaders) note how the old spirit is already reasserting itself! With Zionists, gain is not a motive. No Zionist comes to Palestine to make money; all know that hard work and a fair livelihood are what they must expect. The Jews in Palestine do not think and talk money. Indeed, they show themselves rather poor business men—and glory in the fact.

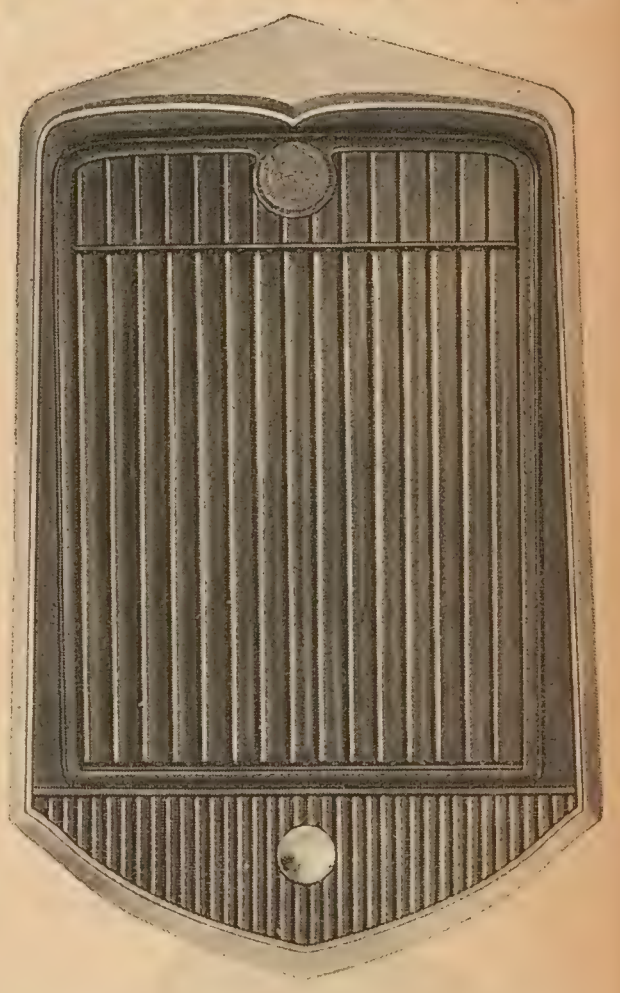
Another notable thing is the pride of Zionists in their name: they want to be called *Jews*, and terms like "Israelite" and "Hebrew" are regarded almost as an insult. Furthermore, there is no sensitiveness in discussing the shortcomings of their race; in fact, the more one criticizes Jewish failings in the world at large, the more they consider this a fresh argument in favor of Zionism.

To sum the matter up, the Zionists claim that Zionism is necessary, not only for the soul of their race, not only that Jewish genius may contribute its best to the world, but also for the whole world itself. The world is today sick from a perverted and thwarted Jewish spirit, and it will remain thus until the Jewish spirit is cleansed and freed. For its own good, therefore, the world must give the Jew a chance to be himself.

There, in a nutshell, you have the Zionist spirit—a spirit which draws multitudes of Jews from the uttermost ends of the earth. What an array of types you encounter in Jerusalem, in the all-Jewish port town of Tel Aviv, and in the agricultural colonies! You see English Jews from Britain and her dominions; French and German Jews; American Jews, full of snap and pep; languorous Spanish Jews; Eastern Jews from Russia, Poland, and Roumania; weird-looking Jews from the depths of Central Asia; and black Jews from the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ANNOUNCING *the new* vertical detachable PINES *automatic* WINTERFRONT



HERE'S welcome news for the millions who have admired the vertical built-in Pines Automatic Winterfronts on more than 20 of America's finest cars.

We've designed the same type of vertical Winterfront for most cars not factory equipped. You can now have the benefits of automatic motor protection — plus the same, beautiful appearance enjoyed by purchasers of new cars with built-in Winterfronts.

Bring your car up-to-date

More than 20 of the leading manufacturers build the Pines Automatic Winterfront into their cars at the factory. Engineers of these great companies have proved in their own laboratories and on their own testing grounds that automatic motor protection is a vital engineering necessity.

Your car needs this protection. No car is immune to the damage that comes to motors from fluctuating temperature. No motor car owner, however exacting, can afford to trust motor protection to memory.

By their choice of Pines Automatic Winterfront to become an integral part of their cars, these leading manufacturers have gone definitely on record that there *is no* substitute for *automatic* motor protection.

Beautify the front end of *your* car. Assure yourself complete freedom from the expense that is bound to follow if you disregard this verdict of the industry's leading engineers. Bring *your* car up-to-date with a new detachable Pines Automatic Winterfront. If your dealer cannot supply you — write us.

These fine cars are equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfronts

DURANT 66-70 GARDNER 130
GRAHAM-PAIGE 621-827-837 NASH
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JORDAN 8 PIERCE-ARROW 133-143
PEERLESS 125 WILLYS-KNIGHT 66B
STUTZ DODGE SR. 6 CHRYSLER 77
CORD CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
BRADFIELD CAB BUICK 40-50-60
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STEARNS-KNIGHT DELUXE 8-90
and others (names on request)

Pines Winterfront Company, 1139 North Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Important! If the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase this new detachable vertical-type Pines Automatic Winterfront which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.

PINES WINTERFRONT — *It's Automatic*

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization.

Reduce Hips

2 to 4 inches in 10 days

YOU can do it—*easily*—with the wonderful new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle. Makes you look slimmer the instant you put it on. Exerts a constant, gentle massage that breaks down the fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh and reduces waist and hips—*often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days.* Made of finest quality, fresh, live, pure Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

Write today for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET with full details about this marvelous girdle, also special 5-day trial offer and money-back guarantee. No obligation. Just fill out and mail coupon below to *Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 3310, 79 Madison Ave., New York City.*

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Without obligation please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle, also special 5-day trial offer.

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"My Skin Nearly Drove Me Mad"

"I had pimples and blackheads so badly, and used to squeeze them so much that my face looked red and raw. On the advice of a nurse friend I got a jar of Rowles Mentho Sulphur and used it faithfully for 10 days. In 3 days' time there was a big difference in my skin and today it is as soft and clear as my 10-year-old sister's."

The sulphur in Rowles Mentho Sulphur clears the skin while the menthol heals the sore, broken tissue. That's the twofold action you want for skin troubles. Try Rowles Mentho Sulphur not only for pimples and blackheads, but for dry, scaly skin, rash, and itching eczema. It WORKS! All druggists sell it in jars ready to use. Be sure it's Rowles.

[SITTING ON THE LID IN PALESTINE]
Continued from page fifty-three

Yemen. I understand that there are even a few Chinese Jews in Palestine, though I saw none in my travels. There they all are, assembled together in little Palestine; most of them ardent Zionists, learning to speak Hebrew, working for the Jewish homeland of their dreams.

Here is a force, at once material and spiritual, which must seriously be reckoned with. Consider what Zionism has achieved during the past ten years. At the close of the war the Jews in Palestine numbered about 50,000, a considerable proportion of them being the religious zealots previously mentioned. Today there are fully 150,000 Jews in Palestine. From less than one-twelfth of the total population, the Jews now number nearly one-sixth. And every year sees a steady stream of Jewish immigration into Palestine, over 30,000 having entered in a single year.

Furthermore, these immigrants are of high average quality. The Zionist organization has promised the mandate government to bring in only as many immigrants as can be placed in the agricultural colonies or given jobs in the towns. This means that the Zionist officials can pick and choose among the multitudes who want to go to Palestine, and they naturally pick the best human material. The agricultural colonists are mainly sturdy young men and women, called "Chaluzim" or Pioneers.

U. & U. photo

Orthodox Jews gathered before the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem.

EVERY year sees new colonies established. It costs the Zionist organization about $3,500 to place an immigrant family on the land. But the Jews of the world open their purses; the treasury is continually replenished; and the work goes on.

From the Zionist standpoint this is as it should be. But how about the Arabs? In Arab eyes, every new Jewish colony spells another step in their own ultimate undoing. Palestine is a small country, while its Arab inhabitants are, on the whole, a poor and backward people. How can they cope with the highly efficient Zionist organization, backed by immense wealth?

So argue the Arabs. And it does no good for British officials of the mandate government to assure the Arabs that they will be protected from Zionist oppression. The Arabs do not want to be protected from, or by, anybody. They themselves want to dominate the land which they consider theirs, and to stop these Zionist Jews from coming in. That is why the Arabs absolutely refuse to recognize the Balfour Declaration.

NEITHER does it do much good when moderate Zionists, seeking understanding with the Arabs, tell them soothingly that Palestine is not to be a Jewish state, but that there is to be merely "a Jewish national home *in* Palestine." For the Arabs retort by quoting a whole sheaf of Zionist utterances of quite a different tone. Just after the war, when Zionist emotions ran at fever heat, many prominent Zionists let their zeal outrun their discretion.

For example: in 1919, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the head of the whole Zionist movement, announced roundly: "We desire to create such conditions that in a given time, as short as possible, Palestine shall become as Jewish as England is English, or as America is American." At that same period Sir Herbert Samuel, who afterward became head of the mandate government, stated that Zionism sought to secure the "fullest measures" whereby, "with the minimum of delay, the country may become a purely self-governing commonwealth under the auspices of an established Jewish majority."

Acme photo

Jews in flight through a Jerusalem street as the Arabs began rioting.

And these ambitious pronouncements of Zionism's highest spokesmen were far outdone by other prominent Zionists like Israel Zangwill, who told the Arabs that if they didn't like Zionism they could get out. Some Zionist orators even dug up parallels from the Old Testament, termed the Arabs New Canaanites, and suggested their expulsion from Palestine. Now all these Zionist pronouncements have been carefully collected and memorized by the Arabs, and they quote them to you at length—

particularly the more violent ones. The Arabs have made up their minds that this is a life-and-death struggle in which no compromise is possible—at least, no compromise which would leave the Jews any sort of "national home" in Palestine. Since even the most moderate Zionists, on their side, declare that a guaranteed national home in Palestine is vitally necessary to the future of Jewry throughout the world, the chances for a genuine agreement between Jews and Arabs look pretty slim.

Even the most temperate of the Arab leaders whom I talked with could see nothing ahead but strife, until political Zionism should finally go down in hopeless ruin.

The most interesting of the Arab spokesmen is Saïd Amin Husseini, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. His is a striking personality. He is young for his high position, since he is even now in his early thirties and has held his office for several years.

Yet no one can meet and talk with the Grand Mufti without becoming instantly aware that here is an astute and capable leader of men. The calm, aquiline features denote dignity and poise; the eyes reveal intelligence; while his conversation shows wide information and broad contacts.

A stanch nationalist, the Grand Mufti is feared and hated by the Zionists as one of their most formidable opponents.

SUCH is the line-up and such the contrasted attitudes of Jew and Arab in Palestine. Now, how do neutral observers view the situation? Jerusalem contains many European and American residents who have long studied the problem and have something worth while to say. On the whole, these foreign residents are pessimistic regarding Zionism's future prospects. Few persons care to be directly quoted on this highly controversial subject, but when they discuss matters confidentially, they will tell you frankly that in their opinion Zionism is almost certainly bound to fail in the end.

First and foremost, they say that Zionism cannot permanently hold back the rising tide of Arab nationalism. The whole trend of things in the Near East is toward the formation of clear-cut nation-states, like ours of the Occident, in which minorities with special rights and a special political status can have no place. That is what has already happened in Turkey, where the Greek and Armenian minorities have been massacred or expelled wholesale, and the same ruthless process of unification is going on elsewhere. However much you may deplore it, it seems to be the trend of the times in all Near Eastern lands.

Another point emphasized by these foreign observers is the underlying economic situation, which tends to work against Zionism. On anything like equal terms, the Jew cannot compete economically with the native Arabs, who are the product of an intensive process of natural selection and are ideally fitted to wrest a livelihood from Palestine's bare hills and sun-baked plains. Of course Jew and Arab do not today compete on equal terms, because the Jewish colonists are backed by an efficient organization with large revenues. So long as the golden stream from abroad pours in, the colonists can maintain themselves. But millions of dollars are, and will continue to be, needed every year; and should Zionist enthusiasm abroad ever slacken, the Zionist movement in Palestine will stagnate or retrograde.

The Jewish element in Palestine is not yet strong enough to stand on its own feet economically, and the chances are that it will not be for a very long time to come.

Such is the verdict of most European and American observers on the spot. And politically, of course, the Jewish element is even less able to stand alone.

Only as long as Britain or some other Western power garrisons Palestine will Zionism be protected from Arab assaults.

Will Britain keep her present mandate over Palestine? That is a moot point about which much can be said on both sides. The chief thing that keeps England in Palestine is the near-by Suez Canal.

England could never see Palestine in even potentially hostile hands, because the Suez Canal is literally the life-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now... a smooth face at evening ...without having to shave again

Small-bubble lather gives a closer, smoother shave—a week's free trial proves this fact

YOUR morning shave gives added satisfaction when you begin by lathering with Colgate's . . . you know that towards the end of the day you'll not have to worry about shaving once more to be really presentable.

The reason is that with Colgate's you moisten your beard scientifically . . . and the hairs are cut closer, smoother . . . without pulling or scraping.

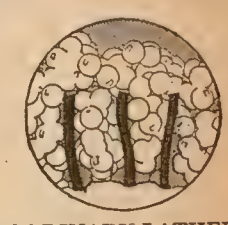
The famous Colgate "small-bubble" lather gets down to the base of the beard and brings much more water with it. And water, you know, is what really softens the whiskers.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1749,
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Please send me FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

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We refuse to debate the Shaving Cream question . . . .

Try* MOLLÉ *one week free—
let that alone decide

Never Before were shaving creams so much discussed. The subject has assumed the proportions of a national debate. But we refuse to argue. For we know, as you do, that words are weak when compared to actual performance. So we just say, "Send us the coupon for one week's free supply of MOLLÉ. At the same time get samples of other shaving creams that interest you. Then use them all and judge by the result. Let performance—not conversation—decide which cream wins."

MOLLÉ Is Surely Different—It *looks* different . . . *feels* different . . . its *aroma* is different . . . *application* is different . . . requires no brush . . . the *after*-feel is *amazingly* different!

MOLLÉ is a true emollient. MOLLÉ contains no soap in any form. MOLLÉ contains no alkali—makes no lather, no bubbles. MOLLÉ contains no caustics. MOLLÉ is a skin specialist's discovery . . . a physician's private formula, intended to accomplish these three things:

1—To leave the tenderest skin more comfortable and in better condition than before shaving

2—To end razor-pull and razor-scrape forever

3—To shorten the period of operation from two to three minutes (Mollé requires just three steps).

Has MOLLÉ Succeeded in actually accomplishing those things? Let the free coupon—not us—answer that.

Or Make this Unique Test—There is another convenient way besides sending the coupon for you to get acquainted with MOLLÉ (*Mō-lay*). Buy the large fifty-cent MOLLÉ package at your nearest drug store. Use it for one week. If then you are not entirely pleased, you may send us what is left and we will instantly refund your purchase price.

Take Your Choice—Use the free coupon or secure a full-size tube from your druggist on our "make-good-or-money-back" offer.

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A Whale of a Tube
50c

FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 410
Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

Name

Address

City and State

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather.

[SITTING ON THE LID IN PALESTINE Continued from page fifty-five]

line of the British empire—even more vital to it than the Panama Canal is to ourselves.

On the other hand, England's commitment, under the Balfour Declaration, to guarantee a Jewish "national home" in Palestine keeps her in hot water not only with all the Arab peoples, including the Arabs in Egypt, but also with the great block of Indian Moslems, whose thoroughgoing hostility might mean the loss of India.

Finally, England is hard up, these days, and Palestine is a relatively expensive charge upon the British exchequer.

The British taxpayer's grumbles have already been heard rather loudly on the subject of Palestine.

The upshot is that both in England and among British residents in the Near East there is a strong body of opinion which favors either giving up the Palestine mandate or annulling the Balfour Declaration. One English official in a neighboring British dependency put the matter bluntly when he said to me with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Of course the Jews get it in the neck. But—we don't run our empire for the Jews!"

MEANWHILE, what effect will the recent disorders in Palestine have upon the situation? It is hard to say. The bloodshed and destruction wrought during the riots and fighting will inevitably leave wounds which may be slow to heal.

Both Jews and Arabs are in a highly excited state of mind, and both sides are bringing pressure on the mandate government for "reforms" which will ease the present tension and safeguard the future.

The difficulty is that these suggestions are diametrically opposed to each other.

The Arabs demand a whittling-down of the Balfour Declaration.

The Jews demand fresh guaranties for their protection and lasting security.

The one thing certain is that passions have been so mutually inflamed that the contending parties are further apart than ever from anything like a genuine understanding.

This may not make pleasant reading. But it is the truth.

And the truth might as well be faced.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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2—What is numismatics?
3—On what river is St. Louis, Missouri, located?
4—In the art of what nation is the dragon extensively used?
5—For what is Plymouth Rock famous?
6—What is another name for the avocado?
7—Who said: "Hell is paved with good intentions"?
8—What are the insignia of a captain, a major, and a colonel in the United States army?
9—What does the Latin phrase *lapsus linguæ* mean?
10—What city in Germany is noted for the manufacture of fine chinaware?
11—How many stars in the American flag?
12—Who wrote Innocents Abroad?
13—How many gills in a pint?
14—What is the capital of Morocco?
15—What is the main artery of the body called?
16—Is Roumania a republic or a monarchy?
17—Cleopatra was a queen of what country?
18—What is a benedict?
19—By whom is the Pope chosen?
20—What does eleemosynary mean?

(Answers will be found on page eighty-six)

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. . . at no additional cost to advertisers

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Greatest concentration in major markets

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LIBERTY employs no subscription solicitors. This unprecedented circulation increase is all newsdealer circulation. Every copy represents an individual cash transaction.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

REVEALING MOMENTS come—even in the life of an undersuit. But they never ruffle the man who has discovered that neat combination of style and comfort so common to all Coopers Garments. . . . To seven extra ways of tailoring easiness into union suits, Coopers adds certain clicks of style—*exclusive color touches*—that please men mightily. . . . Let a Coopers dealer show you. Coopers, Incorporated, Kenosha, Wisconsin

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301 W. Oregon St.,
Urbana, Ill.

E. W. Readen,
Box 166,
Astoria, Ore.

J. C. Rowan,
10624 100th Ave.,
Edmonton, Alba., Can.

Mrs. Alice H. Sammet,
431 W. Market St.,
Akron, Ohio.

E. G. Severine,
1278 Broadway,
Denver, Colo.

Fred Shackelford,
1906 Hill Ave.,
Middletown, Ohio.

John Smith,
Box 822,
Tampa, Fla.

Mrs. Mary Spencer,
Box 907,
San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. P. F. Sprenger,
360 Mountain Av., S.W.,
Roanoke, Va.

Robert G. Valentine,
519 Garfield St.,
Jackson, Mich.

C. H. Weems.
Fairview Ave.,
Fairfield, Conn.

Mrs. John D. White,
1740 N. Gramercy Pl.,
Hollywood, Calif.

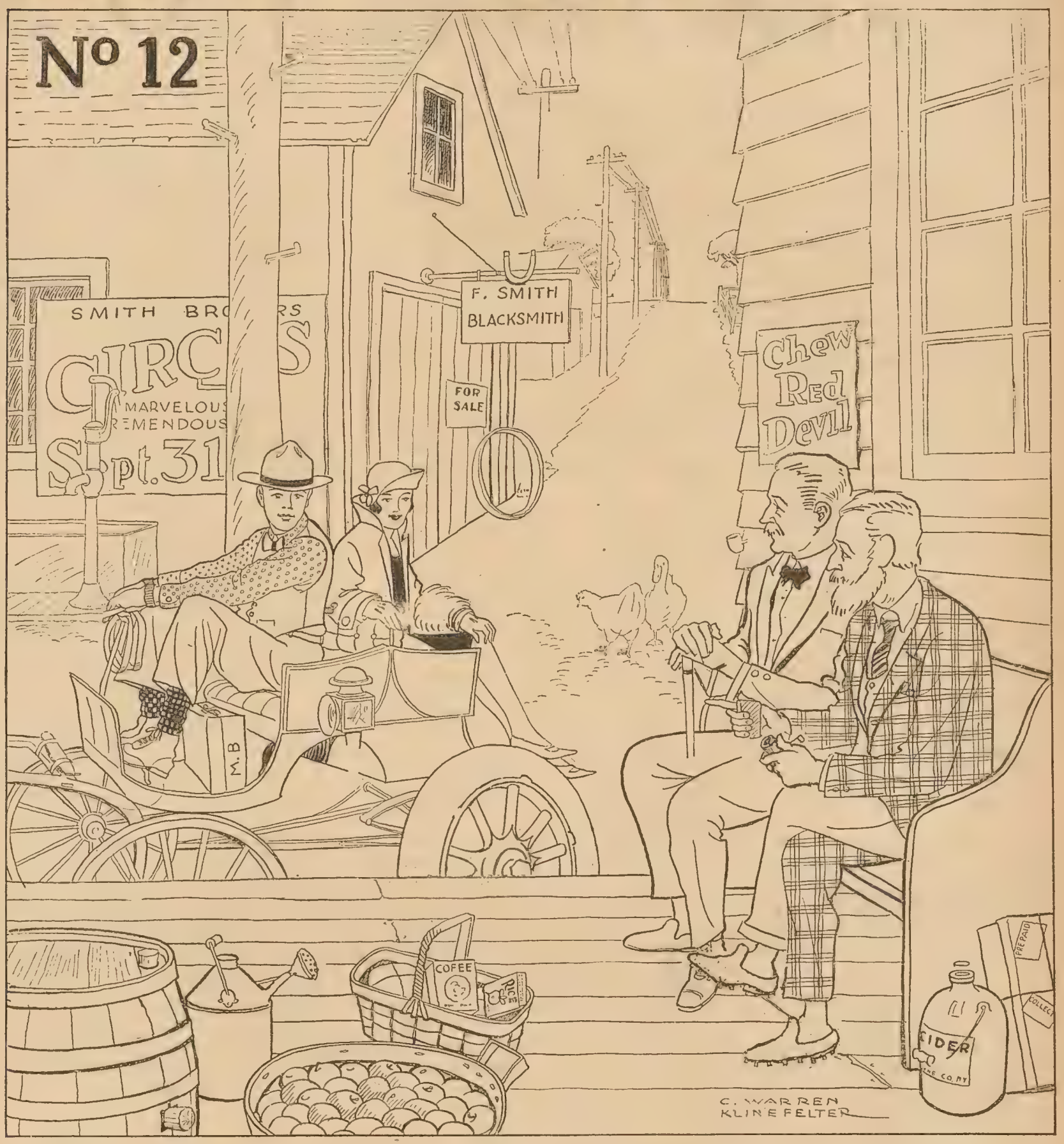
Jack Wood,
475 E. 32d St., N.,
Portland, Ore.

John L. Wood,
Homer, Ill.

John G. Zapf,
13814 Alder Ave.,
E. Cleveland, Ohio.

Prize awards for Picture No. 7 will be announced next week.

How Many Mistakes In This Picture? $1,000 for Answers Every Week



Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

IN drawing this picture the artist made between forty and fifty mistakes. How many can you find? LIBERTY now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the twelfth.

It is not necessary to indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself. You may use a tracing of it or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper. *Be sure to state somewhere the exact number of mistakes you have found.*

You need not purchase a copy of LIBERTY to compete. Copies of LIBERTY may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Neatness and ingenuity of arrangement, as well as accuracy and the number of mistakes detected, will count. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

These Prizes Are Offered Each Week

First prize	$500
Second prize	200
Third prize	100
Forty prizes of $5 each	200
Weekly total	$1,000

This contest is not open to professional artists, nor may any employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY or their families compete. Entries should be addressed to MISTAKE PICTURES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed within one week of the date of this issue. No entries will be returned, and LIBERTY cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of the contest.

Vox

Valentino

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—I started reading Miss St. John's article, "Valentino," but stopped on the third column. Hence this letter. "If there had been a little hand to reach up and hold him back," says she.

Now this is just the sort of sob stuff that disgusts everyone except the fool type of woman who follows funerals and bursts into tears at the demise of a person whom she never saw nor knew. Valentino was a good film subject, but he was also an uneducated, conceited, dissipated Hollywood actor.

When Charles W. Eliot, former president of a great university, and perhaps the outstanding scholar of our generation, died on the same day that marked Valentino's ending, he received a bare quarter column on the inside page of the newspapers, while front-page headlines described the weeping and wailing of thousands of women who fought for a chance to stampede the undertaking establishment containing the body of a moving-picture actor.

And yet many of these women exercise their right to vote.—*Charles Hendon.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Miss St. Johns surely put her finger on the sore spot in Rudolph Valentino's life when she said that the thing that took away his wish to live was not having a home, a lifelong mate, and children.—*Us Two Girls.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Resolved: that First Prize in Understanding Human Nature be awarded Adela Rogers St. Johns for her sympathetic story of Valentino, and a Special Award in the Psychology of Movie Folk, also.—*F. Wood.*

Do Men Love Their Families Because It's the Law?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—While I understand LIBERTY'S policy toward prohibition, I was amazed to see an entire page of priceless white space devoted to such a superficial stab at it. One wonders who was, or is, most inane: the "friend" cited or the editor who thought such material against prohibition effective.

The editorial, which you called "In Praise of Prohibition," offered us a type-mind, a college-bred man, who declared that the Volstead Act has furnished him with an "adventure," a "thrill," and a "kick"—the moral undoubtedly implied being that this law by its negation has provided means for stimulating "the old devil in us."

Why don't you present a contrast editorial of a law-abiding citizen who does not happen to be your college-bred "friend" but who constitutes the majority of America's great and fine population; a type who has not taken prohibition as an "adventure," who does not spend his leisure on somebody's yacht, who does not indulge in highballs, does not "sneak into a speakeasy," who does not have to get the "thrill of carrying a hip flask," and who does not get a "kick" in violating the law as your college-bred friend does, but who gets all of these in decent enjoyments which are part of a home and family life?

The really worth-while and truly representative man who loves his family and home is profiting by prohibition. He is getting his "fun" in buying shoes for his kiddies and wife; he gets his "adventure" taking the family out in the automobile or to the movies, instead of spending his time standing up against the bar and neglecting his family, and his greatest "thrill" is his steadily mounting bank book, and his trip to the savings bank.

Why not tell your readers about this type of citizen who will have a savings account long after your friend of the speakeasy is broke?—*George Schubel.*

A Good World, Either Way

QUINCY, CALIF.—The editor's friend said an armful in the editorial, "In Praise of Prohibition." I've often wondered what we younger generation would do in the way of hell raising if liquor were legal.

I simply can't imagine one of my friends going into a government liquor store to purchase a bottle to be privately and sedately imbibed at home. Where is the kick in that? Hooray for prohibition! It simplifies the how-to-be-devilish problem even if we don't like the darn stuff.—*M. H.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Was disgusted with your editorial on prohibition and also the one on war preparedness.

Of course, you have an opportunity to flaunt your views of wickedness before the public, while the great majority of good, clean citizens must just go about their tasks without publicity, but I want you to know that the good predominates whether you think so or not and the world is not going to the dogs. I'm sorry that you have such a distorted vision of the world, and I hope that you will come to see that things aren't so bad after all.—*Dot Robertson.*

You're Taking Chances, Lucille

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Just laid aside my latest copy of your magazine, and find myself in a most weakened condition, as the result of reading Bert Green's Hollywood's Eighteen Day Reducing Diet!

Never have I read anything which struck me *quite* so funny. I lay back in my chair and howled.

Tell Mr. Bert, for me, he can come over to my house for dinner *any* day—all he has to do is keep on writing. He is the berries.—*Lucille.*

It's Too Bad to Be Too Good

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Is it possible to make a magazine too good?

About the first thing I do on Thursday is—buy a Saturday Evening Post. Early on Friday I buy LIBERTY. I am of the opinion each is the biggest five-cent value obtainable.

I begin at the back of the Post and read the advertisements. That's all—seldom have ever read a story in the Post—can't remember reading an editorial all the way through. Maybe they are good—maybe I've missed a lot of good stories.

However, it is a big five cents' worth—just the advertisements.

The exact opposite is the case with LIBERTY. First I read the splendid editorial. It's like going to school.

Suggestions are made in Vox Pop—I will boldly make one now. Just once, leave Lil and Sandy off the first page, and publish, instead, a picture of the editor of LIBERTY. I'd have my copy framed—and I'd write on it—"An Inspiration."

Not only do I read and enjoy the editorials—but all of the splendid stories.

Never have I read a story when all of the characters were so true to life as in "Kept." It was real! It was great!

But the question comes up—Can you make LIBERTY too interesting?

Surely you are safe in saying you will soon have the largest magazine circulation in the world.

But if editorials, stories, questions and answers, cross-word puzzles, cooking, and fashion are of such great interest, is it not possible that advertising will be overlooked?

I am of the opinion that if LIBERTY'S circulation was double that of the Saturday Evening Post, the Saturday Evening Post advertising would be worth double the cost of LIBERTY'S advertising. No, I am not an advertising man.—*S. G. Pennington.*

A Texas Cusser Cusses

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS—I've seen a world of rot, but never have I laid eyes on quite the amount that comes out each week in LIBERTY. And why in hell I buy the damn thing—even go out of my way to get a copy each week—is more than I can understand. I haven't failed to read it weekly for the past year and a half—and not weakly but from cover to cover. I read it, cast it aside, resolve to take up good literature, and then break my neck to get the next copy. I give up—can't understand it.

By the way, if you fail to print this because of the words "damn" and "hell" above, why in hell do you use the muck that drips from Viña's pen? Funny, isn't it, that I read every installment of "Kept."—*W. P. Hood.*

Pop

Wherein a Couple of Artists Are Caused to Blush Becomingly

ELKHART, IND.—One reason why J. P. McEvoy's "Show Girl" appealed so much to me when it appeared in LIBERTY was the piquant picturization by J. H. Striebel, an illustrator after my own heart because he took the Louise Brooks type of burny-burny brunette and put her to work as Dixie Dugan to aid the reader appreciate her adventures.

To suit me, Mr. Striebel could not have picked a better model than Louise Brooks, a favorite movie star with me, and his picturization of the story was delicious. The striking resemblance between Dixie and Miss Brooks convinced me that it was intentional, but I never have seen any mention of it in print. Why not?

Why not give Miss Brooks her due? I expected that she would play the part of Dixie when "Show Girl" was screened; but no, Alice White, a blonde, got the part. All respect to Miss White, but she might have at least been transformed to a brunette to conform better with your artist's conception of the dashing heroine.

And now Frederick James Smith informs LIBERTY readers that First National is to film McEvoy's sequel, "Show Girl in Hollywood," when it is completed in LIBERTY, with Alice White again playing the part of Dixie. All respect to Miss White, but I'm sure that Miss Brooks could do better. Do you not think so . . . Mr. Striebel?—*Brooks-Dugan Fan.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The members of this organization, which is international in its scope, have requested that we write, expressing their appreciation of the illustrator selected for the aërial stories of Floyd Gibbons, Elliott Springs, and Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall which have appeared in your publication. Clayton Knight is, without a doubt, the ace of aëronautical illustrators. His vivid technique and detail commend him for all time. Were the film industry to have Mr. Knight's talent at their disposal, their films on flying would be flawless.

In congratulating LIBERTY, we congratulate Mr. Knight. LIBERTY'S readers can never see the work of an aërial artist greater than Clayton Knight.—*M. V. Brosnahan, for the Executive Committee, Ligue Internationale des Aviateurs.*

Those Short Shorts

ORION, ILL.—After reading "Fixed," I joyfully settled down to looking forward each week to a short short treat. "Fixed" was some story!

Imagine my disappointment when your second short short story—that jumble of words called "The Killer"—greeted me. If that is a story, I am the Sultan of Sulu.—*J. W. Traer.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—Keep it up, LIBERTY! You're doing great with those short shorts. The second one was, if anything, a shade better than the first one. Now let's see what other good ones you can dig up.—*L. Thompson.*

O. K.—Come on In and Help Cure Somebody Else

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—My life was despaired of. I had been given up by six doctors. My left lung was entirely gone.

Then a copy of LIBERTY was handed me, open at the Vox Pop pages. I took one deep breath of hot air discharged by your contributors, took up my bed, and walked.

This is a true story.—*Lama.*

Is That Nice?

DALLAS, TEXAS—Crimes! Crimes! Crimes! You evidently get your story matter free of charge, living right there in the Mecca of crimes. After reading so many and having such bad ideas put in my young head I believe I would kill the editor if it wasn't against the law.—*Minnie Kolber.*

Well Gee Whiz, if a Story Writer Can't Make a Few Things Up—

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—You might know a woman wrote "The Call in the Clearing." Every dadburned Jane in this country from the flapper age up thinks she can write on every and any given subject.

Tell Vingie E. Roe, from me, that she doesn't know the air, Mexico, or the compass well enough to attempt anything like this would-be air romance.

There ain't no such point on the compass card as "north by northeast." To save her the trouble of looking this up, it's northeast by north.

Take it from one who knows, that for obvious reasons, a golden-haired "Norte-Americana" wouldn't last two days in a band of revolutionists south of the Rio Grande, much less two whole months.

I've been on the ground a long while, but the "air" part of it also has an aroma of deceased fish. Tell V. E. R. to lay off. Air stories are not her life work, at all. Stick to horses.

The Mexican government doesn't permit the export of gold bars by plane or otherwise, either, incidentally.—*G. H. Collins, late of Mexico.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Now, look here—your editorial policy is none of my damned business, and your magazine, to my mind, has brought out some very superior stuff, but the general run of your stories (conceding the fact that they are well written and all that) contain, to the eye of the initiated, so many errors in milieu, in background, in probability, that I asked myself: "Who on earth passes on that stuff without pointing out to the author those glaring mistakes?"

Let me be concrete in one glaring case.

The story, "Sanctuary," by Allan Swinton, is a good yarn. But: Ruth is a mezzo-soprano and the author states that she "opened in La Bohème." Now—if your reader knew the score of La Bohème he would know that there are but two female parts in it and both of them are soprani. Mimi and Musette.

Further: Since when is Paraguay in the wilds of Central America? When I was in Paraguay last, some three years ago, it still was north of the Rio Plata and Argentine in South America. Perhaps the republic got itself transferred to the Panama Canal to suit Swinton's story.—*Frederick F. Fletcher.*

And on the Other Hand

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Viva la LIBERTY! My dears, where did you find him? That perfect jewel of Anglo-Canadian eloquence, to wit, Allan Swinton! I read his "Sanctuary" three times.

For the love of the English language *please* invite him in to breakfast some morning and buy everything he ever wrote from I. O. U.'s to income tax reports!

Now I feel better!—*T. K.*

We Hadn't Thought of That

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Allow me to say that your story by Franklin P. Adams, "The City of Dreadful Noise," was at least interesting, although I don't think such stories should be published as Mr. Adams himself admits that people working where there is lots of noise eat more than those who work in quieter places. And at this time, when our entire federal government is trying to give the farmer aid (or at least they try to make him think so).

Now, if noise makes the city folks eat more, for God's sake let's have more noise!—*R. C. P.*

the new, Healthier way to smoke

eliminate . . . . . Tobacco Yello

. . . *use a*

Drinkless

"TOBACCO YELLO"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Your favorite brand tastes better with the new Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" cigarette holder, because bitter, irritating Tobacco Yello is removed from the smoke. All the full, satisfying tobacco-taste, cooler and sweeter than ever! No need now to have ugly, yellowish stain on your teeth and fingers—no matter how much you smoke. No need to swallow or inhale the coal-tar contained in cigarette smoke.

Send for "Healthier Smoking"—a booklet on Tobacco Yello written by a physician

A more sensible, pleasanter way to smoke. Laboratory proof that the new Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder removes 66.1% of the coal-tar in cigarette smoke.

All Cigarettes Are Kind to Your Throat With This Holder

Everyone knows how "Tobacco Yello" stains fingers. The same substance goes into your mouth with the smoke. Use the Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" cigarette holder for one day. Then remove the mouthpiece. You'll find the Drinkless attachment covered with a yellowish-brown coating. This is the Tobacco Yello that stains teeth and fingers, and enters mouth, lungs and stomach. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder is the only holder that contains the new Drinkless attachment, which removes 66.1% of the Tobacco Yello in your smoke. At your dealer's—$1.

$1

Every genuine Drinkless Cigarette Holder is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello," indicating that it removes this substance. Be sure the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.

SEE 1930 MODELS of the Drinkless KAYWOODIE Pipe. They eliminate Tobacco Yello from your pipe smoke.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.

Established 1851 120 Fifth Avenue, New York

Hen Party

A New For the Love o' Lil

CACKLE, cackle. Giggle, giggle. Cigarettes and gossip. With a flossy display of new fall finery, Lil's friends had gathered for bridge. Queens were flipped on kings. Partners' aces were trumped with jacks, and spades joined the family of clubs.

"I'm so glad you called me up," Isabel Johnston gushed, making certain that her string of amber beads (thirty dollars) was hanging outside of her sand-colored dress. "I was bored to tears. The house is so empty with Pinkie at the vet's having kittens. Spades!"

This week's cover picture.

"I know," Lil sympathized. She poked around in a bonbonnière until she found a licorice heart. "That's just how I feel when the baby visits his grandmother."

"Hearts! Hearts! I make it two hearts!" Maria Lombard called out. She tapped her partner's ankle under the table, imprinting a black smudge on her Ali Baba silk stockings. "Don't tell me you haven't any hearts? The last time I bid hearts I made a grand slam and—"

"Oh, that reminds me," Frankie McKee butted right in. "I forgot to order fly paper this morning. The flies are thick as raisins in my pantry."

"Horrors!" Lil cried. "I bet I'll never eat a bun without thinking about your pantry. Clubs!"

"It's the farmers burning leaves in the country," Isabel suggested. "The smoke drives all the flies into the city. Three clubs!"

"City? Did you say you lived in the city?" Frankie asked, snapping down her cards for the dummy. "If I lived way out at the end of the Yankton trolley line, I should call it the suburbs. Watch your king!"

"Prices are going up every day. Don't forget the civic flying field the mayor's giving speeches about, dearie." Isabel put six assorted jelly beans in her mouth. Then she removed the one cinnamon bean and aimed it at the fireplace.

"May I have another glass of grape juice?" Maria was wondering if her pink shoulder straps showed through her blue lace dress. "And another cheese sandwich? Four diamonds! FOUR!"

Lil nodded. How many sandwiches had Maria eaten? She felt like Noah losing hectic count of the species climbing the gangplank. Was Maria combining breakfast and lunch with this little bridge party?

"Your bid," Frankie said to Maria. "And make it snappy. It's six o'clock. We're going to have piccalilli—"

"Where's that?" Maria giggled. "In London?"

"We're going to have piccalilli," Frankie tried again, "roast veal, dressing, string beans, French fried, shrimp salad, and custard pie. You know Gil has *some* appetite. I ought to know how to run an apartment hotel after living with that man for eight years. Was that a queen, king, or jack, dearie?"

"Search me," Isabel sighed. "But Lil owes us seven eighty-five. Goody, goody! I need a shirt."

"Goody, goody?" Lil asked. "My name'll be Goody-Goody if I dare ask Sandy for any more money. My allowance has gone with the autumn leaves."

"Where's that?" Maria giggled. "Diamonds!"

"Up in smoke," Lil said. "It's your bid."

It was six twenty-five when Sandy poked his head around the red parlor curtain. What about supper? Cackle, cackle. Giggle, giggle. Oh, gosh, what a hen party!

(Next week's cover adventure: The New Girl)

Oh they have catsy programs out here in Hollywood.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Holding the Bag

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Hollywood, California.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I wood have wrote you before but I had to go snipe huntin. Me and Marg went over to see Lew Cody at his beach house in Santa Monica. Lew has been very sick, been laid up with new-writus or housemades knee or somethin like that. Yep, his puppies have been troublin him so much that he couldnt walk on em for months. The doctors told him that if he wanted to see the opening of the Bolder Dam in 1950 hed have to get the brass polish wore off his instep. But Lew is stagein a fast and furious come back.

He was a very sick man when he folded up at the Lambs Club last fall. They use to feed him with a glass tube. He told me that every time he heard the dinner bell ring he had visions of plucking great big tenderloin stakes and nice big juicy chops out of his tusks, but when the medical brought in a cup full of Portland cement in a glass tube instead, he nearly passed out. But he got square with the Doc later. One morning he turned over in bed, grabbed the phone and says,

Hello—give me doctor Flashback!

Hello, is this you Doc?

Yes, sure, why?

Well, listen Doc. Have you got another one of those glass tubes?

Why, sure, says the Doc.

Alright, says Cody. Bring it over and take lunch with me today—and hangs up.

Well, anyway, Im gettin away from the snipe story. We were all sittin around in Lews house gabbing about fishin. Over in one corner was Lloyd Hamilton still lemonading himself. On his right was Buster Keaton and Norman Kerry, and on my left was Mickie Neilan and Bob Vignola. Somehow or other the conversation drifted into stories about shootin and huntin. Everybody was outfibbin each other as to who caught the biggest fish or who shot the largest animal etc.

Finally, Mickie Neilan says, When I was fishin for Barricootie off Catilina Island, what do you think gets on my hook but a small size sperm whale.

Aw get out, says Buster Keaton. When I was fishin for sea cows off Main we used whales for bait. Not only that, but we caught one and opened it up and what do you suppose was in it? A two ton anchor and thirty fathoms of mooring chain.

Well, after that one, I told em the story about savin Teddy Roosevelts life. Me and him was in Tanganyiki, Africa, huntin for lions.

One day he was sittin out in front of his hut pollishin off a big order of ham and eggs, when who comes creepin up but a great big female lion. I didnt have my gun with me and neither did Teddy, so I sneak up behind the lion, shove my arm down the guys throat a foot and turn him inside out.

Im not kiddin you, hes in the Smithsonia Institute now.

Aw, lay off! says Lloyd Hamilton. Did you ever go snipe huntin?

No, says I.

What! Youve never been snipe huntin? hollers the bunch. Why you dont know what youre missin. Its more sport than a barrel of monkeys. Come on boys, lets show Mike how to catch snipe.

Well, you know me, Mr. Editor, Im always game for anything, so Cody gets a big potatoe bag and Buster Keaton dug up a lantern and we all started. Well, after a half hours walk down the shore the troup instructed me about catchin the snipe. They said, Now all you hafta do is hold the bag open with one hand and shine the lantern in it with the other.

We'll go back in the hills and scare up the snipe and when they see the lantern theyll fly to it and fold up in the bag. They told me that in an hours time I should get a million after they scare em out.

Yea, its a swell game. I woulda been sittin there yet

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

I guess if a guy hadnta come up and wanted to arrest me, thinkin I was waitin for a rum boat to come in.

Im off them fellos plenty!

Well, a coupla days later we went over to see Jimmie Cruze. He just bought a swell Chinese Radio and couldnt wait to use it.

Heres some of the nifty programs we got over it.

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, this program comes to you through the courtesy of the Scrambled Ostrich Egg Co. makers of Sunkist Papermache Noodles.

Go to your nearest grocer and purchase a package of these delightful crisp noodles. With every six packages we will present absolutely free a pink unbreakable corset cover.

Just a second, says Betty Compson, we'll get somethin yet if its only whiterock.

This is station R.S.V.P. situated in the Squeekie Film studio, Hollywood, Cal. We take great pleasure in presentin to you the famous little movie star Olga Olsen. She will speak to you on what she thinks of America.

Goot evenin ladies and yentlemens. Ay don no vot to say. Ven ay leave Coopenhagen ay hook up vit vone svell fellar, Eric Von Strollhome vat stands me in movin pitchers.

He finds me voik in hash house in Norvay and he say you sveet girl you come by Hollyvood and ay make yolly fine Garbo for you. So ay come and ay make plenty yack voikin in squveekie pitchers.

You know ay like America vary much. Yeorge Washington he come by squvarehead family years ago. Ay vill resite svell poem by my friend Doc Adams called YUST SO:

It ban colt year for rewolution
Giff no heats in Walley Forch,
All dass soldiers vould deserted
If it not had ban for Yeorge.

Von day coom our fearless Yeneral
Yump oop on his horse und ride
Right oop at das Anglish army
Yiminy, but ve got pride!

"You ban bunch from low-down Limeys"
Say our Yeneral, yust like dat.
Und das Anglish ban so angry
Das dey try to k-nock him flat.

Dan our Yeneral take von cannon
Yammed it full mit shot and shall
Yerked das string, und BANG it shooted
Blew das Anglishmen to hal.

Yust dot vay ve vin das battle,
Put das banner oop das pole,
Give dree cheers for inapendents
Und for our brafe Yeneral "Skoal."

Vell goo bye, ay go buy Rolls Royace now, goo bye.

Oh it was swell—tune it out!!

This is station F.O.B., Los Angeles, broadcastin through remote control by order of the Mexican Fish Hatcheries. This is Prof. Pedro Zilch talking. Now get ready for your spanish lesson—repeat the words slowly!! How are you do-day? Como estan usted Hoy. How are you today? Como estan usted hoy.

Hoy, for cryin out loud, what the hell is that guy squarkin about. Slough that junk!!

Oh they have catsy programs out here in Hollywood. Somebody always sellin somethin. If you dont like the guy sellin suits you can toon into the sap sellin beds. If hes no good you can get a wow of a ball game between the Texas Teamsters and the Oshkosh Bell Hops. No foolin, you can get more pleasure readin the want ads with a glass of ice tea than you can pull out of any radio. If the agents want to sell radios they ought to make an awful squark to the Radio Commission to get the air cleaned up, and I dont mean *maybe!*

SAY listen Mr. Editor this movie racket is the berries. One outfit guranteed Paul Whiteman enough dough to build the Hudson River Bridge if hed come out here and make a pitcher. So right away he put all his reed suckers on the choo choo. As soon as he landed they built a jazz set bigger than the Grand Central Station for part of the pitcher. Large enough to stage the Fall Down of Rome in.

Whiteman reads the story and throws it in the ash can. Then the producers got a few more real writers like Charlie McArthur, and all Whiteman did was throw the stories in the sewer. What a tough break they have writin a love sequence around a cute little guy like Whiteman. Maybe if they put a little derby on him they might get a good comedy out of the outfit.

Why not use an idea somethin like this. A country boy is kicked off the farm by the old man for neckin the hired girl.

The boy goes to the city, hires a furnished room and buys a ten cent saxaphone in a hock shop. With a few lessons from a correspondence school he gets to be a wow and puts together an orchestra. After playin a few hash houses, the youth makes money and gets a bigger and better band.

We then cut back to the old home and see the sheriff about to put the old man on the street. BUT—just at that moment Whiteman steps off the rattler with his band, pays the mortgage on the old homestead, marries the hired girl as the band fades out on Abies Irish Eyes.

The other night at the Writers Club in Hollywood they were puttin on a show. The place was packed and suddenly the lights went out. Some bird began going thru the audience with a flash light. Fifteen minutes later someone yells out—

What the hell are YOU lookin for??

And the guy says—*A story for Whiteman!!!*

Well, I got to toss this. Im learnin to be a flyer. Marg got a job in the movies and I'll write you all about it soon.

Wishing you the same.

Bourbornly yours, MIKE SHEA.

P.S. That stuff you wanted will cost you 80 bucks per case uncut. Wire how many!!

Does he learn to fly? And how! You can read about it in his next letter. It will appear in an early issue.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for **Short Short Stories**

CAN you tell a story in about 1000 words? LIBERTY wants short short stories, and will pay $100 apiece for any accepted and published. Each will be printed in a single page, and must be short enough to stay in that limited space.

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A Helping Hand

A Short Short Story

Picture by B. J. Rosenmeyer

He quickened his steps and planted himself before her. "What's the matter, girlie?"

By

Morton Thompson

who at twenty-two has gained some knowledge of life and letters in the school of the reporter. He began on New York tabloids, and is now on the staff of a Los Angeles paper. His poems and short stories have appeared in magazines since he was eighteen.

IT was only a week before her last ten cents had gone for carfare and left her stranded in a downtown park. Around were vague tall buildings. Crowds scurried back and forth in front of her. A man stopped to speak, and she looked at him so dully he moved away, abashed.

The small figure in the cheap crushed hat, the wrinkled coarse clothing, drooped. Here was money moving around her; here were people working, eating, sleeping, all with cares and happinesses of their own. Working in clean offices, in bedlams of department stores.

Here was her freedom in the magic city. And she had no job. No money, no friends, no earthly chance of earning any. A chill mist blew in from the Battery. Thin soupy rain followed.

Through it all, disappointment glued her to the bench motionless. She had long since forgotten to cry. A man came through the park. His thin coat was buttoned close against the soul-dissolving moisture—a young man in poor clothing, and with a tired face.

He saw the girl. There was something so arresting in the sight of her sitting on the bench alone in the dark, so heedless of the rain beating down on her, that he quickened his steps and planted himself before her.

"What's the matter, girlie?"

She raised a dull, hopeless face. There was no vestige of anything left upon it but hopelessness. He sat down beside her and forgot the weather.

"What's happened to you? You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

It was a voice. It was talking to her. Kindly. She clung to it for a while before answering.

"I never had no friends."

The words moved thickly. They were unstressed.

"Aw, say! Come on, now; you don't mean that."

He put his arm around her. At the touch she gave way; sobbed and sobbed—gasping noises in an incoherent jumble of words that told the same old, old story.

The narrow home life in the narrow upstate town and the ultimate flight to the Big City to show "them." Money going, going, gone at last. Unknown, jostled by the crowds and the bigness, and the final decision that all men's hands were against her.

"And so I come here, and I'd almost finished the course in the night school, and I was goin' to get away from that lousy factory and they laughed at me; all of them did—an'—an' now lookit me!"

He pointed to a row of newspaper buildings at one end of the park.

"I work there. Here's the address. Come there tomorrow and I'll get you a job."

"Aw, mister, you don't mean it, do you?"

"Sure I mean it, kid. I know what it is to be poor an' come to this town without a nickel and not knowin' anybody. I did it myself. But you'll forget it soon. Wait'll I get you your job and you'll be workin' and you'll tell me some day how funny it was. . . . The world ain't all bad, kid. People don't laugh at you when you get in trouble. Lookit me. First person saw you, I bet, and see how I'm tryin' to help you!"

She could not speak. Things moved so suddenly past. He stood up. In his pockets were a five-dollar bill and two ones, last remnants of a small salary.

His hands moved among the bills, prudence sweeping the fine cloud of altruistic exaltation a little off his mind. Then she looked at him and the animal devotion and relief in her face made him throw off reserve. "Here, kid. Here's a five spot. Get some sleep and get cleaned up, an' I'll see you in the morning."

He was gone. She sat quiet for a moment while her world swam. A clock boomed and the noise loosed her taut nerves. Down on the dripping pavement she sank and sobbed and beat the cold stone. Free again! The world had opened to her! Half mad with joy, she stumbled toward the light of a yawning subway. . . .

In one of the offices in the large newspaper building the next morning, the young man heard his name called. Gangsters had been busy during the night.

"—and go down and get some kind of a description, will you?"

"O. K."

INTO the squat building he slouched. Somewhere here was the man he was looking for.

The morgue attendant hurried up in time to watch the young man's strange motions. He had backed away from a file of slabs and was leaning one hand upon a table.

His eyes opened incredulously. There on a slab directly in front of him was the girl he had befriended last night in the park. The little fool! After he'd been so decent to her. Talked on all the virtues of humanity and tried to be a friend to her; was ready to lend her a helping hand. Given her his last five-dollar bill even.

The morgue man glanced from one face to the other.

"J'know her?"

The reporter pulled himself together. What the hell! All in the day's work.

"Naw. I seen her some place, I guess."

"Oh! Well, say! She sure was a funny case at that."

The reporter was moving down the aisles again.

"Yeah?" he flung back over his shoulder.

"Yeah. They brought her in about two-thirty this morning. Drowned herself, she did."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Down by the Battery. Funny thing! They bring her in all wet an' drippin' an' lay her out, an' whaddaya suppose she had clinched in her hand but—"

"A PICTURE!" finished the young man disgustedly.

"Naw! It was a counterfeit five-dollar bill!"

THE END

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Mending Summer's Ravages

By

EILEEN BOURNE

NOW that you are comfortably settled in town after your vacation ventures, and a gay fall and winter season looms ahead, you have time to sit down and take stock of your very personal selves.

What about:

That postponed visit to the dentist?

That hand lotion you were told about?

That diet you promised yourself you'd start on immediately you got back where you could have the salads and fruits needed?

That gym you meant to join?

Here we are, right into the fall. The gay season will be over before we know it, with none of the promised improvements, unless today is the starting day.

And how about your walking resolution? Are you working up to the four-mile-an-hour speed advocated now as the world's greatest little beautifier? Are you even doing the half-hour stretch you swore you would do every single day after you got back?

And how about the daily massage, the hairbrushing, and the scalp treatments?

For the latter, particularly, we plead. We plead because hair is coming to be spoken of as "young" hair, "middle-aged" hair, and "old" hair. When such classification is made and spoken of aloud it is time for action. In fact, it is an excellent thing for women that hair is to be known in such definable terms. What woman has done for her middle-aged and old figure indicates plainly enough the anathema of "middle-aged" and "old."

Complexions have long since been recognized as having but one desirable age—schoolgirl or slightly over. But until recently hair escaped calendar judgment, as it were. Now, however, the care-free days are over.

Youth of the hair is preserved only in two ways. First, by good blood, depending wholly upon good health. Second, by massage of the scalp. The hairbrush is the best implement for scalp massage known—if used vigorously, consistently, and religiously every day. After it, comes massage of the scalp done with the fingers. By rubbing and kneading the scalp, the circulation of the blood is improved and the hair roots are nourished.

The hairbrush is hard on marcels. There's no doubt of that. The rubbing and kneading of the scalp may be performed, however, with less disarrangement of wave.

But the thing that must be recognized is that young hair cannot survive until thirty, even, unless it gets its daily massage by hairbrush or fingers. Tonics, greases, oils are nothing in importance compared to the mechanical stirring up of the blood in the scalp.

So, in taking your personal appraisal, quiz your mirror on the age of your hair. You're going to hear a lot more about young, middle-aged, and old hair.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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P. & A. photo
Hotels in the city of Calgary, Alberta, have beer parlors like this.

How They Drink in CANADA

VI—Alberta and British Columbia

By FREDERICK PALMER

THIS is the concluding article of a series by Colonel Palmer, who toured Canada from east to west, studying the measures adopted by each province in dealing with the problem of drink. He has reported to LIBERTY'S readers on these measures—which in all but two cases are liquor control systems—and on how they have been working, as compared with the old days of saloons or with prohibition.

IN my investigation for LIBERTY of how they manage the drink question in Canada I now reach Alberta and British Columbia, and thus complete my study of the working of the various liquor laws among the differing populations, climates, and drinking habits from coast to coast. I have had to travel far for my facts and nowhere so far as for this article, where the hunt has carried me back and forth for 2,000 miles.

Starting on the prairies and stretching through the foothills into the Rockies, Alberta has within its vast area 650,000 people, including 90,000 from the United States. It has had liquor control since 1924, having followed the lead of British Columbia which began it in 1920.

I began my investigation in Calgary, Canada's famous cow town of the old days. There is situated the huge brewery which supplies the licensed beer halls of Alberta. These beer halls are just what the name implies: they sell nothing but beer. If you want whisky you must buy it at a government liquor store and it must be drunk in your house or hotel room.

I dropped in at the Ranchman's Club, gathering place of the cattle kings of the days of the unfenced ranchland. Wrinkled, bright-eyed veterans of those days still meet there. Beer may be served with meals in the club, but there is no bar, not even a small, genteel one.

The old boys were congratulating the world that virility wasn't dead yet. Only the day before in a "decorating the steer" contest the Canada Kid had had an eye gouged out, and he was trying to convince the doctors that he was fit to go back to the fray. He had one good eye left and he wanted another chance at the steer.

From that you may guess that it was the week of the Calgary Stampede, which is no tame rodeo show but the real thing, bringing the pick of the riders from as far as Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico to compete. It was a full-blooded crowd that gathered, and from the number of men I saw bringing parcels from the government liquor store I thought that the end of the day might show a large number who had fallen by the wayside.

I was wrong. In the 30,000 who gathered about the arena I saw only one man who was lit up in the afternoon and I wouldn't have noticed him if it had not been for his loud joy that a Texas boy had won the main event. The jovial soul was a cattleman from Texas.

Later in the evening there were a few in the streets who weren't very certain that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, but everybody was good-natured and I saw no fights. The beer halls were crowded, but no one lounged at the bar, because in Alberta the law says you must take your beer sitting.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photos

A busy corner of Calgary's main street, Eighth Avenue.

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page sixty-seven]

Perhaps in some degree the absence of drunkenness at such a time may be laid to the old pride of the cow country that a man should be able to carry his liquor. Certainly that was true in the Ranchman's Club. But when I asked men who never miss either the Calgary show or the Stampede at Pendleton on our side of the border which liquored up the more, they all agreed that Pendleton was the wetter. More hip-pocket stuff at Pendleton, they said; more prodigality by hosts in offering drink; and more inclination to finish a bottle when you had one.

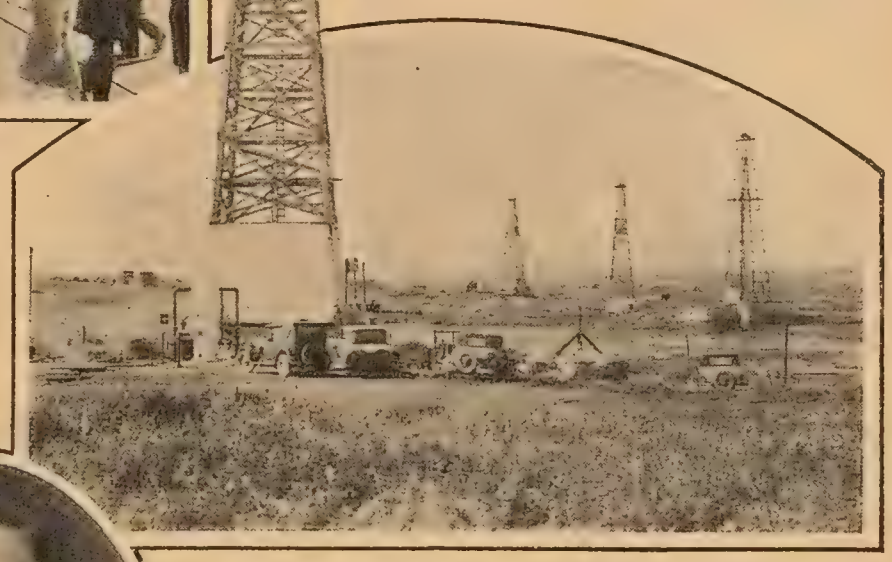
I HAVE noted that Alberta followed British Columbia's lead in abandoning prohibition in favor of liquor control. In the latter province matters were brought to a head by a scandal concerning an enforcement officer who landed in jail. And then there was the "ginger curse." Under prohibition many stores in British Columbia stocked up with small bottles of Jamaica ginger which contained about 90 per cent alcohol and which when poured into near-beer made hell's own brew. Said a Vancouver policeman, "They ought to put a sign, 'Ginger Did It,' on many of the slabs in the cemeteries."

In Alberta the battle for liquor control was even hotter than in British Columbia. In both provinces the wets were well organized in what they called Moderation Leagues; but in Alberta, the farmers' wives who were dry outnumbered the miners and cowmen who were generally wet. The women had voted for prohibition and they turned set faces against control, calling on the provincial legislature to tighten the law still further.

This brought about a situation which is not unfamiliar in the United States. I heard of a lively party at which members of the legislature who had just voted for more rigid enforcement celebrated the end of the session with cocktails and whisky. Three cabinet ministers graced the occasion and talk, it was said, turned from parliamentary matters to the relative merits of the stuff provided by pet bootleggers. But a champion of the moderates arose. He is W. A. Griesbach, who was a combat major general in France and is now one of Canada's senators, who are appointed for life. General Griesbach took the stump and spoke in honest candor for the principle of moderation. He flayed hypocrisy and pointed out the error of those who fooled themselves about a law which could not be enforced.

Prominent on the other side was Mrs. Emily Murphy, who is judge of the juvenile court in Edmonton, the provincial capital and Calgary's chief rival, and is also director of child welfare for the province. Mrs. Murphy and the other leaders of the women made their principal appeal to the farmers' wives. They pictured the corner saloon back in place of the soda fountain and the swing doors ajar invitingly to catch husband when he went to town.

"The saloon is gone for good," answered the moderates, "and the corner drug store, under prohibition, is selling illegal booze."



An oil boom has complicated liquor control near Calgary.

R. J. Dinning, Alberta's lone liquor controller.

The moderates had the better of the argument to such an extent that not only government sale but also public drinking won—which is a bit remarkable when we remember that in three of the Canadian provinces which have government sale, public drinking is prohibited. Public drinking means beer sold by the glass or bottle in licensed halls with tables, except in Quebec, where wine and beer are allowed on restaurant tables and in dining cars as well as in the "taverns." Each province settles these matters for itself and picks the name for its places of sale. In Alberta it is just "Drinks." In Manitoba it is "Beer Parlor," and Quebec sticks to the good old "Tavern."

When Alberta voted in liquor control, neither of the old parties, the Conservative and the Liberal, was in power. The local United Farmers' Party held power and so its political fortunes became tied up to the success of government sale in what had formerly been a dry stronghold. Failure would be fatal to the party, and to guard against it the leaders headed by Premier Brownlee decided that they would center the responsibility for administration in one man instead of a board or commission. And they had in mind the man for the job.

In the city of Lethbridge, R. J. Dinning had been making a reputation as the local manager of the Bank of Montreal. Dinning was not in politics, but as a citizen he sided with the moderates. He and the premier had not met, but Dinning was the man the premier had in mind and he was offered the job with power to hire and

fire. The salary was no inducement, but Dinning is the kind of man who likes to tackle difficult problems. Almost everybody prophesied failure, so he accepted.

All his friends joshed him. "Hear you're going to be the provincial barkeep," they said, but he only grinned. He knew all classes of people in Alberta, and he had a fair idea how they would react to new conditions.

One of Dinning's first problems was the illicit export trade. Under the law in Alberta the permit, which costs a dollar, does not limit the quantity which may be purchased at a government store. That fact suggested possibilities to the bootleggers across the border, and presently Dinning found that the register of purchases showed the permits had been used for quantities far beyond the drinking powers of the most thirsty cowman. Cancellation of permits began. Shorty Manis had his canceled. Shorty dropped over the line from Montana to talk it over. He had had visions of the monopoly of a market that would extend far south of Montana, reaching on and on until it met the competition from the Mexican border.

"You let me have all I want," Shorty said to Dinning, "and I promise you that the profits on it will improve all the roads in Alberta."

Dinning didn't get mad. He just smiled his pleasant smile and told Shorty that his permit would remain canceled and so would those of his friends.

THE new law pleased the Alberta hotelkeepers, especially in the small towns. They had had hard sledding in the prohibition period when deprived of the bar trade; now they might have beer-hall licenses if their records got Dinning's approval. Under the law they must have a real hotel with at least six bedrooms and proper sanitation. Beer must be sold in a room set aside for that purpose and not in the hotel dining room. This limitation was insisted upon by the cafeteria interests which sprang up during the prohibition era.

To make certain that these provisions of the law were observed, Dinning secured the coöperation of the Hotel Men's Association. As a result, hotel accommodations throughout the province have been greatly improved.

Dinning's régime seems to be prospering. Even Mrs. Murphy, who led the women in the fight against control, is now frank to admit her mistake. Her experience as a magistrate shows her that conditions are now better than they were under prohibition. Judge Primrose, police magistrate in Edmonton, finds that while drunkenness has decreased since prohibition gave way to control, conditions are not yet ideal. Farmers' wives complain that their husbands tarry overlong at the beer halls and get home late. To overcome such objections it has been proposed to close the beer halls, now open from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M., for an hour or two at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Rheumatism's Gone"

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page sixty-nine]

suppertime. Then all the sitters would have to get out and the place could be aired and cleaned for the evening session.

It is even possible that Alberta may one day have a referendum that will eliminate public drinking. On this point the moderates would not make a fight. Their point was gained when they secured government sale through liquor stores, giving everyone a right to legal purchase of alcoholic beverages for personal use.

But H. H. Hull, secretary of the local prohibition forces, is certain that Dinning has an impossible job. Hull says he is as sure that prohibition will return as he is that summer follows winter. Meanwhile he is trying to hold his people from getting too fanatical.

Hugh Davidson, who is British Columbia's one-man liquor board.

Dinning listens to wets, drys, and moderates alike. He merely smiles at the extremists and goes on observing closely the drink situation in the vast province, all the way from the new farms being opened up far north in the Peace River country, and the still farther north where the construction gangs are laying the rails for the new road to Hudson Bay, southward to Carstone County on the border.

Carstone is interesting. It was settled by Mormons who, exercising local option, will have neither liquor store nor beer hall.

Nevertheless mail orders for liquor to Carstone hold up to the average of the other counties. Such things as this serve to keep the twinkle in Dinning's eye as well as to corrugate his brow.

Calgary with its oil boom offers a real problem. Dinning will allow no beer halls or liquor stores in the oil fields.

Carelessness in the use of a match by a drunk might blow up the whole works; and men who labor all day in grim oil-soaked surroundings have a way of going on sprees as a "psychological release."

"But don't they buy it and bring it in?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he replied, "but usually they make a day of it in town and drink up all they buy. Anyway, we don't catch many on the job with the smell of drink about them, and bootlegging is under control."

Bearing in mind that many of the drillers and workmen are Americans, I asked if there was more or less drinking in the California, Oklahoma, and Texas fields than in Calgary. I was told that there is more. Dinning seems to be doing a good job.

IN British Columbia, the last province in my survey, conditions differ radically from those in Alberta. It is a pleasant place, is British Columbia, with its even, soft climate, its thick green lawns, and its parks with their profusion of flowers.

Vancouver, its chief city, is also Canada's great Pacific port.

The first liquor control law of the province provided only for government sale in liquor stores, but later beer halls were voted in. They tried first a control board of three, but later shifted to Alberta's system of one-man control.

The man is Hugh Davidson, a pioneer who built a fortune which leaves him independent of his salary. His character is as free from criticism as is Dinning's.

Davidson's headquarters are of course at Victoria, the capital city, but his problem lies mainly in Vancouver. It is there that the people from the ranches up country and in the valleys go when they "go to the city," and people of the grain provinces journey there to escape the prairie heat of summer and the cold of winter. Along Vancouver's water front one finds the strong flavor of the Orient characteristic of Pacific seaports, and here are found the conditions that made the problem of pro-

hibition acute. There is also the problem of the visiting American.

The native stock of the province is of British origin and has inherited drinking habits which have been emphasized by pioneering experience. The favorite drink is Scotch; if rum happens to be the choice, the preference is for Bacardi rather than Jamaica. Rye has hardly a look-in. Loganberry wine is a great favorite and the wine makers can't keep up with the demand of the prairie section, but in spite of this the ratio of wine consumption has not increased enormously as it has in the other control provinces.

As in the other provinces, the drink bill for British Columbia jumped the second year of liquor control and then began to steady down. In the last annual report sales were $371,000 above the previous year and the total for the province was just under $14,000,000. That total is about three times as much as Alberta's drink bill for a like period.

Alberta has about the same number of inhabitants as has British Columbia, and the difference in consumption of alcohol may perhaps be put down as a comparison of urban-seaport thirsts with those of the great open spaces.

But in spite of the robust thirsts of its people, Vancouver has only 1,400 arrests a year for drunkenness, as compared with 2,400 in Spokane, the neighboring American city, which has about half the estimated population of Vancouver with its suburbs.

PERHAPS the comparative rarity of the souse in Vancouver may be due to the fostering care the government takes of its drinkers. Liquor stores are kept open until 11 o'clock so that late customers will not patronize the small bootleggers, and the liquor board sells a fifteen-ounce bottle of reasonably priced Scotch in order to wean addicts from "canned heat," ginger, and the products of illicit stills.

The board also does its best to accommodate the customer's taste. Favorite home tipples are imported in an effort to break the local Chinese and Japanese of the practice of making their own. The Hindus are perhaps the easiest to satisfy. When they have a party they buy a bottle of cognac. Each drinker takes a pull at the bottle; then the bottle is filled up with water; everybody takes another drink, and so on until the drinkers taper off on water alone.

And the board is careful about little things. There was an appeal to have the cheap Scotch bottles made flat, but Davidson remembered the hip pockets of prohibition days and kept the bottles round.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Emily Murphy, the juvenile court judge of Edmonton, Alberta, a former dry who now prefers liquor control.

A flat bottle might have been a temptation to break the law which says that all hard liquor must be consumed at home.

I have suggested that Seattle, across the border on her side of the Sound, is quite damp. Nobody denies it, but the Rev. Dr. R. J. McIntyre, the indefatigable head of the Prohibition Association of British Columbia, wants to know why, if the States are so wet, so many Americans come to Vancouver to get a drink. Dr. McIntyre is sure that there is only one cure for the drink evil and that the United States has it, and furthermore that prohibition will win here if we stick to enforcement. But to go back to his question, the answer as most Americans would give it is, "Because we get good stuff over here."

As I was coming along the hall in my hotel I passed a party of four prosperous-looking Americans accompanied by their wives. The men had golf sticks and one had a bottle under his arm. "Martinis!" he proclaimed, and his smile was a delight to witness. Cracked ice was on

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page seventy-one]

the way for the before-dinner cocktail which could not be served in the dining room, but which was legal in a hotel room.

As many as 5,000 Americans are said to come from California, Oregon, and Washington at New Year's for what is called an "alcoholiday" and some of them rather overdo it. Scenes in a hotel during the welcoming in of 1929, as described by a fellow American, included a fat man and his fat wife sitting in the corridor on either side of a cooler containing two bottles of champagne. The lady was weeping. No man had tried to kiss her and she felt that youth was passing. Her husband did his best. He was offering a ten-dollar bill to all and sundry who would cheer the lady up, but he found no takers.

Leaving holidays aside, the Americans usually behave very well in Vancouver.

How they deal with liquor in Canada. Prince Edward and Nova Scotia still have prohibition. Quebec never did go bone-dry, and has now had seven years of a liberal liquor control system. The other provinces, dried in wartime, turned to liquor control as follows: British Columbia, 1920; Alberta and Manitoba, 1923; Saskatchewan, 1924; New Brunswick and Ontario, 1927.

The visitor has a cocktail or whisky served in his room, or perhaps a bottle of wine with a meal served there and goes his way rejoicing but sober. Generally speaking, the Canadians are tolerant of thirsty Americans, but one Vancouver business man said:

"I know a chap on the other side who comes over here on occasions for a bat. He gets drunk and stays drunk for several days. Then he says, 'I'm off the stuff,' and returns home to vote dry. That's hard for a moderate drinker like myself to understand."

I was told that some prominent Vancouver business men were prohibitionists and I went to see them. They said that if it should become evident that there was public support for a bone-dry law they would fight for one. Until then they were for liquor control. One strongly favored an idea, which has been much discussed in cabinet conferences, of having the government own and run the beer halls and also take over the manufacture of beer. This, it was felt, would insure that private greed had no part in the business.

ON the other hand, cosmopolitan British Columbia has friends of the Quebec law which permits wine and beer to be served with meals.

In this connection it is interesting to note that not once on my journeys did I see a drink served or a surreptitious flask produced in any hotel or restaurant outside Quebec where table service is legal.

In finishing my report on how they drink in Canada, here are some general conclusions which are pertinent:

I found the police on both sides of the border convinced that prohibition was a handicap in their work. The records show in general that under the Canadian system drunkenness has decreased or is at a standstill and that there has been a decrease in acute and chronic alcoholism.

It is unfair to say that Canada favors government sale because of the profits from the tourist trade, although the fact of these profits from the increasing numbers of people who are attracted by the appeal of the Canadian Rockies and Canada's woods and streams is undeniable. Each province adopted liquor control for local reasons which had the matter of morals behind them, and the choice was made after hot discussion as to the best means of dealing with the drink evil and assuring personal liberty.

That matter of personal liberty is very dear to Canadians, who are also inclined to have stern penalties for lawbreaking and a swift justice to enforce them.

IN the seven provinces which have adopted government sale, the liquor stores run by the government seem well established.

There is a major public support of the law and big bootlegging has been eliminated. Discussion right now revolves mainly around the wisdom of having beer halls. This general situation is not at all affected by the recent referendum in Prince Edward Island, which resulted in favor of continuing prohibition. Liquor control partisans insist that in this island province in the lee of Newfoundland good bootlegged stuff is so cheap that everybody is satisfied and the wets are willing to stick to prohibition as a matter of economy.

The willingness or unwillingness of Nova Scotians to stick to prohibition will be manifest soon after this article appears.

On October 31 they are to decide by their votes whether they favor the repeal of the provincial dry law, and whether they would welcome liquor control in its stead.

At this writing both the drys and the moderate wets are confident of victory.

Throughout Canada, where liquor control obtains, there is strong provincial appeal to the Dominion government to lower the excise tax on spirits, which now amount to almost two dollars a bottle.

Cheaper whisky, it is felt, would strengthen the position of the control boards in their fight against the moonshine, the "canned heat" addict, and the small bootlegger.

In general, then, the provinces are well pleased with their various solutions. But perhaps it is only fair that the last word should come from the prohibitionists.

Said a stalwart of that clan:

"We'll put it over on Canada yet, just as we did in the States, because we are all united on one thing—to stop all drink.

"The wets are divided, because each man wants a law that will give him his favorite tipple, from wine to whisky and beer, and allow him to drink it where he pleases.

"The only way to satisfy them all is to bring back the old saloon and have the bottle stuff on sale at the grocers'."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Nameless

On a visit to my brother's farm my small niece Janet was showing me the cows and calves, naming each one. When we came to the last one she did not call a name, so I asked her what it was.

"Oh, he hasn't got a name, he's just a bull," she replied.—John Murbach, Box 324, Aurora, Colo.

* * *

The Bride's Return

Marie, a bride of two months, was on a visit home. At supper she had an extra portion of small brother Tom's favorite dessert. Tommy spoke up:

"Say, Marie, I thought pa gave you away at the weddin' last June!"—Helen E. Moberg, 16 Halmstad St., Worcester, Mass.

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Try, if you like, this Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva—in sample form, without expense. If you sign the coupon below, or send a postcard, we will send you trial sizes that will tell a pleasant and most convincing story.

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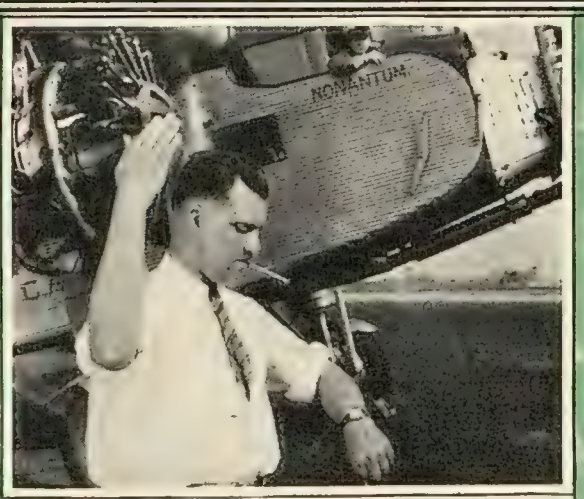
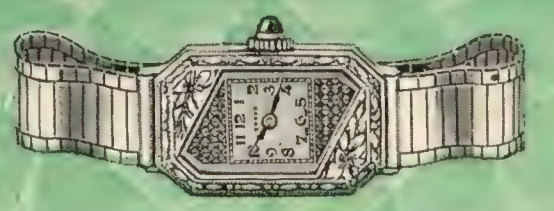


Richard W. Mackie, division superintendent, dispatching a Colonial plane for Boston, at Newark Airport, on Benrus Time.



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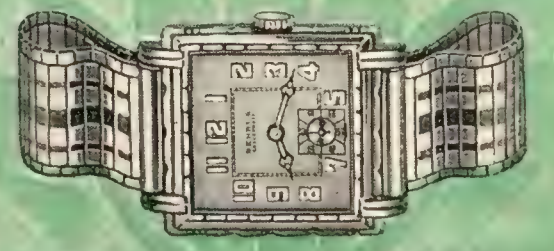

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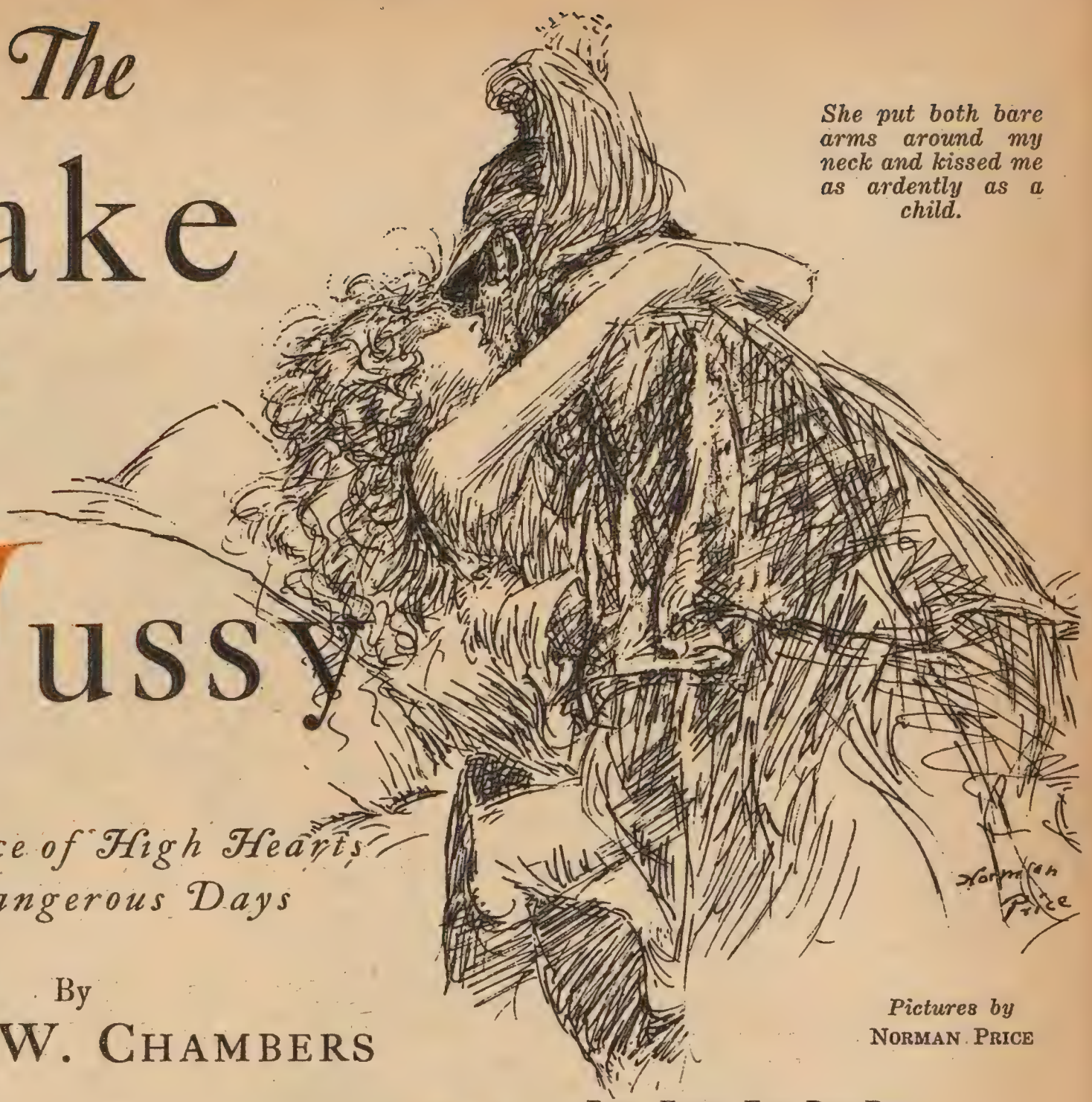
The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days



She put both bare arms around my neck and kissed me as ardently as a child.

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

PART FOUR—THE RED BIRD

"GOD alone knows how my son begat such a jade! But I'm done with her. Let her go to the devil!"

These were the words uttered by little Naia Strayling's enraged grandad when we appeared before him. She and I had but just crossed from England to New York in the rôle of man and wife. It had seemed the simplest way.

The times were turbulent—the year 1812. America had declared war against England. We had been part of the hell-raking set that surrounded the English Prince Regent.

Naia was in a pickle, having run away from a French school, and I was in a plight, having fought one too many duels. And so we fled together.

Noblesse oblige. At her grandfather's words I asked the saucy youngster's hand in marriage. She refused so forced an offer, but went with me to Cock-crow Hall, my estate in Westchester, having no other refuge. There my servants accepted her as my lady.

All of this was of little moment, but what was of vast importance was a stupid British blunder. Among our satchels I had discovered a despatch pouch addressed to the English Prince Regent. It contained plans for a vast invasion of America and the arming of the Indians.

These secret papers came near to being my undoing. British spies, searching for them, gained entrance to my home and locked up my youngster and me—I to await execution.

But she, mounting a narrow chimney, secured a ladder left by workmen, thus saving us both.

We chased the marauders on horseback—my grooms, stable-boys, Naia, and I—riding toward Orienta Point. There we missed them; they were off in a rowboat.

Suddenly, across the water, came a shrieking round shot tearing through the tops of the pines.

MY youngster, fascinated, sat her saddle, gazing up at the shattered tree-top when I seized and turned her horse without ceremony.

"Come on!" said I, exasperated. "Do you want your silly head blown off?"

Far out on the shrouded sea another monstrous flash split the mist; the ground shook with thunder; above us a pine snapped like a pipestem, and the whole top-hamper fell crackling and swishing to the ground.

I shouted to my men to gallop for the mainland, and bade my youngster ride for her life. But the spectacle seemed to enchant her, for no sooner had she spurred her horse than she pulled in again to gaze upon the wreckage of the pine.

At that I lost all patience, and fetched her horse such a clip that it bounded forward beside mine, almost unseating her.

Her grey eyes fairly blazed at me as she recovered from the indignity; but there was no time to reason with a lunatic, and I told her so as we tore back across the causeway.

Behind us the unseen cannon flashed and thundered once again. Then a sinister and foggy silence reigned over land and sea.

Once across the causeway, I had no further concern for the safety of my people.

There was a thin mist over Mamaroneck where, in the main street, the entire village had run out, half clad, alarmed by the heavy firing.

As we rode through town we encountered the night watch marching with pike and lantern, and I stopped them to give them the news and make enquiries. They informed me that a British cruiser had entered the Sound the day before and that an express had gone to New

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page 75

York with the news. The rising sun spun a pale halo in the east as we turned inland on the road to Cock-crow Hall.

My ill humour, born of alarm for my youngster's safety, and of my general concern for my barnyard cavalry, had entirely subsided. She gave me a stormy glance when I asked pardon for touching her mare, but presently smiled at me in swift relenting. She was cheerful although she had had no sleep at all that night, and very little the night before last, at the City Hotel.

"If my behaviour," she said, "has reassured you in regard to my character, I hope that you have concluded to take me to the war with you."

I explained very gently and kindly that it could not be done.

"Some officers take their wives," said she, "when troops march out."

To put an end to further argument I asked her if she was prepared to share my blanket.

After a flushed silence: "Must I do that if I go, sir?"

"That is what is expected of officers' wives who go campaigning, ma'am. Armies don't carry extra tents and beds for single ladies."

I glanced sideways at her lowered head and vexed lips bitten in perplexity, but felt no inclination to laugh at her.

Already we had backed to pick the swimmers up, our bluejacke

WE rode on at a slow canter, our horses being somewhat jaded; and I was contented to see my own broad acres once more.

At the lodge the gates stood wide open; and here, to our astonishment, we came among a whole regiment of red-jacketed dragoons with their wagons, forges, and mules encamped along the highway, their horses picketed under the trees, campfires lighted, and men at breakfast.

When the officer on guard at my gates learned who we were he told us that this was a provisional regiment and a part of New York's cavalry quota; and that His Excellency the Governor of New York and other officers were stopping at Cock-crow Hall for breakfast; and that the regiment had just been inspected and had been ordered to the Army of the Centre which was preparing to invade

nding ready to heave them a rope—and up they scrambled, amid the wild cheering of our crew.

Canada. Here, at last, was a stroke of luck! I put my horse to a gallop in the gayest of spirits and with a vast load off my mind. At the porch I sent my stable cavalry, with our horses, about their business, bade my poor youngster put on her prettiest gown, and ran upstairs beside her to change for more suitable attire.

"Look as charming and attractive as you can," said I, "because I want you to captivate His Excellency and so incline him to listen to my request for immediate service in the field. Remember! Be clever. It all may depend on you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-seven]

As I turned away her hand caught my sleeve:

"For heaven's sake, sir," she begged, "take me with you to this war or I shall break my heart on it!"

"Come," said I, "are you going to whimper and fail me now?"

She gave me an indescribable look; her hand fell from me.

"No," said she, "I shan't fail you." And she closed her door.

By the time I was dressed, she also was ready, and came dancing from her room to take my arm, brilliant-eyed, dewy-fresh as a child in her gown of clinging white with its sash and ribbons.

In the drawing room His Excellency who, on learning of our arrival, had politely waited breakfast for us, rose to greet us—a tall, handsome man with confident manner and keen, shrewd eyes.

He kissed my youngster's hand and named to us General Morton, General Steddiford, Colonel Wickham, and Major Warner of the cavalry, and Captain Macomb, aide-de-camp.

Then he gallantly led my delighted youngster to her place at the head of the table, whereupon she curtseyed and assigned him to her right hand, and Steddiford to her left, with all the self-possession in the world. So we sat, and so were served with buckwheat cakes, with bacon, eggs, and coffee.

From Fridenberg Gallery

The City Hotel in 1812.

I lost no time in acquainting these gentlemen of what had taken place the night before, and what attempt we had made to intercept these impudent miscreants.

When His Excellency learned from us exactly what had taken place, he and his officers appeared to be vastly disturbed. They all plied us with anxious questions; and His Excellency told us very frankly that New York City had been plagued by a host of enemy agents and spies; and that a considerable number of citizens were not only opposed to the war, but that some, even, were suspected of disloyalty and intrigue with the enemy.

Breakfast was a brief affair and soon finished. At His Excellency's request we withdrew to the library; and he asked us to close the doors against interruption from servants.

"SIR," said he to me as soon as we were seated, "the signal service which madam your wife performed when she aided you to solve the British cipher has been rendered in vain unless either she or you can remember enough about it to aid us."

"I remember a portion of it," said I, "and some of the names of the British emissaries who were to be sent to gain the Indians."

He looked at Naia Strayling: "And you, Mrs. Brooke?"

"I think I remember it all, your Excellency," said she.

A smile flashed in his keen, humorous eyes:

"If you do, madam," said he, "I'll make you a brigadier-general on the spot!"

I was looking at her in doubt and surprise when she turned smilingly to me and asked me to write down for her the substance of the decoded document as she remembered it.

I scarcely believed that she remembered more than I did; but I seated myself at the writing table, with pen and paper, striving to do my part toward recollecting the names of people mentioned in the cipher.

In the silence which followed she began to speak; and every word fell clearly from her lips, leisurely, exquisitely enunciated. There was no slightest hesitation. She had committed the entire document to memory.

As I wrote, my amazement and admiration grew, while from her lips gradually, concisely, the British plan of operations, framed by orders in council, took grewsome shape—the proposed method of invasion was revealed—and three separate armies were recommended which were to strike at us from Canada, from Louisiana, from the Chesapeake—all three ultimately converging on New York City.

Almost word by word she recollected the recommendations concerning a naval blockade to seal all our ports from Maine to Spanish Florida and the Mississippi, including the proposed destruction of Baltimore, Wilmington, and Washington; the permanent occupation of New Orleans, Ohio, all of Maine, and northern New York, and all territory west of the Ohio River and the Mississippi. And I wrote down every word, wondering, aware that her memory had not failed her in a single detail.

THEN, slowly and carefully, she recited the infamous plan concerning the Indians.

Ten thousand savage warriors were to be secured as British allies and turned loose upon our defenseless frontiers. The nations to be approached by British agents were the Miamis, the Ottawas, Wyandottes, Shawanese in the Northwest; the entire Creek Confederacy in the South and Southeast, including Chocktahs, Cherokis, Tallasees, and Seminoles in Spanish Florida.

Amid the tense silence of those around her, she gave the names of two Indians under whose supreme leadership this monstrous conspiracy was to be accomplished. They were Tecumtha the Shawanese, and Pemquatawa, his brother, called The Prophet.

And now she repeated for us the names of the British officers and agents who were to be entrusted with this dreadful mission to the savage nations: Captain Vulper was to go to the Cherokis; a Mr. Forney to the Seminoles; to the fierce Shawanese and Wyandottes, a Doctor Grieve; a Mr. Welp was to be detailed to stir the blacks to insurrection from Georgia to the Carolinas.

And, above all, the British Colonel Proctor was to be charged with the absolute winning over of Tecumtha and The Prophet, and was ordered to provide for their mission to the Creek Confederacy.

When Naia Strayling had ended, she glanced over the table at me; seemed to understand the troubled wonder in my gaze, blushed slightly, and smiled at me.

"Can you remember anything that I may have forgotten to mention?" she asked demurely.

"You neglected to mention," said I, "that you are far cleverer than your husband. But that is obvious."

Which relieved the tension, and everybody laughed and made her compliments and gallant phrases; and I felt a strange pride invading me as though she truly were my wife.

His Excellency asked his aide-de-camp to make careful copies of what I had written out, and despatch them express to Washington by different couriers and routes.

Then he rose and thanked my youngster with a frankness and warmth that sent the colour flying to her cheeks again; and when the other officers came to kiss her hand and praise her, she could not forbear to fling another demurely mischievous glance at me.

Very innocently, then, she requested of His Excellency her promised commission as brigadier; and, in the renewed laughter which followed, the gallant, handsome Governor of New York promised her anything within his military or political power to grant.

She asked him if he spoke seriously, and he said that he did. They both were laughing.

"Very well," said she, "I ask of Your Excellency that you order Mr. Brooke on immediate active service, and that you permit me to go with him as his aide-de-camp—and maid of all work!"

"Madam," said he, "I had already intended to order your husband into active service. And you may go with him if you choose."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY]

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Face Powder..$1.00 Double Vanity..$1.75 Triple ..$2.00

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[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-eight]

She flashed a swift, joyous look at me, her whole being aquiver with triumph.

"Madam," continued His Excellency, "I have with me a rifle officer's commission and captain's brevet for your husband. But it is plain to me that such a man as he should be detailed for some particular and delicate mission. I have in mind such a mission. And, when you learn what is this mission, you may not care to accompany him."

"I ask Your Excellency's permission to go wherever he goes," she said quickly. "I beg Your Excellency to order me to accompany him."

The Governor laughed; looked at me, hesitated:

"Captain Brooke," said he, "am I carrying this pleasantry a little too far to suit your domestic views? Because, sir, I propose to send you with an interpreter and a few of Colonel McClure's riflemen to talk to Colonel Hawkins, the United States Indian Agent residing among the Creeks and Seminoles at Tukabaka on the Tallapoosa, the ancient capital of the Creek Confederacy."

"Your Excellency," said I, "it is very natural that—a husband—should decline to hazard his wife's life—"

An odd sound, scarcely a sob, scarcely even a swift-drawn sigh, checked me. I looked around at the youngster; there was such utter despair in her hurt eyes that I reddened as though I had struck her. I turned slowly to the Governor again, thanked him for the permission, and said that I would discuss the matter further with my wife.

II

BEFORE His Excellency departed I had been given fullest instructions covering my mission to Colonel Hawkins, to whom I was to reveal the British plan for corrupting the Creek Confederacy.

Closeted in the library with His Excellency alone, and while his aide-de-camp was preparing my credentials and other documents necessary, I made detailed notes of my instructions, which, broadly, were to warn Colonel Hawkins; intercept, make prisoner, or destroy any British or Indian agents I encountered; do what I could to counteract British influence among the savages; and, if possible, report ultimately to a certain Andrew Jackson, a militia general, who was out of favour with the Administration at Washington, but who was a born fighter, and in a position to call out the hardy cavalry and mounted infantry of Kentucky and Tennessee.

When I had made memoranda of all this, His Excellency sent his aide-de-camp for blanks, remarking to me with some contempt that the Federal Council of Appointment need have nothing to do with a Democrat's business, and could go to hell, as far as he was concerned.

If Governor Tompkins was an autocrat, nevertheless he knew his business. He signed my commission; and, brevetting me as captain in the rifles, and detaching me from The Greens—or McClure's regiment—ordered me on special and confidential service with a detachment of Adirondack Leather-legs under Lieutenant Glimming—a rifle detachment of volunteers available for operations outside of the state line.

To me, further, was assigned Joe Barse of Chateaugai, and Black Cat, a Miami, as interpreters and guides.

"This mission," remarked His Excellency, "belongs to you by right, but I would not give it to you if you were not peculiarly fitted for it."

"Do you believe I am, sir?"

"I do. I knew your father. I know your race—cool-headed, intelligent, unhurried, and"— he smiled— "rather deadly. Also, you are a man of the world and accustomed to gentlemen; and know how to estimate British officers and how to deal with them."

And now he admitted to me that his sudden selection of me was an impulse.

"I had already intended to send a mission to Hawkins, warning him against the Spaniards in Florida," said he. "That expedition is ready to leave tomorrow; and I had decided to give it to Ben Glimming. But," said he, "I

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Chick Meehan

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You will appreciate the idea just as thousands of Nockabout wearers already do. By skilfully knitting in extra yarn, from armhole to cuff, Nockabout gives you greater wearing service—keeps elbows from breaking through as quickly as they do with old style sleeves.

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had misgivings. Glimming is honest and fearless, but he's a noisy, cursing fellow without diplomacy, and the very sight of a British officer enrages him. You are the man, Captain Brooke."

I thanked him and told him I was extremely happy.

"When can you start?" he asked abruptly.

"Instantly, sir, if I may go in the only uniform I own."

He said: "Your detachment of riflemen, with arms, equipment, accoutrement, and baggage, is aboard the privateer Red Bird, lying off Westport. There is spare clothing aboard. And you had better wear the rifle shirt of these northern Leather-legs."

"Very well, sir. I can start for Westport in an hour."

"Good God," said he, laughing, "you must have some skyrocket in you, Mr. Brooke, if you take fire so swiftly."

Then he told me that there was, so far, only one British cruiser in the Sound; that the Red Bird could easily outsail her, and that I might hoist anchor as soon as I was aboard and stand for Amelia Island—"for that is your route, sir, and you will be as friendly with those damned Spaniards as prudence suggests."

Well, that was all. His Excellency rose; I shook hands with him and with his aide-de-camp. On the lawn he took leave of Naia who was playing croquet with the officers.

AND now their spirited horses were fetched to the mounting block. His Excellency and staff made a handsome sight in their showy saddles; their horses pranced and capered and cut up; the brilliantly uniformed riders lifted gold-laced cocked hats to salute us, and away they went with a flourish of plumes and clatter of swords, followed by an escort of helmeted, red-jacketed dragoons.

"Daniel D. Tompkins and staff," said I aloud. I don't know why, but it sounded funny.

I was in excellent spirits. I looked at my wife who was finishing her game of croquet all alone. What an amazing child! What a memory! And what quick-thinking coolness in emergencies!

Could it have been that same slim, composed figure calmly knocking croquet balls over the lawn, who had climbed the chimney for me while Death sniffed at us outside our door?

Was she afraid of anything on earth? Was she really the irresponsible madcap she seemed—recklessly chaste, daring with the audacity of uncorrupted sophistication? Or had she been more than this in Paris and in London before I knew her—and was there, deep within her, the guile and wile and patience of a Circe?

I walked over to where she was listlessly knocking the balls about. After a shot or two she turned around and gave me a straight look out of her grey eyes.

In that instant I knew that she ought to be my wife and mistress of Cock-crow Hall.

III

WE walked together to the library—I already hot with my project, she leaning on my arm as though tired.

There was a love-seat by the sunny window. I was not thinking of its significance when I seated her there—had no thought of love at all in my practical and vastly interested mind.

"I am going away," said I. "It would be senseless and rash for you to go with me."

She stared steadily out of the window at the declining sun.

"Naia Strayling," said I, "I am not base enough to affront you with flattery or pretense of any mawkish and sudden tenderness. There is no such sickly sentiment in me, ma'am. No woman ever has heard me invoke what is commonly known as love, to palliate or sugar any conduct of mine."

She did not appear to be listening to what I was saying; nevertheless, I went on:

"What I desire to say to you," said I, "is that my sentiments toward you are both respectable and endur-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The reinforced sleeve is Nockabout's latest contribution to the men of America—added to other well known exclusive features. Nockabout is certainly the knit jacket you should select this fall.

Nockabout knit jackets have that well-tailored appearance—shaped shoulders—reinforced pockets—stronger buttonholes, smart colors, all at popular prices.

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CIGARETTES

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[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page eighty-one]

ing, and are not concerned with petty passions. I wish to say to you that I admire courage more than anything in this world, and would willingly marry such a woman as you are—"

She turned and looked curiously at me.

I asked her if she had heard what I had been saying; and she said she had.

"Your cool and fearless conduct," said I, "captivates me, as female charms and arts and graces never have permanently stirred me. Because what they arouse is merely love; and love, at best, means no more than the passing passion of an hour—"

She looked up at me again and laughed:

"Is that all you know of love?"

"I know it is merely an art, ma'am—"

"As taught you by many pretty women, sir?"

"And by the sad wisdom of the ages, ma'am—"

She began to laugh again; but I said very earnestly that never before had any woman so engaged me as to inspire me with desire to marry her and make her mistress of Cock-crow Hall.

"Do I inspire you to wish for that, sir? And why?"

"Because," said I, "such a marriage would be both agreeable and convenient—"

"Is that why?"

"I have already told you that I admire you."

"We need not marry to admire each other," said she. "Moreover," said she, "I won't live with any man in so loose a manner!"

"Good heavens, ma'am, I am asking you to be my wife, not my mistress!"

She was at some pains to control her laughter:

"If ever you desire *that* of me," said she, "I might consider your more lawful but less respectable request."

"YOU utterly misunderstand me," I protested; "what I want is a lawful wife—"

"I heard you, sir—" She could scarce speak for laughter.

"A wife," I explained, "who is in health, who is educated, agreeable to gaze upon, who possesses both courage and wit, and whose antecedents are as respectable as my own—"

She laughed and laughed.

"Doubtless," said she, "I must be a low hussy, for I can only deplore a taste so chaste, and would even prefer a state of lawless love to the passionless economics of so prudent a marriage!"

What she meant God only knew and I could not guess, other than that her pretty impertinence very plainly revealed an incapacity to understand me.

After a long silence—while I was watching the level sun kindling her hair to curling flames—she asked me how soon I meant to start upon my military mission.

"Tonight. And I wish to God you would marry me now, and take the care of Cock-crow Hall. There's a parson at Mamaroneck—"

"And then?"

"I go aboard the Red Bird."

"And no honeymoon?"

"Why—as—as for that," I stammered, "—when I return—"

"When?"

"I should return by spring."

"A long six months, sir. Would you not wish me to be breeding an heir to Cock-crow Hall for you during those long and wintry months?"

There was no effrontery in her clear, grey eyes, nothing but calm enquiry; yet never had I been so utterly upset and silenced.

"Even your cattle," said she, "are more thriftily bred, and no time lost—"

"Good God," said I, "you utterly misunderstand me because I consider love but a fugitive emotion and offer you a more genuine and enduring friendship—"

"Let me go to war with you!"

"Damnation," said I. And asked her angrily whether she chose to share my blanket.

"Look at her, my bullies! See her come sneakin' like a whipped lass from the pantry! She's whipped already, I tell yeh."

"Yes, sir; I think it would be quite safe," said she coolly.

"Very well, then," said I, exasperated, "we can stop at the parson's on our way."

"It will not be necessary," said she, her nose in the air.

Then she rose and pulled the bell-rope; and when a servant came:

"Mr. Brooke and I are going on a journey," said she. "Please see to my boxes."

"And you can tell them to harness up and fetch my coach immediately," said I in a passion, "and drive me to Westport!"

Here was a senseless quarrel, and I didn't even quite know what it was about; but everything she said seemed to sting me with ridicule and I was damned if I'd put up with it, but meant to show her I cared not a tinker's dam whether she married me or not, or went to the war with me, or stopped at Cock-crow Hall.

I interviewed Skerret and made arrangements for the household's maintenance while away. I had only two valises packed for me, which I considered sufficient. I dressed me in my regimentals: red jacket, helmet, boots, sabre, and horseman's cloak.

Then, in a rage, I went clanking downstairs.

Skerret and his servants stood at the open door. Outside I saw my coach piled high with my youngster's luggage.

As I walked out, jingling all over, I saw my youngster's enraptured face at the coach window, and she held out both gloved hands to me.

"Oh, heaven," said she, "how beautiful has God—and your tailor—made you, sir, to the delight of your country and Cock-crow Hall!"

I got into the coach and seated myself beside her, too furious even to utter the single word, "Damnation!"

At Mamaroneck I broke my silence for the first time, offering to stop at the parson's.

"No," said she, "I won't submit to a man I do not love . . . and who does not love me."

"Submit what?"

"My pride and—person."

"Am I to expect no heir to Cock-crow—"

"Not from me, sir! Hang Cock-crow Hall! I'm weary of the very name!"

"Drive on," said I hoarsely to my coachman.

IV

AT midnight we arrived at Westport. The mosquitoes were devilish. A barge finally took us and our baggage aboard the Red Bird.

We had a cabin with two bunks. She undressed and went to bed while I was on deck, talking with our master, Captain Breeze, who had decided to weigh and sail at once, as wind and tide favoured and the British cruiser still lay off Mamaroneck.

I lingered while sail was made, watching our bluejackets swarm the deck and rigging. All lights were extinguished aboard us save for the glimmer in the binnacle.

When I went below, my cabin was dark and silent, and I supposed my wild youngster was asleep.

Something—perhaps the thought of that young thing lying all alone there in darkness—softened me. As I leaned over her to listen to her breathing, her low, calm voice startled me:

"I am not asleep. I've been lying here listening to the sails, and wishing I were in love with you. . . . And you with me. What an adventure, sir!—for they told me you were the most dangerous rake in England!"

I was so astonished that I sat down on my bunk without a word.

"Gamester, duellist, rake supreme," she murmured sleepily; "—and here I lie unafraid. . . . Peril aloft and peril alow. . . . Ships and cannon and waves once more—and you. . . . And *you* again! . . . We shall see Indians together. And parrots. And murder, perhaps. . . . Remember, if ever I lie dying, let me

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page eighty-three]

have a last word with you. . . . For I have something I mean to tell you before breath fails me. And it may astonish you."

"What is all this wild talk?" said I.

"Happiness, sir. In my odd, blind, inarticulate way I am thanking God that I am with you."

"You are a wild thing," said I, "and very strange; and I want you for my own but you will not have me."

"Who knows," said she, "how much time on earth we shall have to change our minds?"

"Could you change yours?"

"In the twinkling of an eye—or after many years, perhaps; or, perhaps, after I am dead."

After a silence she called me softly: "Where are you, sir?"

As I rose in darkness on the unsteady floor, I encountered her groping hand.

"It is like the chops of the English Channel," she whispered. "Do you remember?"

"How we used to say good-night?"

"Yes."

I bent over her; she put both bare arms around my neck; I kissed her with all my heart; and she kissed me as ardently as a child.

"Oh, heaven," she sighed, sinking back upon her pillow, "what a wonderful adventure is war, to be sure! And may God guide us quickly into battle, joyously and together—for I shall never rest till I see one, and really learn what life and death on earth amount to!"

She turned over on her pillow, yawning.

"But as for love," she murmured, "I have already learned from you that it amounts to nothing more than a good-night kiss—"

A heavy rapping on the cabin door brought me to my feet.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"Master of arms, sir. Cap'n Breeze's compliments to Cap'n Brooke, sir, and has the honour to inform him that a British ship is chasing us."

I stepped quickly to the cabin window and looked out astern. Far away in darkness I saw a ruddy flash; and, after a moment, the distant report followed, scarce heard amid the thunder of our sails. Now, from our quarter-deck overhead, there came a thudding scamper of bare feet, clash of lanyard, rope, and pivot; a drawling voice, calm in command; then our cabin floor leaped under us in the deafening outcrash of a Long Tom, and the flame of the after gun turned our wake to a torrent of churning blood!

V

ALL night long, in a heavy wind and sea, our enemy chased us, unseen except for signals and fitful flashes from her long bow gun.

Many, various, and strange were her signals; she burned a blue light on her forecastle; she fired rockets; she said things, with lanterns, which we never understood; and if they were meant for an unseen consort we never knew.

Dawn finally disclosed her; sunrise revealed her two miles to windward and carrying so staggering a press of sail that when they awoke me below to go on deck and have a look at her I was astounded.

She turned out to be brig-rigged, as were we. When the sun shone clear over tumbling seas, she showed us a private signal which we did not understand, and fired a gun to leeward.

Our Red Bird was a wet ship; the gun deck boiled with the foamy seas we shipped; spray swept the quarter-deck where I stood with Captain Breeze. He was a lean, green-eyed, weather-battered Amaganset whale-captain; he sat on the breech of the after swivel, balanced like a jay-bird on a windy branch, and opening and eating oysters which his newly married wife, a good-looking young slattern who did his cooking for him, had fetched in a bucket. This was his breakfast. I never saw a man eat so many oysters, or open them so easily with a case-knife.

He did not seem to be much concerned about the enemy ship. He said musingly to me:

"If I got to fight her, I got to fight her, Cap'n Brooke. But them ain't my orders. No, sir. My orders is to take you and them riflemen comfortable into Cumberland Sound, and I aim to do it if God ain't afixin' up a fight f'r us."

He flung the last oyster-shell overboard, picked up his battered trumpet:

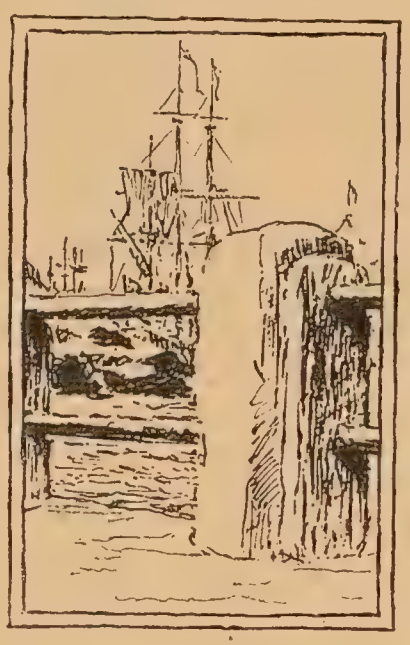
"Masthead, there!" he roared. "What does she look like now?"

From aloft came the wind-blown hail: "She ain't no privateer, sir; she's a British warship, brig-rigged an' aflyin' of a private signal."

"No colours?"

"None, sir; not a Goddam rag!"

Weary of watching her, wet with salt spray, I clung to the taffrail and looked down at our gun deck where Lieutenant Glimming's Leather-legs, wet, miserable, and seasick, were huddled amidships, too wretched to care what was going on. There were some score of these sturdy sons of the northern forests, all in leather hunting-shirts, thigh leggins, and moccasins; and all seasick; and it was painfully apparent that they could not be counted upon for any very desperate endeavour in case of a fight at sea.



THE Red Bird mounted sixteen 32-pound carronades, two long 12s, and a 12-pounder upon the topgallant forecastle, with swivels on the poop and in the tops; and she carried a crew of 126 men not counting two interpreters, Glimming's Leather-legs, and myself. The two interpreters were in the sick bay, helpless.

To me, the Englishman looked almost like the Red Bird's twin in length, beam, spars, and rigging, except that she seemed able to stand up under a greater spread of sail.

Sunlight gilded the mist along the far Connecticut shore, but the Long Island coast remained shrouded and dark.

I descended to the spray-swept gun deck to have a close look at my Leather-legs and to speak to Lieutenant Glimming whom I had not seen the night before.

He proved to be a free, easy, and profane product of the Mohawk Valley; supple and tough as a hickory stick, with red hair, a large, pleasant mouth, and fighting blue eyes flecked with cat's amber.

The men, sick and wet, and with grey-green faces, looked up at me out of suffering but alert eyes like wild animals caught in traps.

I asked Glimming whether they could help in case of trouble.

"Hell's roarin' beeswax!" he burst out, "did y'ever see a wild-cat too sick to fight? Wait till them British begin to pester 'em, sir!"

"You'd better feed your men," said I, smiling.

"They et, sir, but it don't lay good to their stummicks. I guess they'll feel some better when the fightin' starts."

I liked him. I liked his stringy buckskins and belted knife and war-hatchet, and the scarlet Indian finery that fringed his sinewy, bandy legs to the beaded moccasins.

I asked him if there was any such spare clothing in the hold for me; and he told me there was. So I went below with him and got rid of my too brilliant and soaking cavalry uniform, and dressed me in the leather rifle-dress which, he said, shed water, having been cured and prepared with deers' brains by Oneida squaws.

So light, so comfortable, so dry and warm I found my Indian dress, that, thinking of my youngster, and of the long trail ahead of us, I took from the heap of clothing two of the smallest rifle-dresses for her, and another for myself; and bade a boy carry them to my cabin.

I was hungry. I went to the galley where Slops, our cook, was whistling cheerily, busy with pots and pans.

The skipper's wife was there, too, handsome and careless, and gave me a hardy, intimate smile and passed unnecessarily near me as she moved to and fro getting breakfast for me and for Lieutenant Glimming.

She told me that a boy already had taken breakfast to my wife.

Lieutenant Sebring looked in while we were speaking, and I could not avoid noticing the terms he was on with his captain's wife, who conducted with any man like the bold and sensual slut she looked. And Slops winked at me.

Officers' meals were to be served in the captain's cabin. So Lieutenant Glimming and I went thither, presently, to eat a mouthful; and made short work of it, being vastly concerned with the impending trouble.

Glimming strolled back to his suffering Leather-legs; I to my cabin where I found my youngster straddling and balancing on the heaving, pitching floor, and striving to inspect herself in a small hand-mirror.

She was dressed like any Leather-leg, in rifle-frock and leggins, and appeared to be enchanted with her appearance, wriggling and twisting and striving to obtain a glimpse of limbs, body, and head at the same time, which proved impossible, though she almost stood upon her head to accomplish it.

When I appeared she called joyously to me, admired my forest dress, and declared that we now were ready to do battle with The Prophet and with every savage in North America, and hoped the opportunity would soon present itself. Then she demanded side arms for her empty war-belt which was of blue and white wampum and tasseled with brilliant beaded work on buckskin.

I was sorry to quench such ardour and gaiety of spirit —for she expected to accompany me on deck—but was obliged to tell her that we were preparing to fight a British sloop-of-war before noon, and that she must keep her cabin for safety.

I SHOULD have been suspicious of her doleful acquiescence; for, a few moments after I reached the deck, up to the quarterdeck she came adancing, as light-footed as a fawn to water; and there, in the very instant of beating to arms and clearing for action, I was obliged to present to her our astonished captain.

With the outburst of harsh, wet, stringy drums in our ears, I drew her back to the after-rail and tried to make her understand that she must go below and remain there while the battle lasted.

I might as well have talked to the wind, or set a net to catch the sunshine, for she paid no heed and was all over the quarterdeck, eluding me—out o' hand already and as wild as a hawk. She stopped the master of arms and demanded one of the pistols which were being served out. She got hold of a cutlass and a musket, too—I don't know where—and established herself among the gun crew manning one of the after swivels, to their huge delight.

Amid the buzzing roll of drenched drums; hoarse orders by trumpet; scurry of bare feet, and clash of gun tackle and arms, I strove to persuade her from the taffrail and separate her from her weapons; and she resisted like a cat clinging to a fence, even swearing at me under her breath and bidding me recollect that she was no wife of mine to be bullied into obedience.

So I bade her go to the devil, and went below to arm myself with one of Glimming's spare rifles.

While we still were beating to quarters and clearing for action, the wind slackened some but still was blowing fresh; and we were then going ten knots; but the enemy brig continued to close, having the weather of us, and now no more than a mile away on our starboard quarter.

She showed no colour whatever but began to make signals with flags, followed by various others with rockets and guns, none of which we understood.

Captain Breeze turned to me. His jaws had a chewing motion and he held a splinter of slippery elm between his lips.

"Well, dang him," said he, "if he's got to take a smell of our powder it's God's doin's, not mine; and I call you to witness, sir, I done my best to run; an' I hope

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[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page eighty-five]

you'll say that to a court-martial."

A moment later we hoisted an American jack at the fore and a pendant at the main.

"Give him a gun to windward, Mr. Sebring," he said wrathfully to his lieutenant. A gun to windward is a challenge to fight. We then set the mainsail and the mizzen and hoisted the American colours at the peak. But the enemy showed no colours.

For a little while the two ships ran free and almost abeam. Then up went the British colours and, heaven knows why, three rockets.

And now a strange thing happened: our crew was at quarters, our ship cleared; our colours flying. We had backed our main topsail; meaning to see this affair to an end as soon as convenient; the strange sail came down within gunshot and hauled her wind on the starboard tack in utter silence.

Minutes passed; we continued with our main topsail to the mast; our enemy made no effort to bear down on us.

Mr. Glimming, who had posted his riflemen on the poop, not daring to risk the poor, seasick fellows in the tops, leaned beside me on the after pivot, glaring across the water at the stranger.

"Hell's roarin' beeswax," he growled, "what's she adoin' of yonder, like she's adippin' an' abowin' an' acurtseyin' to us like a Low Dutch dairymaid on the Flatts?"

"Fire another gun to windward, Mr. Sebring," said Captain Breeze, coldly; "I guess we h'ain't insulted him enough."

BANG! Up whirled the powder cloud and blew wildly through our rigging.

With that, and as though reluctantly, and displaying every caution, the stranger bore for us.

"Call all hands aft, Mr. Sebring," said Captain Breeze.

Then, bending low to address his crew:

"Look at her, my bullies! See her come sneakin' like a whipped lass from the pantry! She's whipped already, I tell yeh. Birch her again for good measure. Truss up her petticoat and spank her bare!"

A roar of laughter rose from the crowding bluejackets; and even my poor Leather-legs smiled wanly in their misery.

Well, we wore ship to engage; but, before a gun flashed from either ship, our enemy, strange as it may appear, made sail to the northward and westward, leaving us utterly astounded beside our burning matches and shotted guns.

THERE burst an exultant roar from our gun deck: "She's afeared to fight us! She's arunnin'!"

"Goddamighty!" said Captain Breeze, "look what she's adoin' of!"

The gun deck saw it, too, and another roar went up.

From her larboard rail two men sprang into the sea and struck out lustily toward us. Almost instantly came a rattle of small arms aboard her; a swivel was turned on the swimming men and a storm of grapeshot kicked up fountains ahead of them.

It seemed plain to us that either there was mutiny aboard—which explained her behaviour in not attacking us—or that these rash fugitives were impressed American seamen who were taking so desperate a chance.

Now the enemy once more hauled his wind on the starboard tack, and laid his mainsail to the mast again as though intending to lower a boat to chase the swimmers whom the hail of musket balls had not stopped.

At that we swung on her our forward long gun and let drive as we heeled, and the shot passed over her. Whereupon she lost no time in making sail again, standing toward the northwest as she fired her last shot at the swimmers.

Already we had backed to pick the swimmers up, our bluejackets standing ready to heave them a rope—and up they scrambled, landing aboard us like a brace of gasping fish amid the wild cheering of our crew.

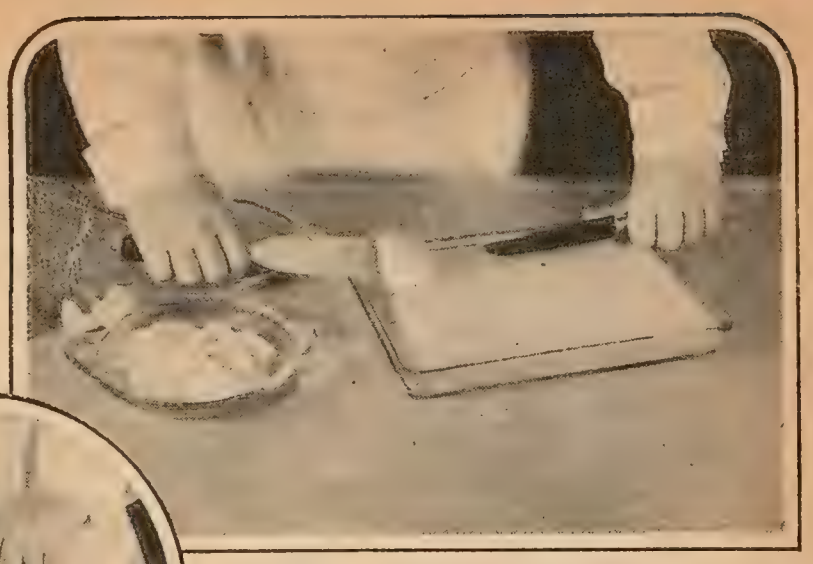
The men of the crew would not have cheered had they known the swimmers' secret, horrible mission. Next week you'll learn what this mission was.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 56

1—Ropes for raising and lowering the sail.
2—The science of coins and metals.
3—The Mississippi.
4—China.
5—The landing of the Pilgrims.
6—Alligator pear.
7—Samuel Johnson.
8—Two bars; a leaf; an eagle.
9—Slip of the tongue.
10—Dresden.
11—Forty-eight.
12—Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens).
13—Eight.
14—Fez.
15—The aorta.
16—A monarchy.
17—Egypt.
18—A newly married man.
19—The College of Cardinals.
20—Relating or devoted to charity.

Creamy Desserts

By Ethel Somers



With prolonged cooking and thorough beating tapioca desserts become creamy and smooth.

THE cook who masters the art of making dessert creams has a whole cookbook of delightful desserts at her command. There are the cream pies, the cream-cake fillings, the cornstarch and custard-cream desserts of various flavors, and the frozen creams. Each of these general types has unlimited possibilities of variation.

Blending the ingredients to insure smoothness.

The secret of success in making cream desserts is in the thickening. The cornstarch, flour, or egg must be added slowly and stirred sufficiently to become thoroughly incorporated with the other ingredients. The product must be free from even the faintest suspicion of lumpiness.

For fried creams cut the chilled dessert and roll in cake crumbs before browning in deep hot fat.

A second factor of success is thorough cooking, which is necessary to eliminate the raw starch flavor. Such mixtures cannot be overcooked before the egg is added, but there is great danger of overcooking and curdling after the addition of egg. Learn to make a fundamental dessert cream, such as a cream pie, and then proceed to coconut, chocolate, orange, lemon, caramel, and butterscotch creams, or the more elaborate fruit creams.

Tapioca Cream

1 pint hot milk
2 tablespoons granulated tapioca
⅓ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon flavoring

HEAT the milk over water together with the tapioca and salt. This must be cooked, with occasional stirring, for at least twenty minutes. (Prolonging the cooking to one-half hour or more renders the tapioca so tender that the mixture may later be beaten to a perfectly smooth cream.) Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar, and when thoroughly blended stir in some of the hot tapioca mixture. When thin enough, pour this thin egg mixture, with constant stirring, into the remaining tapioca in the top of the double boiler. Now that the egg has been added, the water in the lower part should be kept hot but must not boil. Stir and cook until the mixture thickens, or about ten minutes. Remove from the fire and beat into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add the flavoring and chill.

Cornstarch Cream

½ pint milk
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons cold milk
¾ teaspoon flavoring

SCALD the half pint of milk in the top of the double boiler together with the sugar and salt. Mix the cornstarch and cold milk, and gradually, with constant stirring, blend this with the hot milk mixture. Stir constantly until it thickens, or about ten minutes, and then occasionally for about ten minutes more. Remove from the fire. When slightly cool add the flavoring. Then pour into molds that have been rinsed with cold water. Chill. This dessert should be stiff enough to hold its shape when unmolded, but not hard or tough.

Caramel Cornstarch Cream may be made by caramelizing half the sugar. To do so, heat the sugar, with constant stirring, in the top of the double boiler placed directly over the fire. At first the sugar will stick to the spoon, but it will later melt off if the bottom of the spoon is continuously rubbed against the bottom of the pan. Just before the sugar caramelizes it will lump and then melt into a light brown caramel sirup, at which time add the hot milk of the recipe and remaining sugar. Proceed as for plain cornstarch cream.

Butterscotch or Maple Cream may be made by using brown or maple sugar.

Egg Cream may be made by stirring in one or two well beaten eggs several minutes before removing from the fire.

Chocolate Cream may be made by melting one or two ounces of finely cut up chocolate or one-third cup cocoa with the sugar in the hot milk before adding the cornstarch. For a rich chocolate cream use the egg cream recipe and add the larger proportion of chocolate.

Coconut Cream is made by adding from one-half to one cup of grated coconut at the last with the flavoring.

Fruited Cream is made by adding from one-half to three-fourths cup of dried fruit, such as dates, figs, or candied cherries, or by serving the chilled cornstarch cream, when unmolded, with a fruit sauce.

Fried Cream Dessert is made by preparing cornstarch cream in any of the variations given but doubling the quantity of cornstarch used. This, when chilled, will be firm and solid, but will be especially creamy and soft when served hot from frying. Mold in small molds or in a large sheet, which may be cut into any desired shape. Chill thoroughly, and then roll in slightly beaten egg (one egg) and cake crumbs (about one cup cake crumbs prepared by grinding or pounding stale cake). From one-fourth to one-half cup of shredded coconut may be added if desired. When thoroughly coated, fry in a skillet with butter or in deep hot fat (380° F.). When browned serve hot with maple sirup, chocolate sauce, or fruit sauce, or flavored whipped cream. Garnish with a bit of jelly or jam.

RICH custard-cream and cornstarch desserts are among the champion taste tinglers of cookery. To make the most of these autumn delicacies, which require care in preparation, consult Miss Somers' three LIBERTY cookbooks. They cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. The coupon below will speed these booklets to you.

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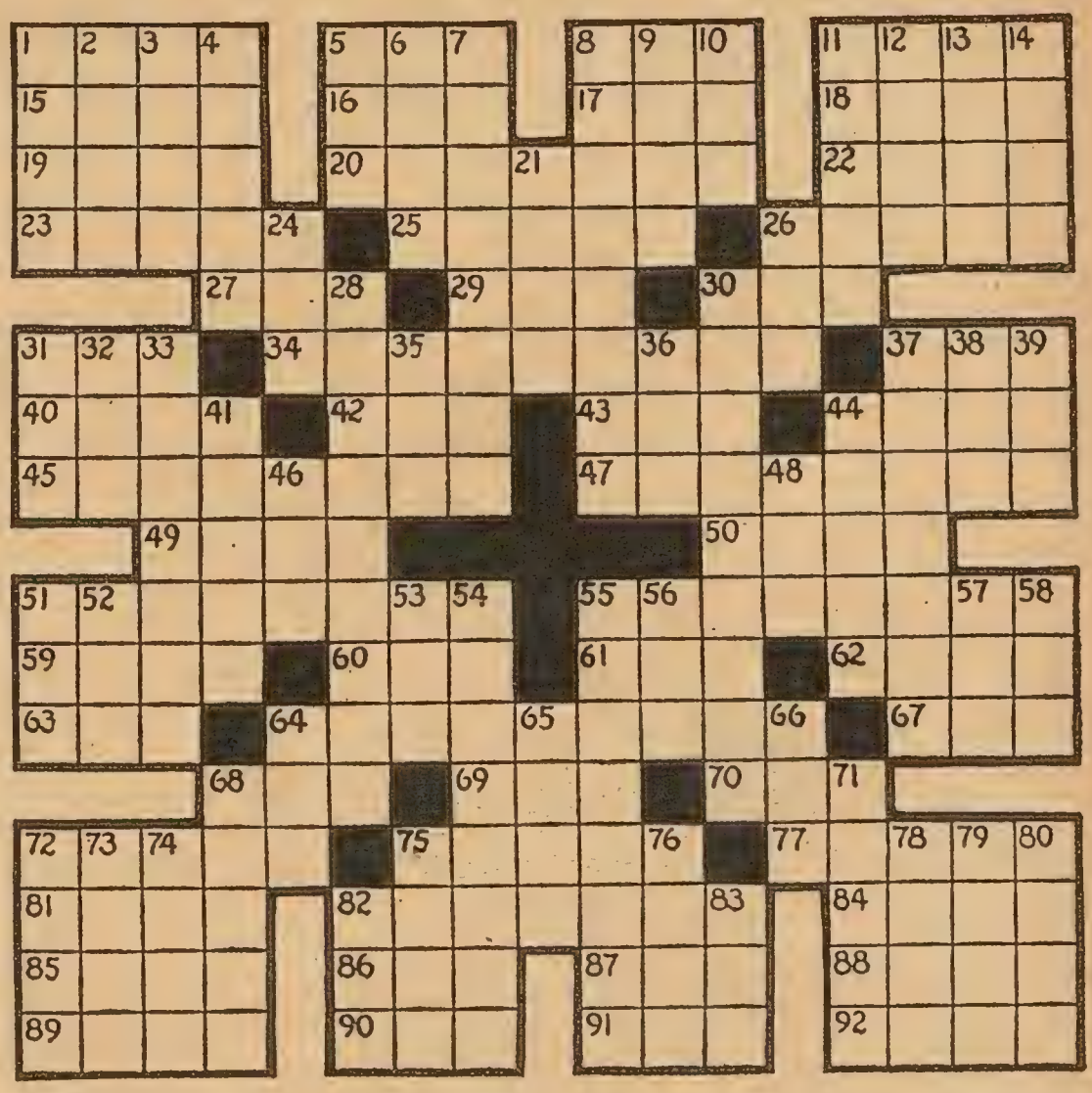
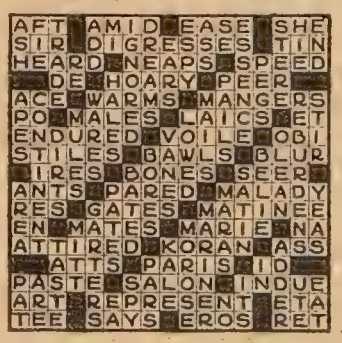


HORIZONTAL

1 Pellet of lead
5 Small fishes
8 Cooking vessel
11 To struggle
15 A fruit
16 Long narrow inlet
17 Hail!
18 Month in the Jewish calendar
19 Gaelic
20 Protected
22 Russian seaport
23 Hinder
25 Sot
26 Diminishes
27 Prefix: separation
29 Conveyance
30 Rested
31 Distress signal
34 Penal retributions
37 Pronoun
40 A work
42 Disfigure
43 Playing card
44 Sacred bull of the Egyptians
45 Has relation to
47 Fruit beverage
49 Just
50 A metal
51 A banner
55 A Canuck
59 Chop
60 Fifth month (French)
61 Ovum
62 Slave
63 Sooner than
64 Musical entertainers
67 Head covering
68 Existed
69 Pastry
70 A tree
72 Minister to
75 Appears to be
77 Stinging insects
81 Color of some horses
82 Express sympathy
84 Kind of meat
85 Mother's or father's sister
86 Measure of area
87 Neither
88 American Indian
89 State of disorder
90 Mound
91 Coin of Japan
92 Tear

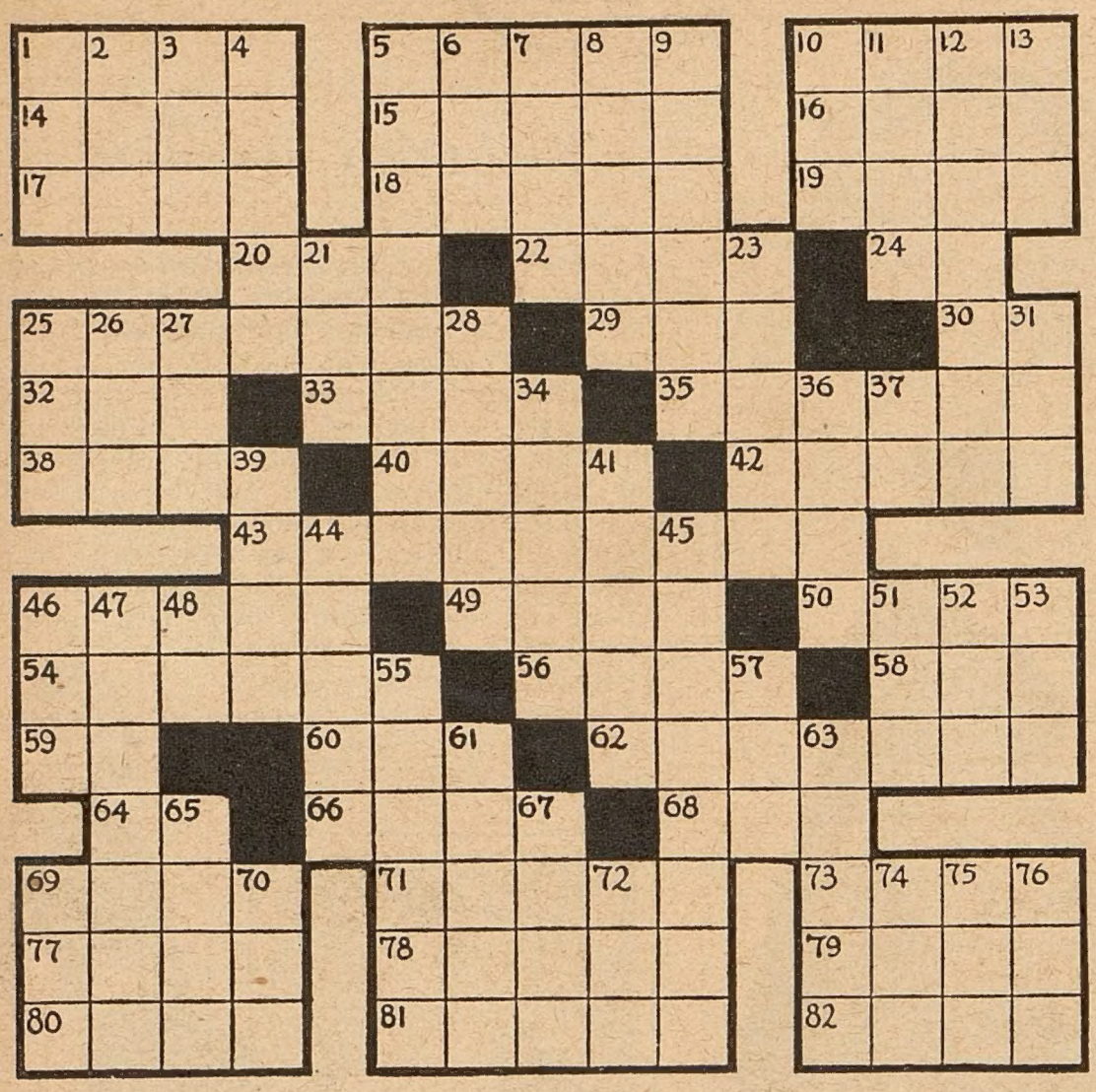
VERTICAL

1 Hastened
2 At this point
3 Hop kiln
4 Driven to a tree for safety
5 Man's name
6 Earth
7 Russian tea urns
8 Having the character of a parent
9 Above
10 Man's nickname
11 Measure of weight
12 Norse god
13 A messenger
14 Periods
21 Semiprecious stone
24 Tear
26 Had being
28 Mythical Assyrian queen, reputed founder of Babylon
30 Apparently
31 Something given to pacify
32 Open
33 Outer face
35 Woman's nickname
36 To freeze
37 Of Spain
38 Secreted
39 Compass point
41 Emitted evil odor
44 Positive pole
46 Succor
48 Anglo-Saxon coin
51 Pronoun
52 Sailor
53 Hurried
54 Do without
55 Ritual observance
56 Duration of life
57 Collection of facts
58 Free of charges or deductions
64 Tangle
65 Bound
66 Stitch
68 Desires
71 Hesitate
72 Street car
73 Debauchee
74 Bears young, as a sheep
75 Painful
76 The wild plum
78 Dried up; withered
79 Feeling of extreme distress
80 Wheelless vehicle
82 Domestic animal
83 Predatory sea bird



Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 Islets
5 Pander to
10 A kiln
14 Discontinue
15 That which is void or empty
16 To clean or dry by rubbing
17 Indistinguishably like
18 Spanish measure of length (plural)
19 State of bliss
20 Roumanian monetary unit (plural)
22 Agitate
24 Spanish definite article
25 Written challenge to combat (plural)
29 Compass point
30 Symbol in chemistry
32 Hasten
33 Eggs of a parasitic insect
35 To try trifling experiments
38 Notion
40 Ardent and active interest
42 Wharves
43 Most pleasing to the mind
46 Cardinal number
49 Ridge
50 Woman's name
54 Cooks by surrounding with hot embers
56 Protuberance of a lopped-off branch
58 Old money of account
59 Printer's measure
60 Pronoun
62 Change of one word into another by transposing letters
64 Exist
66 A song
68 Always; ever
69 Premium for exchange
71 A heron
73 Fastening device
77 Make one's self trim
78 Aromatic seed
79 Hideous
80 Perennial plant
81 Men
82 One of several flatfishes

VERTICAL

1 Equine
2 A Negrito of the Philippines (variant)
3 Man's name shortened
4 A kind of wheat
5 Reclaim from a barbarous state
6 Coin of India (variant)
7 Sailors
8 Growing out
9 To strive against or antagonize
10 Be obligated
11 Assistant to a military officer
12 Zinc
13 Cardinal number
21 Even
23 Gathers, as a harvest, by cutting
25 A letter of the Greek alphabet
26 To give assistance
27 Female sandpiper
28 Causes to remain after being marked for omission
31 Areas of one hundred square meters
34 Satisfies to repletion
36 One-twentieth of a grain
37 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
39 Mimics
41 Climbing plant
44 Plural of rete
45 Originates
46 Three (Italian)
47 One of the homage of a manor
48 Egyptian deity
51 And not
52 Man's name
53 Obstruct
55 River
57 Festive
61 Signs substituted for a signature
63 Class, as of animals
65 Mud
67 Seed covering
69 Appropriate
70 Weight of Turkey
72 Suffix: native or inhabitant of
74 Past
75 Evil
76 A lixivium

S	T	A	Y		S	P	A	R	E		R	A	S	E
L	A	V	E		O	R	I	O	N		O	V	E	R
A	R	E		F	R	Y		W	A	I	T	E	R	S
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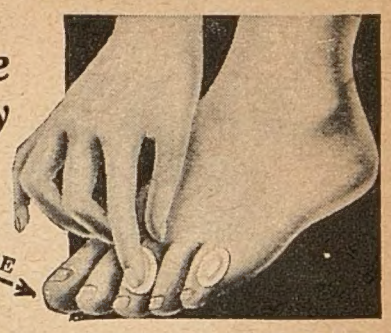
A	V	E	R		C	E	D	A	R		L	E	N	A
M	E	D	E		S	T	O	N	E		A	D	E	N

Answer to last week's puzzle

CORNS

new safe sure way



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Behind the Seams

By

Bettina Bedwell

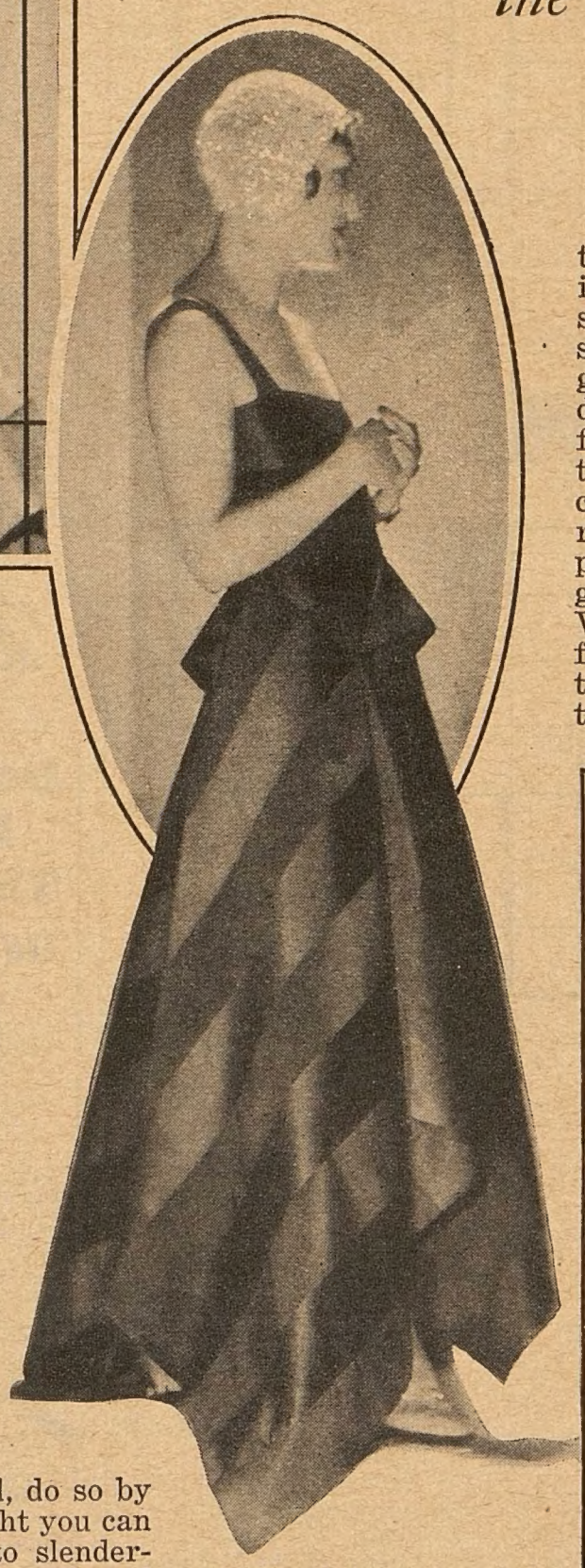
A draped princesse frock of ivory satin trimmed with black and white dahlias. Poiret.

Paris.

THE new fashions, with their fitted, longer-skirted, higher-waist-lined silhouette, take a lot of wearing. There must be real, rounded girls behind the seams if they are to be worn as is. Or a heap of clever adapting must be done. These clothes can be worn by every woman if she is willing to take careful stock of her anatomical surpluses and deficiencies. In doing this, remember to be yourself. Be curved, and be careful only that your curves are lengthened into beauty lines via the style line of Paris. If necessary, get a corset.

The greatest danger line in the new clothes is the waistline. But there is no fashion law compelling you to place this line visibly at normal. If you are slender and rounded, do so by all means. If you are overweight you can leave off the belt and resort to slenderizing drapery, something on the order of the ivory satin Poiret frock photographed above, or the Patou daytime dress that hints, with its draped folds, at a high waistline. The thin ladies will do very well to add a peplum below a waistline that is placed as high as an honest mirror and your own sense of beauty will allow. The peplum will suggest the missing curve of the hipline.

The secret of the fitted bodice line is found in Paris fashions. Waists must be trimmed in some way, except for the perfect figure. A bolero back or front tempers the fitted line, and most of the great Paris houses use it. A scarf does wonders if it's the same material as the dress. Lingerie collars, cuffs, and jabots are excellent for daytime, and so are lace ruffles at neck and wrists. Even a necklace will do to beautify the line of the bodice that follows body curves. As for the longer skirt line! The smartest skirts for daytime begin their flaring career well below the hipline, while evening skirts gradually flow outward from hips, or above, to the hem that may be on the floor. Most skirts are straighter around the bottom and many of them are quite straight.



Black striped brocade makes this Lanvin evening gown. The crystal bonnet is the last word in evening headdresses.

Color is one of the winning tricks by which the girl behind the seams creates the smart illusion this season. The smartest daytime shades for those who have to use color for slimming are black with white or pink, bottle green, Patou's purple dahlia—the dark one—dark brown with any becoming light shade for trimming, navy blue, and dark red. The thin sisters should choose softer, lighter colors, and there are many new grays, bright reds, coppery greens, light dahlia, bright or pastel blue, beige, and brown with capucine, green, white, yellow, or red. Venuses may choose colors for complexion only. Amethyst is a very new shade that looks like a winner.

Patou's coat-dress with ermine and astrakhan muff and scarf. At left: Black over pink, and a short evening wrap with large sleeves. Maggy Rouff.

The ivory satin evening gown from Paul Poiret, in our first illustration, is draped to every woman's princesse fitting.

Our second photograph shows a smart black evening gown in striped satin brocade from Jeanne Lanvin. The Lanvin crystal bonnet and silver slippers make this black frock gay and enchanting.

Our third photograph shows a Maggy Rouff evening ensemble in black and pink. The velvet coat, with its pink velvet revers and cuffs on its wide sleeves, is a cut that has the new style romance. The black chiffon frock is over pink velvet, and has a trailing ruffled skirt.

Last comes a Patou black broadcloth coat-dress with its princesse line adapted to all, its ermine and black astrakhan scarf and muff that make this one of the knockout Paris daytime outfits.

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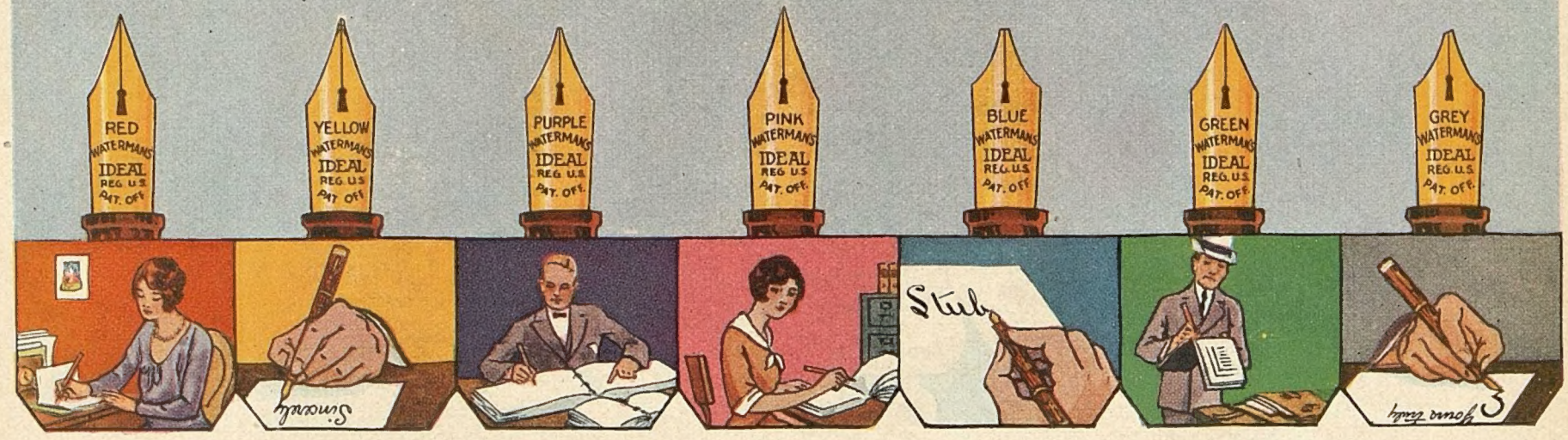

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